2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 25 • 1963 20c

In defense of women
by Taylor Caldwell

Los Angeles' Mayor Yorty

Nasser's turbulent world
an exclusive interview
by ROBERT SHERROD

Norman Rockwell

Zermatt's shame legacy of a typhoid epidemic / **Turbine auto** resurgent Chrysler takes a gamble

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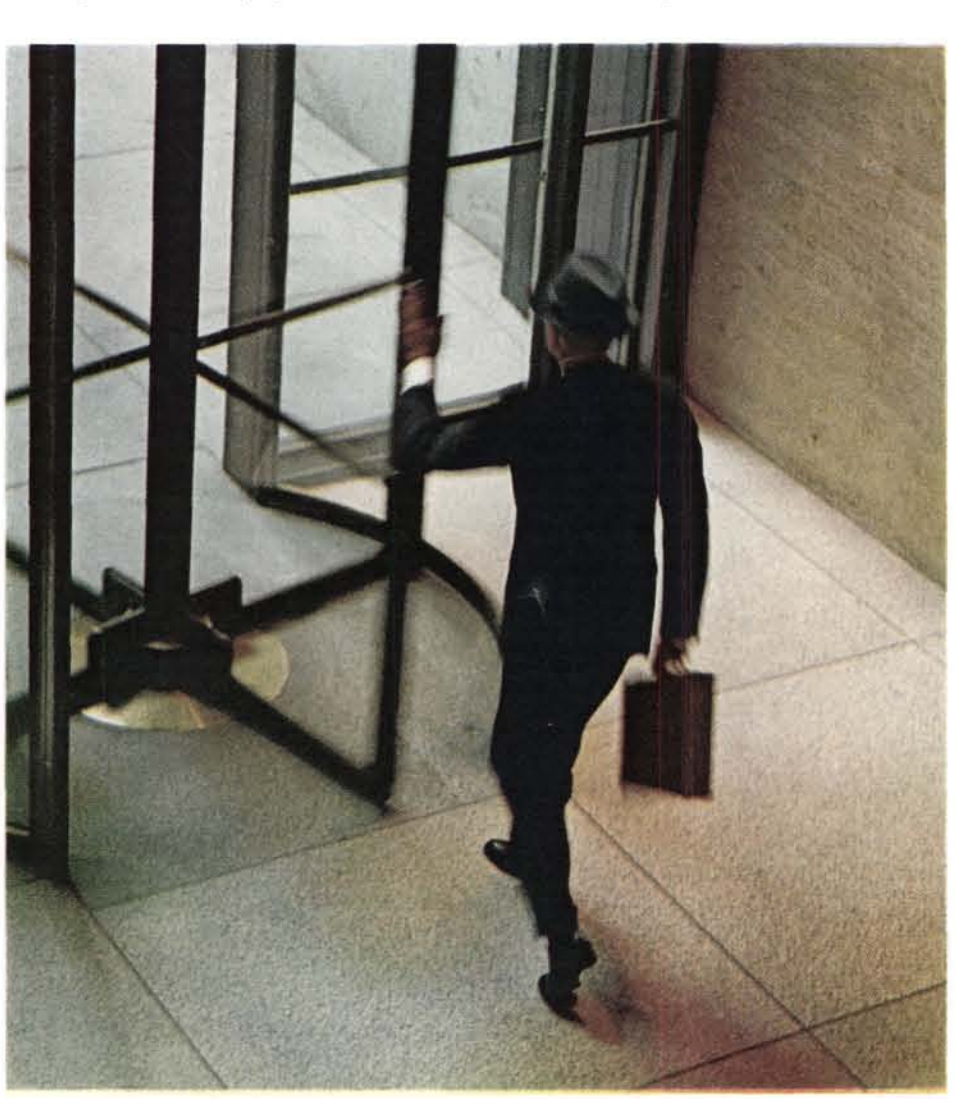

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Power in the Middle East rests largely with one man, Gamal Abdel Nasser. No one else has his immense popular appeal and no one else has done so much to forge the links of Arab union. Even his rivals, who include the Ba'athist politicians prominent in the new Syrian and Iraqi governments, align themselves with him in pursuit of their common goal of pan-Arabism. At 45 he has already stood for 11 years as the stanchest figure in the troubled Middle East, and his influence will increase with the establishment of the new three-nation (Egypt, Syria and Iraq) United Arab Republic. *Post* Editor-at-Large **Robert Sherrod,** accompanied by portraitist Norman Rockwell and photographer Ollie Atkins, recently interviewed Nasser in his Cairo residence. This week Sherrod gives his exclusive report of that visit and of his conversations with President Nasser, virulent enemy of Israel, and the man upon whom peace—or conflict—in the vital Middle East largely depends.

Other Bylines. **Robert Ginna** trailed after Melina Mercouri through England, Switzerland and Greece to capture the essence of one of the cinema's bubblingest stars. . . . Photographer **Ormond Gigli** spent several days bringing the other-worldly spectacle of space-age contraptions into clear focus for earthbound readers. . . . **Furman Bisher,** who is sports editor of the Atlanta *Journal*, chronicles the improbable career of Stan Musial. . . . **Joe David Brown,** who tells of his fond but moderate appreciation for potable spirits, says that he never feels consciously guilty when he drinks, but "neither have I forgotten the childhood warnings that to lift a bottle to my lips was to buy a one-way ticket on the roller coaster to Hell." . . . Novelist **Ted Irwin** is also a veteran free-lance writer on medical subjects. . . . **James Jones,** a newsman in Detroit for 14 years, was recently interviewed at length by a foreign journalist who mistakenly thought Jones to be the famous war novelist of the same name. . . . **Jim Phelan,** long-time reporter of California's volatile political scene, has observed the Los Angeles War of City Hall from a ringside seat in neutral Long Beach. . . . **Charles McCarry,** a speechwriter for Henry Cabot Lodge in the 1960 campaign, claims no special qualification for reporting on the Zermatt typhoid epidemic except his own apparent immunity. He has consumed ditchwater in every country in Africa and some in Asia without a flicker of distress.

The Cover portrait of U.A.R. President Nasser was painted by **Norman Rockwell,** one third of a *Post* team that recently visited Cairo to bring back a special report on the Middle East.

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LETTERS

Unreal estate

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE POST ON ITS COURAGE IN EXPOSING LAND FRAUDS [LAND FRAUDS: LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY, APRIL 27]—POTENTIALLY THE GREATEST SWINDLE IN HISTORY AND TO TREVOR ARMBRISTER FOR HIS FINE ANALYSIS OF A COMPLICATED AND INSIDIOUS FINANCIAL SCHEME. ONLY WHEN THE BUBBLE BURSTS WILL THE AMERICAN PUBLIC REALIZE THE ENORMITY OF THE LOSSES ALREADY SUSTAINED AND THE DEBT OF GRATITUDE DUE TO THE POST BY OTHERWISE SUSCEPTIBLE VICTIMS. AFTER READING THIS ARTICLE, ONLY THE MOST GULLIBLE WOULD BUY HOMESITES BY MAIL, SIGHT UNSEEN, AND THEY ONLY HAVE THEMSELVES TO BLAME FOR LOSSES THEREBY SUSTAINED.

MONROE M. RICHARDSON
REGISTERED REAL ESTATE BROKER
CAPE CORAL, FLA.

Dear Sirs:

There has been a lot of bad publicity in recent months on land sales conducted by crooked promoters who were looking to make a fast buck, with the result that many honest land companies have been tarnished and castigated by the press.

Writing another article on the bad land promotions would be like beating a dead horse. It seems to me that an enterprising reporter might look into the land companies that are conducting an honest business.

IRVING M. ROSS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your blast against mail-order land frauds and apathetic state legislatures was probably the most telling blow yet landed. Pictures excellent. Text superb.

Hope you do a follow-up showing reasons for apathy of state legislatures, especially in the western states, resulting from lobbying activities.

GEORGE HAWES, III
Portland, Maine

Dear Sirs:

The author of LAND FRAUDS was very unfair in reporting about the Gulf American firm and its Cape Coral, Florida, development.

We own land in and have seen Cape Coral, and the Development Company has lived up to all its promises. It is a well-planned, beautiful development, having its own telephone exchange, power plant and post office.

MRS. CARL E. REICHERT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Royal tour de force

Dear Sirs:

I was sadly disappointed with your article [THE QUEEN WINS THE HEART OF NEW ZEALAND, by Ollie Atkins, Apr. 27] depicting Her Majesty in such unflattering photographs.

I realize only too well that her beauty and shy graciousness cannot be fully captured by the camera lens—but it is a pity that such trivialities as a wind-blown skirt and a misplaced direction should be thought necessary to add "spice" to a magnificently performed tour of a Commonwealth country.

PATRICIA M. LANG
St. Louis, Mo.

Wellington revisited

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article entitled THE MARINES LANDED TOO [by Robert Sherrod, Apr. 27].

I know that if my brother, Corporal Robert Swigert, had lived through the Battle of Tarawa, he would have wanted to go back and visit Wellington, New Zealand, again.

This family of a Second Marine Division Marine has always been grateful for men such as Robert Sherrod who write these articles about their past and about those who remain.

MRS. ILA SWIGERT WOOD
Chadron, Nebr.

Our erotic era

Dear Sirs:

A hearty "Amen" to the article EROTICISM, SEX AND LOVE, by J. B. Priestley in the April 27 issue of *The Post*.

The articles in the SPEAKING OUT series are always timely. This one is the best yet. I wish that all of us in this erotic age could grasp the truth of Mr. Priestley's words and learn to make the distinction between eroticism and sex.

I hope that this article will be widely recognized, recommended, reprinted and read.

CLAUDE JOHNSON
Minister, Lyon Methodist Church
Lyon, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

J. B. Priestley does not understand woman and therefore does not understand love. It is not confusion about the terms—eroticism, sex and love—that hampers relationships between the sexes, but man's monumental ignorance of woman.

Man fails to understand that a woman is not a "thing" to be used as a means to an end. Woman cannot be met on man's terms; she must be accepted or rejected on her own terms only.

OKE G. PAMP
Batavia, Ill.

The lady-thriller

Dear Sirs:

I was very pleased to find an article in *The Post* about Robert Goulet [THE GO-GO-GO OF ROBERT GOULET, by Gilbert Millstein, Apr. 27]. I'm sure there are many more who also thank you.

CAROL ROGERS
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

How is it you fail to mention Goulet's years of Canadian radio and TV experience? I happen to know he was Canada's top TV male attraction for several years back, both as a singer and in many dramatic plays.

Coming from Canada, it really makes us boil to read the "trivia" from the U.S.A. with regard to our top attractions.

LUCY RITCHIE
San Diego, Calif.

Constructive fiction

Dear Sirs:

The story, THE BOY BEHIND THE DOOR, by Stephen Birmingham [Apr. 27] is well done. As a mother and a former teacher, I welcome all attempts to present social problems in a constructive way. Stories of this type are the kind parents welcome into their homes for their children to read.

JOAN K. SMITH
Grass Lake, Mich.

AMES
all around your home

Steel

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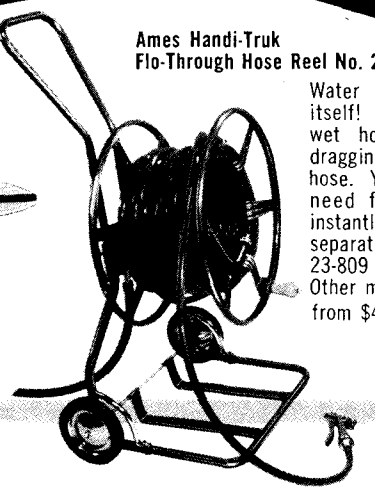

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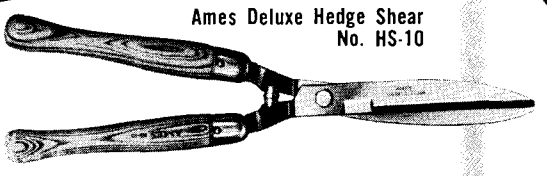
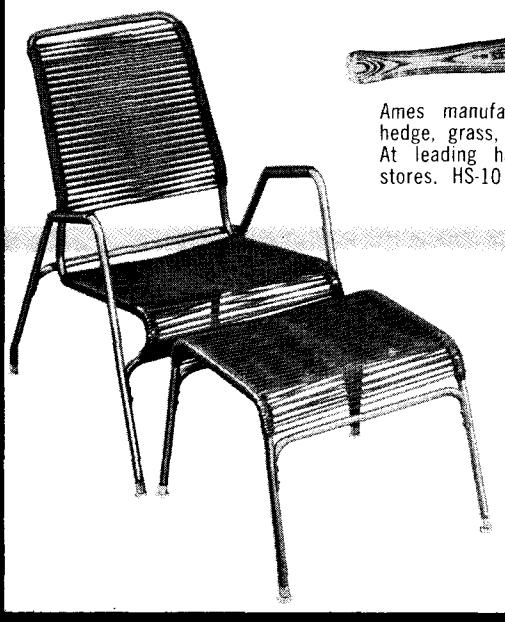


Ames manufactures a complete line of hedge, grass, pruning and lopping shears. At leading hardware and garden supply stores. HS-10 $5.95



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Memories come alive and stories come easy
Over man-sized cups of coffee.
No other aroma is quite so tempting, no other taste so deep-down-good.
And it's even more rewarding when you just remember this:
A little more coffee in your coffee
Can mean a lot more pleasure in your cup.

How to become famous for your coffee. See page 40. *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.*

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

What a versatile young writer this Stephen Birmingham is (THE BOY BEHIND THE DOOR, Apr. 27)! Borrowing a Dorothy Parker plot (i.e. I Live on Your Visits) to develop a dialogue that is manifestly Salingerian, he not only proves himself a literary virtuoso but makes a fine contribution to the realm of condensed reading as well. We are now afforded two established stories in the length of one new one.

PATRICIA O'DAY
Bend, Oreg.

Businessman in paradise

Dear Sirs:

When Huntington Hartford (THE MAN WHO OWNS PARADISE, by Richard Gehman, Apr. 27) was a reporter for *PM* he was never anything but a hard-working and sincere newspaperman. I was a photographer assigned on a story with him once, and believe it or not he carried my case. If his name were unknown and his wealth were not mentioned, his sincerity and honest efforts for humanity would surely be noticed. He is not the playboy depicted by many writers. PAUL DANIEL
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In this article you incorrectly state that "Huntington Hartford . . . founded Plaza Five, a model agency" and that "Hartford no longer owns the agency."

At no time, either at the time of its organization or subsequently, has Huntington Hartford had any financial interest in or any connection with Plaza Five, Inc., which was founded by me in 1953 and is owned entirely by me. NATALIE N. PAINE
New York, N. Y.

● *Hartford's own model agency was bought by the Ford Model Agency in 1960.* The Post *regrets the error.—Ed.*

Shooting big game

Dear Sirs:

MY LAST SAFARI by Robert Ruark [Apr. 27] was a tremendous piece of writing. It was very enjoyable and held the reader's attention with a minimum of shooting and violence.

The whole issue showed a new sense of pep and spark that has only recently returned to *The Post*.

DARRYL ANDERSON
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Of all the unmitigated nonsense, Robert Ruark's MY LAST SAFARI wins the rubber scissors. His account of the old, defenseless elephant was maudlin enough, but when he fearlessly stepped forward to shoot the poor animal I wanted to be ill. When will you learn that Ruark—worshipping Hemingway, and well he may—is only trying to gain stature by association?

GEORGE REMINGTON
Watertown, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Never, never place a story such as Robert Ruark's in the back of your magazine—it belongs on the very first page. PAUL L. WILLIAMS
Chicago, Ill.

COMING...in next week's Post

Walter Wanger's intimate story of his epic film production

CLEOPATRA

A new short story by John O'Hara

EXCLUSIVE

The rehabilitation of Nathan Leopold

Men who pull the strings in Washington

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Varden. • 17–Camera Press (Pix). • 18, 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20–Wide World; Black Star; Ollie Atkins. • 21–Black Star; Monogram-Gordon. • 22–Ollie Atkins. • 23–Pictorial Parade. • 24–Burt Glinn (Magnum). • 26, 27, 28, 29–Ormond Gigli • 30, 34–Jim Drake. • 37–Bill Gallagher; From Padma Perera. • 38, 39–David Passalacqua. • 56, 57–Austin Briggs. • 64, 65, 66–John Zimmerman. • 71, 72–Hans Knopf. • 74–Joe Clark (Pix). 75–From Chrysler Corporation. • 78, 79, 80–Bill Bridges. • 84–Alan Roberts (Black Star); Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 85–Camera Press (Pix). • 86–Pictorial Parade (Paris Match); Camera Press (Pix); 2 by Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 87–Camera Press (Pix).

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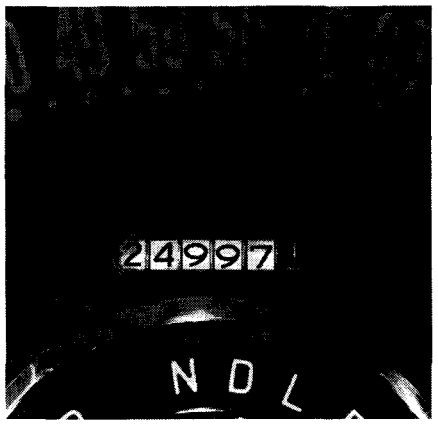

CHECK THE MILEAGE. After 25,000 miles—often before—your shock absorbers are certainly due for replacement. Because they wear so gradually, you become accustomed to an increasingly rougher ride and loss of control, and tend to ignore worn shocks. But worn shocks are like no shocks at all. Replace them with Monro-Matic shock absorbers.

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SPEAKING OUT

Taylor Caldwell is the author of more than 20 novels, among them Dear and Glorious Physician (1959) and the newly published Grandmother and the Priests, a prompt best seller. Born in England, she came to the U.S. as a girl and served in the Naval Reserve during World War I as a yeomanette. She lives with her husband in Buffalo, New York, and has two married daughters.

WOMEN GET A DIRTY DEAL

By Taylor Caldwell

American men exploit their women—the most overworked in the world—with a nasty little shell game called "equality."

I am in my seventh decade now—and proud of it—and I have been in almost every country in the world and have observed the people. And so I can say honestly that nowhere in the world are women so despised, so belittled, so exploited and so degraded as in my own country, America. Men deride them; their own children have no respect for them. They are blamed for everything.

Only recently I met an Oriental gentleman, a widely traveled student of humanity and a philosopher, and during a conversation I had with him he said, "Not even in Communist Russia and China do women work so hard and so hopelessly as they do in your country. Nowhere is so much demanded of them and nowhere else do they receive so little thanks and appreciation. An American woman is a slave to her house, her husband and her children. In addition she engages in what you so quaintly call 'community activities.' She is the support of your churches and often of her household, through her labors. She is expected to be an eternally young courtesan to her husband, a tireless servant to her children, a smart and intelligent employee to her employer, a sleepless watcher of the private and public purse, a chauffeur, a cook, a nursemaid, a teacher, a guardian of national morals, a mechanic and a presider over your endless household machines—all in one feminine package! She must be dozens of women, all of them gay and radiant and without fatigue.

"The sad thing about it," continued my friend, "is that the American woman actually thinks these things, all of them at once, are her duty as a woman, and she breaks her health and her heart in attempting to live up to this impossible standard. If she were praised and appreciated, it would not be so tragic. But the more she does, the more she pampers her petulant and dissatisfied husband, the more she caters to her children, the less honor she receives, the more scorn."

I agree with him. Some years ago Philip Wylie wrote a book, *Generation of Vipers*, in which he castigated American women for being "brazen-breasted Moms," or avaricious Cinderellas always looking for a rich prince, or adherents of gloomy religious sects, or Hatted Horrors in wood-paneled offices raging at male underlings. Only recently, in *Playboy* magazine, he again frothingly took up the last theme. After building up a straw woman, he demolishes her and prates of the sort of woman he claims all men prefer: a highly ornamented sex vessel only, a perpetually youthful nymph—nude—ready to bound into bed with anyone, delightfully. If so, then I say American men are immature and unmovingly fixed in the mold of 15-year-old males sniggering over pornographic magazines.

Less shiny periodicals than *Playboy*—mostly Sunday supplements—berate American women for spending the major part of their time playing bridge and shopping, or accuse them of being vain and conceited, not "feminine" enough, somewhat asexual, neglectful of their children, drinking coffee from morning to night in suburbia, slovenly and extravagant. The odd thing about these fantasies is that women do not protest against them or defend themselves. Instead, they continue to pamper and spoil and pet their husbands, and their husbands continue to complain and demand.

Perhaps the American woman is to blame. Self-sacrifice, my sisters, should go only so far. When it passes a reasonable mark it becomes suicidal and a death to the dignity of the human spirit. Just a week or so ago my husband and I observed a young couple coming into the restaurant where we were already sitting, and we paused to watch them. It was impossible not to watch them, unfortunately, and impossible not to hear them. For they had three little sons with them who were behaving very badly and shouting raucously, and impatiently twitching at their mother. The boys were bad enough. The husband was even worse, for all his great height and his width. He strode away from his wife, leaving her to cope with the obstreperous children, reached a table, pulled out a chair, sat down, and snatched a menu from the waitress's hand. He then lighted a cigarette and began to look over the bill of fare. In the meantime his wife was trying to quiet the boys; her young face was weary, her clothes crushed and out-of-date, her expression ashamed for her offspring and her husband. When she finally got the howling boys to the table her husband did not glance up, nor did he rise to help her into a chair. Needless to say, he ignored the boys completely.

The waitress came for the order, and the husband gave his. He finally became aware that he had children about him, and ordered for them also. His wife sat in meek, tired silence. The husband waved the waitress away. When the young wife timidly recalled the girl for her own order, the husband frowned and pursed out his lips and looked about for male sympathy. He received it too. Neighboring men grinned understandingly at him. When the food arrived the boys and the husband plunged into it at once; then the four of them, father and the three children, engaged in a petulant and noisy quarrel. Papa behaved every bit as nastily as did his youngest, and his manners were at least equally infantile. The young wife and mother tried to quiet her brood, and all four turned on her angrily. Her hands began to tremble as she tried to eat under that barrage of abuse. At last, close to tears, she gave up. Her husband grinned again, this time triumphantly.

"American men do not like women," my Oriental friend had remarked. True. It is human nature to despise the doormat, the eager servant, the futile peacemaker, the one who accepts the stupid blame put upon her by male psychiatrists and husbands and children for everything that is wrong and crass in our national life. Therefore, the American woman is guilty of her low status in the minds of her husband and children. She is truly the last feminine slave in the world, and who likes a slave, especially a self-made one?

If she is "emancipated," as American men claim, I'd like to know in what field! Yes, she has the franchise, and much good it has done her. Swiss women always insist that their men vote against woman suffrage, and nowhere in the world are women so respected as in Switzerland.

American men were pretty shrewd at that, granting the franchise to women. It decreased their responsibilities with regard to their mothers, their sisters, their wives and their daughters. As women now have the vote, they are expected to work the major part of their lives outside the home—and be wives and mothers in the bargain. This is cruelly unjust. I have heard many engaged young men say, "Mary Sue's going to work for years before we have a family. We've got to have a house first. She's willing and eager."

More fool Mary Sue! It is a man's place to support his wife and children. Mary Sue, who is "just helping out," as she youthfully says in her love, will find herself toiling at some desk or machine for the greater part of her life, then rushing home to perform heavy household duties, placating hired help—if any—and attending P.T.A. meetings and being a den mother, and then trying to be "young" far into weary middle age. She is lucky if her husband does not leave her for younger and more rested and vivacious women, who were bright enough not to try to combine a job with marriage, or not to have a job at all.

I do not speak from mere observation of the modern young wife and mother who has a job. I speak from experience. And so I warn all brides, all young wives, not to begin the long slavery of work outside the home. It is tragic enough when a widowed or deserted mother has to work.

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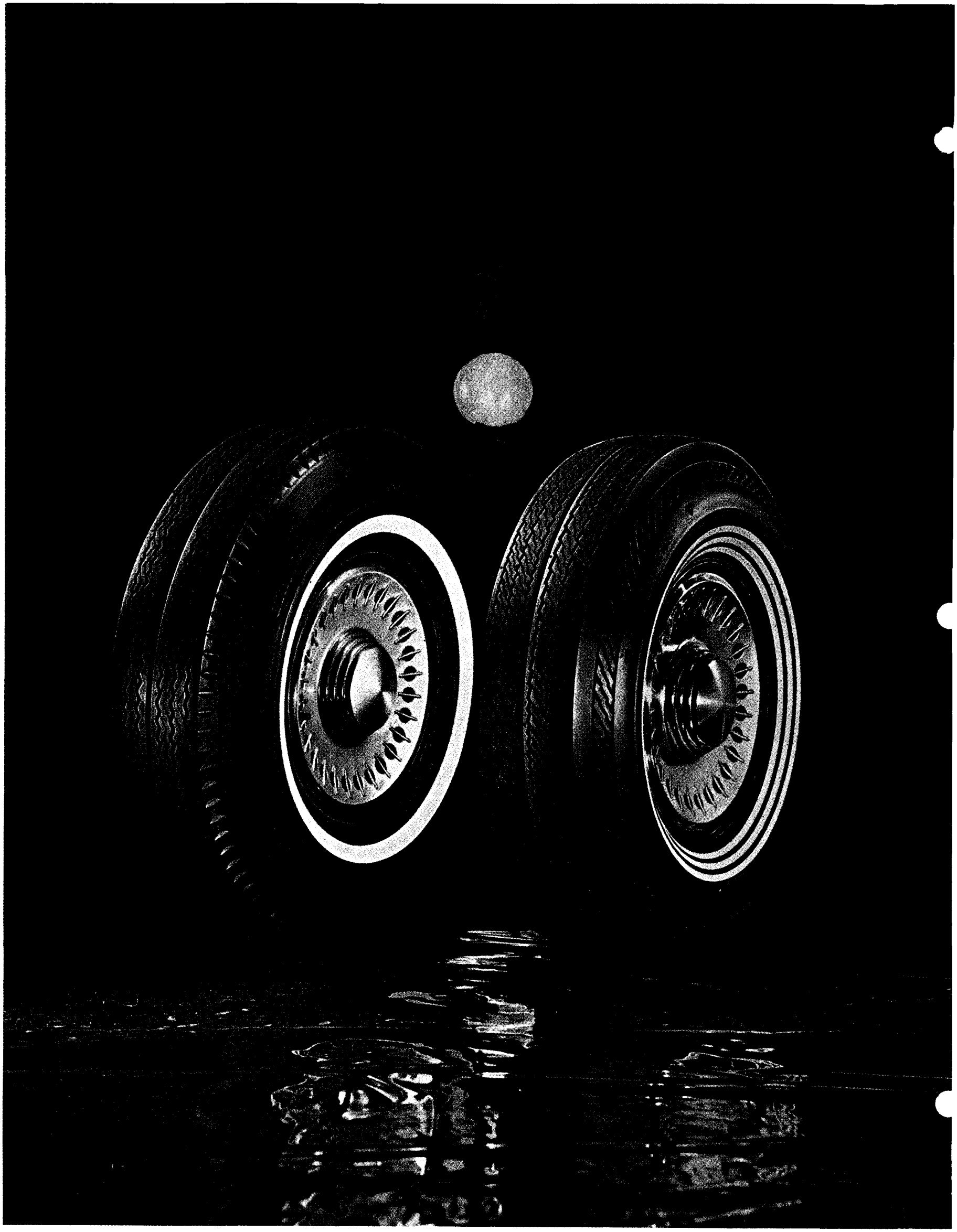

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GENERAL DUAL TREADS give you 30% more mileage.

No increase in price!

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GENERAL TIRE T.M.

THE SIGN OF TOMORROW . . . TODAY

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It is downright stupid of any woman to hold a job she does not need—and no woman should marry if her future husband expects her to work.

"But women need self-expression," a pompous psychiatrist told me once. (Male, of course.) "They should have a job, married or unmarried." What is this "self-expression" bit, anyway? Is it found at a minor job in some office, or in operating a machine? A woman can better express herself in her home, where she will be a human being and not a driven beast. If a woman has a great talent for the arts or sciences, it is another matter, but the average young American woman is not so gifted. She is average and balanced, and her home is her castle.

I know a young lady, a wife and mother, who is what is now fancifully called "an executive secretary." Her salary is quite large. She said to me bitterly, a few months ago, "I wish to God I'd had sense enough not to keep my job after I married Harold! But he was just out of medical school. We could have waited until he was established. Yes, I'd have been twenty-six or so, and he'd have been in his thirties. So what? I'm twenty-seven now, and we have two babies, and an indifferent housekeeper—they're always leaving. You can't blame them, really. So I work every night at home after my work in the office, and, as the housekeeper has the weekends off, I work all day Saturday and Sunday in the house. Harold? Oh, yes, he's established now, but he wants to go back to school and specialize. We'll need my salary. And besides, he wants a color TV set, and our car is three years old, and he thinks it'll give him more prestige if we sell the house we have now and get a nicer one in a better neighborhood." She sighed wearily. "I suppose I'll be working all my life!"

I bet she will too. And so will her sisters all over the country. Two incomes lead to extravagance and unneeded luxuries; these are poor returns when compared with the serenity and peace and dignity young women can have if they do not hold jobs after marriage. The pleas of the millions of "Harolds" in America should be ignored by the girls. They should refuse to be conned.

Where are all these bridge-playing women who "neglect their homes" about which men are usually complaining? I've investigated. They are mostly elderly ladies who have raised families and have done their duty as women—and still do it. If they play a few afternoons a week, are they not entitled to a little entertainment after their years of hard work? Do not their husbands steal time off for golf and other sports?

And where are all these coffee-drinking and gossiping young women in suburbia who do nothing but indulge themselves all day? I live in a suburb. I see the young women. They are rushing through supermarkets with children clinging to them. They are washing and ironing and mowing the lawns and cleaning away snow and polishing windows and cooking and sudsing floors. They are sewing and mending, and bathing babies and feeding them.

"Tom is always complaining that I have nothing to do," a young wife and mother told me as she stopped to get her breath after speeding through the aisles of a supermarket. "He and the other fellows at the shop talk about how we girls have it made, with all our labor-saving machines, and how abused they are. But I get up at least an hour before he does, to take care of the kids and get breakfast, and I work hard all day. Tom comes home and looks at TV. I work, sometimes to midnight, just clearing up after the kids and putting up Tom's lunch and making schedules for the next day. I'm just beat." She brushed back a lock of hair and sighed. "My mother didn't have all the machines I have, and she had kids too. But she always seemed to have twice the time for herself that I have. We didn't change our clothing almost every day, as we do now, and it didn't pain us. Now Tom throws a perfectly clean shirt he's worn one day into the laundry, and all his underwear too—and he works in an air-conditioned office. I have at least seven shirts to wash and iron a week. And he always wants the kids to look as if they'd just stepped out of a fairy tale or something. My mother used to read one or two books a week, and go to a show on a couple of afternoons. Why, I haven't read a book through in two years, and I haven't seen a movie in six months! There just isn't the time, with all those labor-saving machines which just make more work for us to do."

I know Tom. He is always complaining. He makes snide remarks to sympathizing males about how "all the girls do is drink coffee after we go to work, and look at TV the rest of the time. They don't even have to cook. They buy frozen food and throw it into the pot and call it a dinner."

A husband's scorn

Tom's wife hears this, and so do her sisters. They say nothing. They exchange exhausted smiles. They meekly endure this unfair abuse. They have no respect for themselves. They're so damned humble of mind, so stricken with inferiority complexes which have been forced on them by derisive men. They are so overworked, so anxious to please, so earnest about their everlasting duties—complicated by machines. Yet no matter how hard they work, no matter how devoted they are, they receive scorn from husbands and disrespect from children who take their attitudes about their mothers from their fathers. French and German and Japanese women are so very clever in comparison. They demand respect—and they do not work from morning to night as do American women. Their sons speak of them with reverence. Their husbands admire them. They are so proud of themselves that American soldiers marry them, calling them "truly feminine." Foreign women don't want to be "partners" to their men. They know that "equality" is a particularly nasty little shell game imposed on American women by American men. They prefer their high privileges as women—and they take care they get them too. American women have no privileges to speak of.

Who are nobler in humanity than American women? Who are such peacemakers, conciliators? Who respect life so boundlessly? Who cherish mankind so dearly? Who are their equal in hatred of war and strife? Who uphold religion and support the churches so passionately?

Yet American women have so little pride in themselves, as women.

My sisters, it is a marvelous and heroic thing to be a woman. It is a fine and prideful thing. Who is more majestic than a wife and mother? Be proud you are women. Demand the reverence to which you are entitled. THE END

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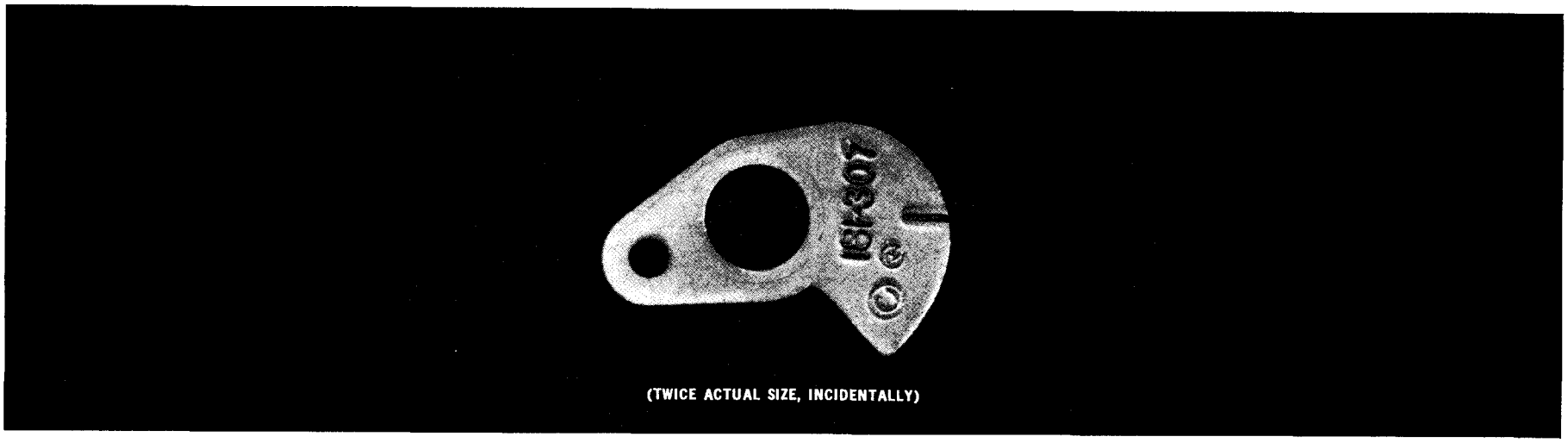
A DINKY LITTLE OL' CAM!



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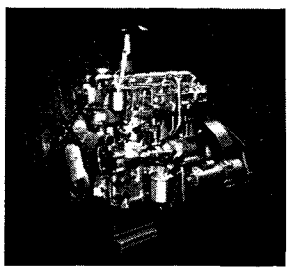
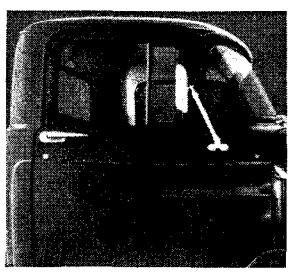
THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT WE'VE MADE LATELY IN DODGE TRUCKS. IF YOU'VE EVER SUFFERED THE DELAYS AND INCONVENIENCES OF CARBURETOR ICING, YOU'LL APPRECIATE IT!

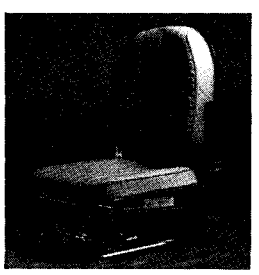
The cam is part of the fast idle carburetor that is now standard equipment on three 6-cylinder and three 8-cylinder Dodge truck engines. It helps prevent carburetor icing that stalls engines, causes all kinds of trouble. It is among the more than fifty improvements we've made in Dodge trucks since the beginning of our continuing improvement program. We don't wait for "new model" time to make our changes. We make them when they're ready. Look below. Each one makes Dodge trucks tougher than before. Something else in the way of improvements you should know about is your Dodge truck dealer's liberal new finance plan. Ask him about it.



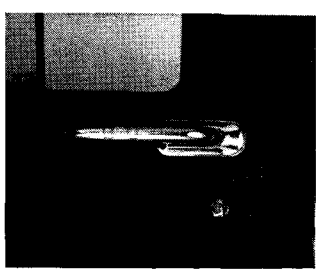
MORE POWERFUL DODGE-PERKINS DIESEL engine now develops added horsepower and torque. Its 131 gross horsepower in medium-tonnage Dodge diesel models means a greater reserve for acceleration in stop-and-go service, sustained high-gear operation on the open road.



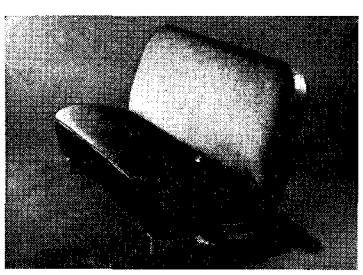
CAB AND CAB DOOR STRENGTH is increased in Dodge single-axle Cummins-powered diesel and all tandem high-tonnage models, both gasoline and diesel. Strategically-placed reinforcements add years of trouble-free, maintenance-free service to these cabs and their doors.



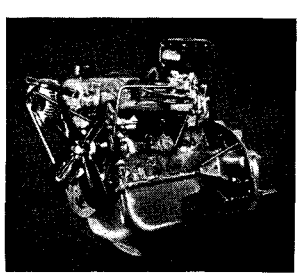
BOSTROM VIKING T-BAR SEAT, now standard on all Dodge high-tonnage diesel models, is the seat highly preferred by drivers. A companion seat is also available on the passenger side in these models. The Viking T-Bar driver's seat and companion seat are available as options on all other Dodge Cab Forward truck models.



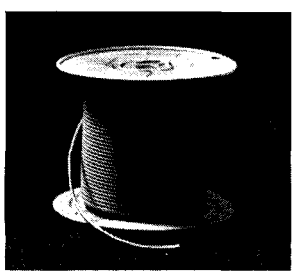
KEY-OPERATED DUAL DOOR LOCKS now standard on both driver and passenger doors of all Dodge truck cabs. This extra convenience feature is another example of Dodge Trucks' continuing effort to provide you with the most value for your money.



FULL-DEPTH FOAM CUSHION is available to provide extra driver and passenger comfort in most conventional and Cab Forward Dodge trucks. The foam padding goes clear through, from top to bottom.



PREMIUM SLANT SIX gasoline engine, now standard on most medium-tonnage Dodge models for increased power. The 225-2 has such features as a roller timing chain, bi-metal connecting rod bearings, Stellite-faced exhaust valves with Roto-Caps, and valve stem seals.



HYPALON® WIRING INSULATION, a premium heat-resistant material, is used as standard equipment in the feed circuits of all Dodge Cab Forward and D700 models. Additional circuit protection is provided by a "Safety-Link" that can easily be replaced in the event of a short-circuit.

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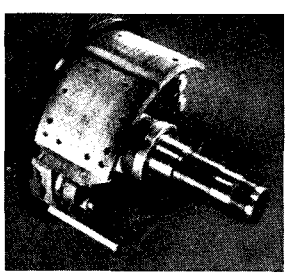

BRAKE LINING AREA has been increased in single-axle 700 and 800 series Dodge trucks equipped with full-air brakes. A total lining area of 567.8 square inches on these models increases stopping power, extends lining life substantially, reduces maintenance and out-of-service expenses.

A FULL-FLOW OIL FILTER is now incorporated as standard equipment in all Dodge Slant Six and V8 gasoline engines. It filters all the oil before it circulates through the engine. Filters are engine-mounted and their replaceable elements are easily accessible for periodic cartridge changes.

DODGE BUILDS TOUGH TRUCKS

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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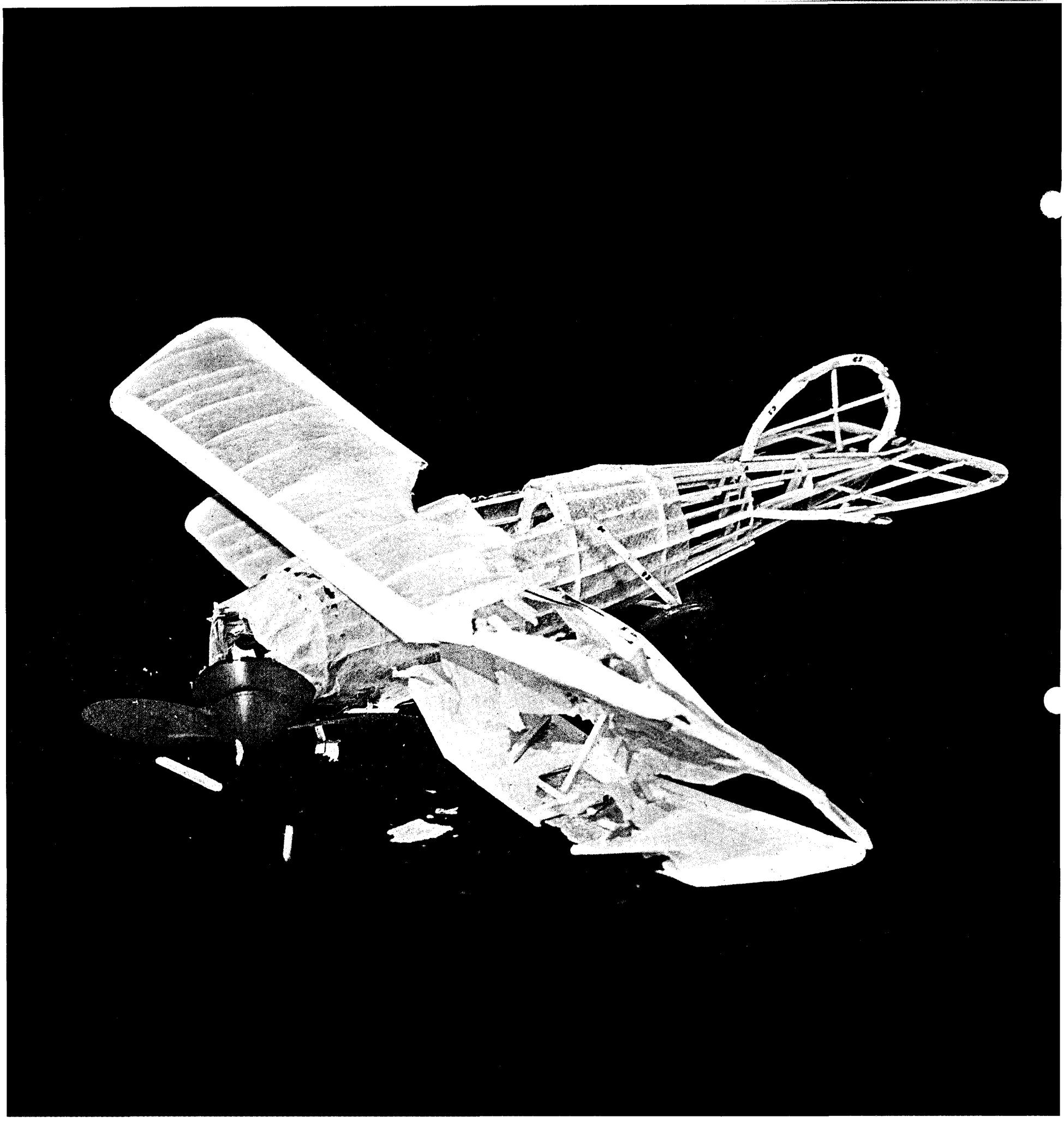

Epilepsy used to ruin so much of a child's life

Years ago, a child living under the shadow of epilepsy often had his happy activities shattered by a sudden seizure.

Perhaps worse, the epileptic was shunned because there were so many misconceptions and superstitions associated with this brain disorder.

Today, the whole outlook has changed for most people with epilepsy—largely because of drugs which prevent seizures. In fact, the lives of thousands of epileptics have literally been made over by these drugs. Some are entirely free of seizures. Others have their seizures well controlled.

As a result, the minds and personalities of epileptics are released to enjoy life almost as fully as other people.

The creation of specific drugs for epilepsy—one of the first of which was pioneered by Parke-Davis—is another heart-warming example of how our research brings healthier, happier lives to those who otherwise would be denied them.

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It means far less worry because Kelvinator engineered a unique drive mechanism that has no gears to break down or wear out, ever! Want proof of Kelvinator's dependability? Look at the remarkable *Five-Year* Parts Guarantee! Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part for five years, and any other defective part for one year. Labor costs will be paid by the dealer for the first year and by the customer thereafter.

This reliable new Kelvinator carries an enticing low price tag. It's a product of Kelvinator's Constant Basic Improvement Program that brings you better appliances. You get the same high quality American Motors also builds into Rambler automobiles. See the proof at your dealer's today!

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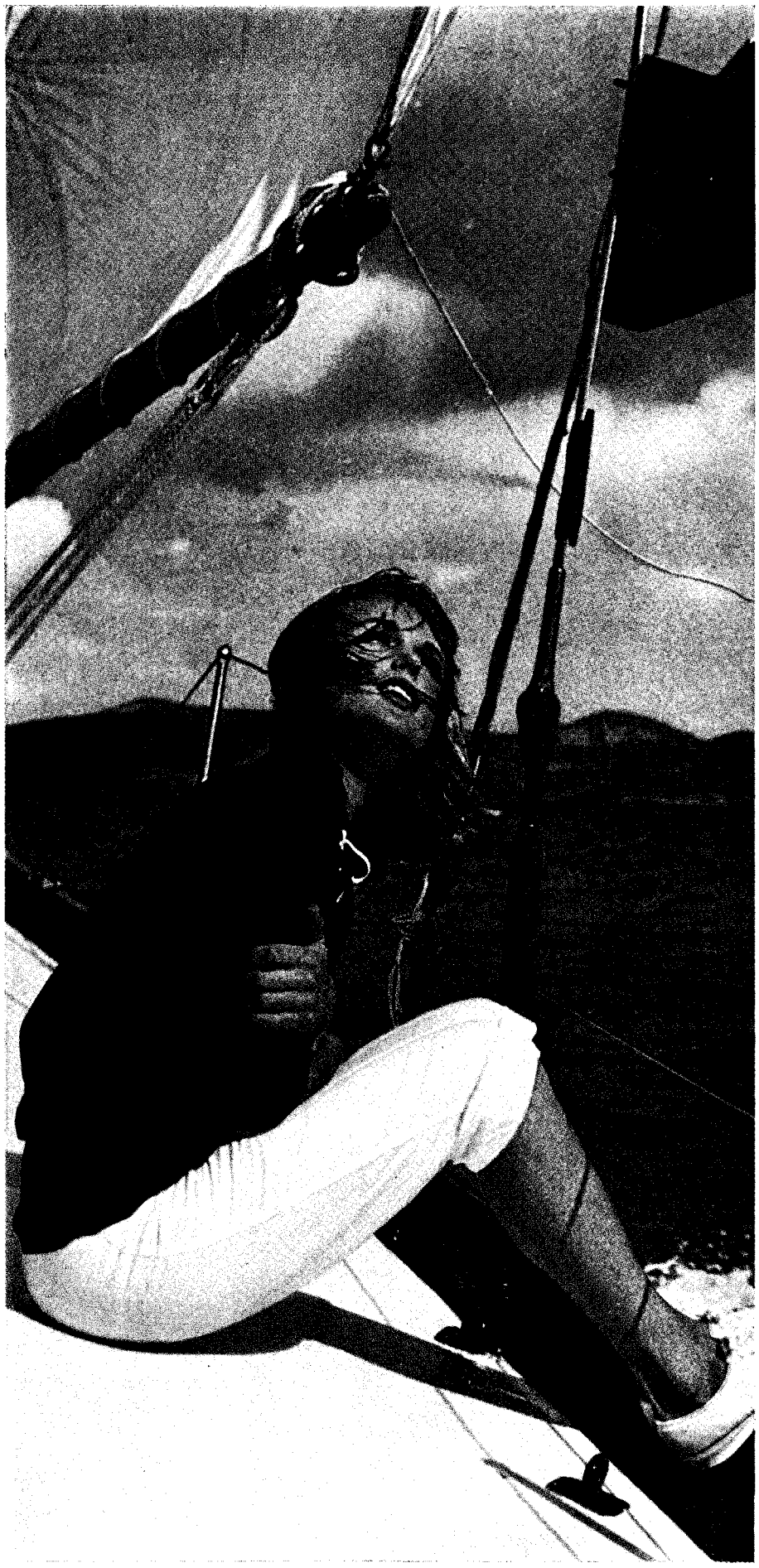
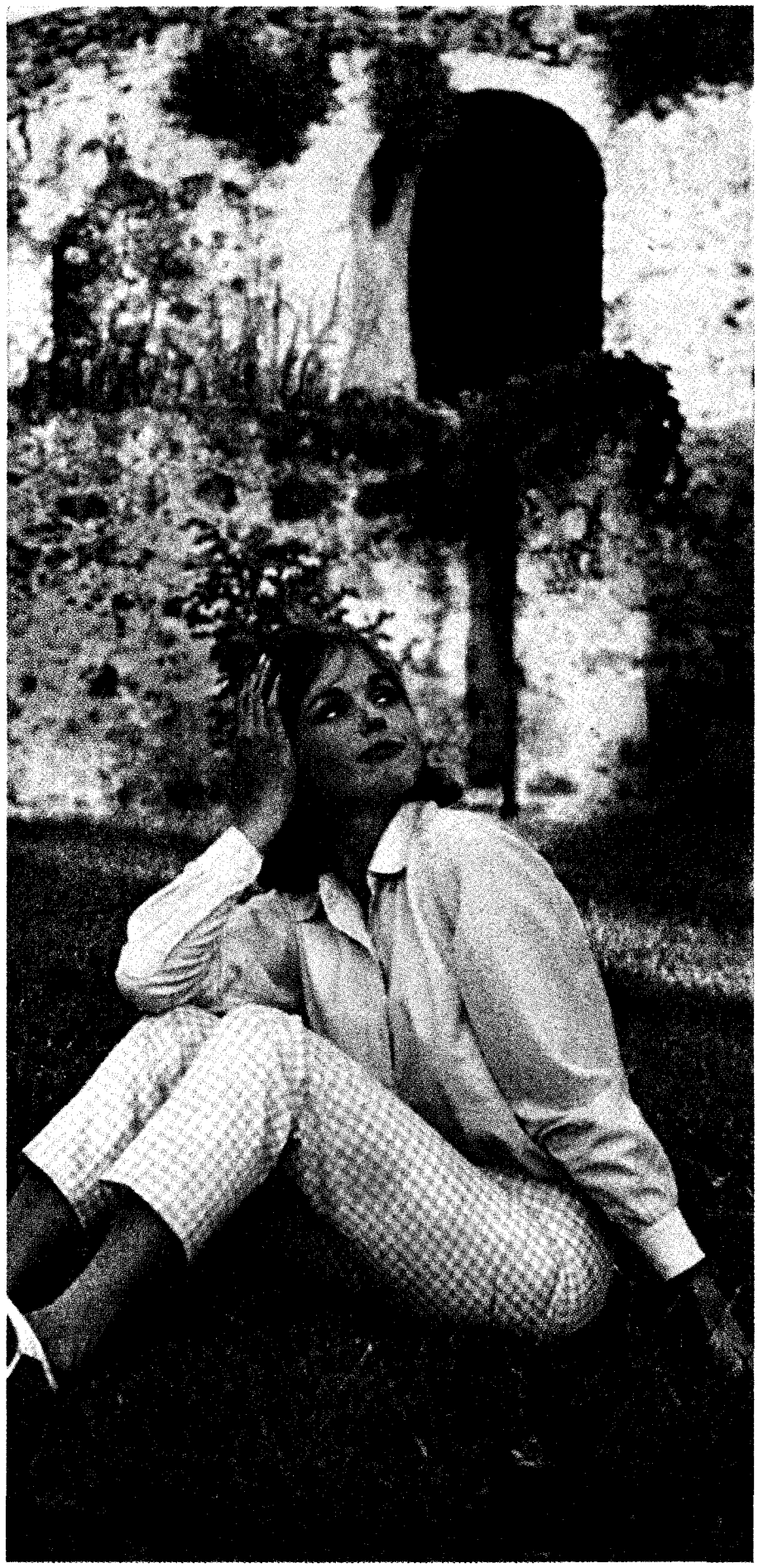


Sailing pants, parka, White Stag



Pink checked slacks, Jax

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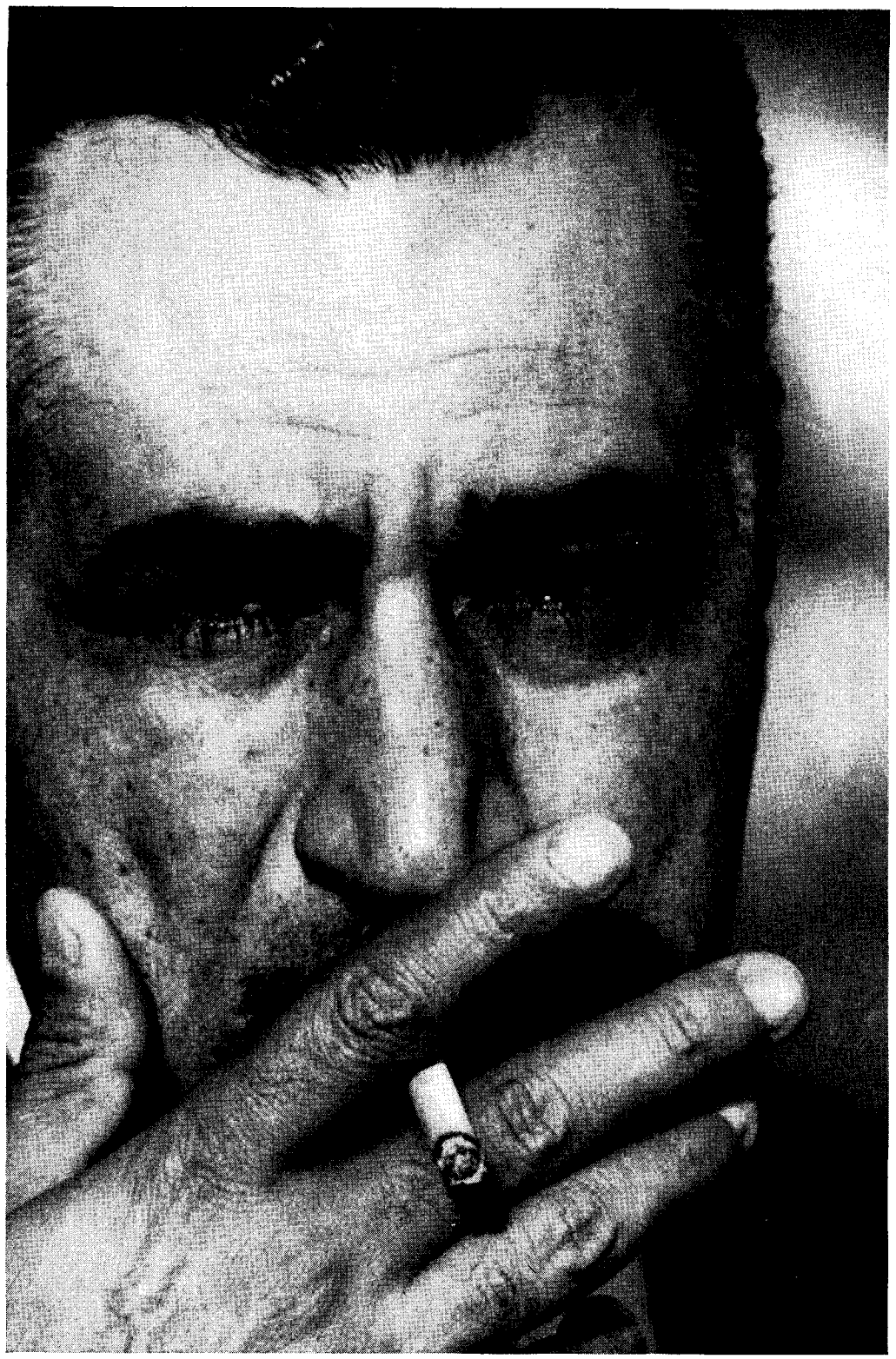
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin



The violent and vital world of Nasser

By ROBERT SHERROD

As riots and revolt sweep the strategic lands of the Middle East
the Post's Editor-at-Large reports on an exclusive interview with
the energetic Egyptian who is trying to lead the restive Arabs toward a new unity.
What are Nasser's ambitions, achievements, prospects?

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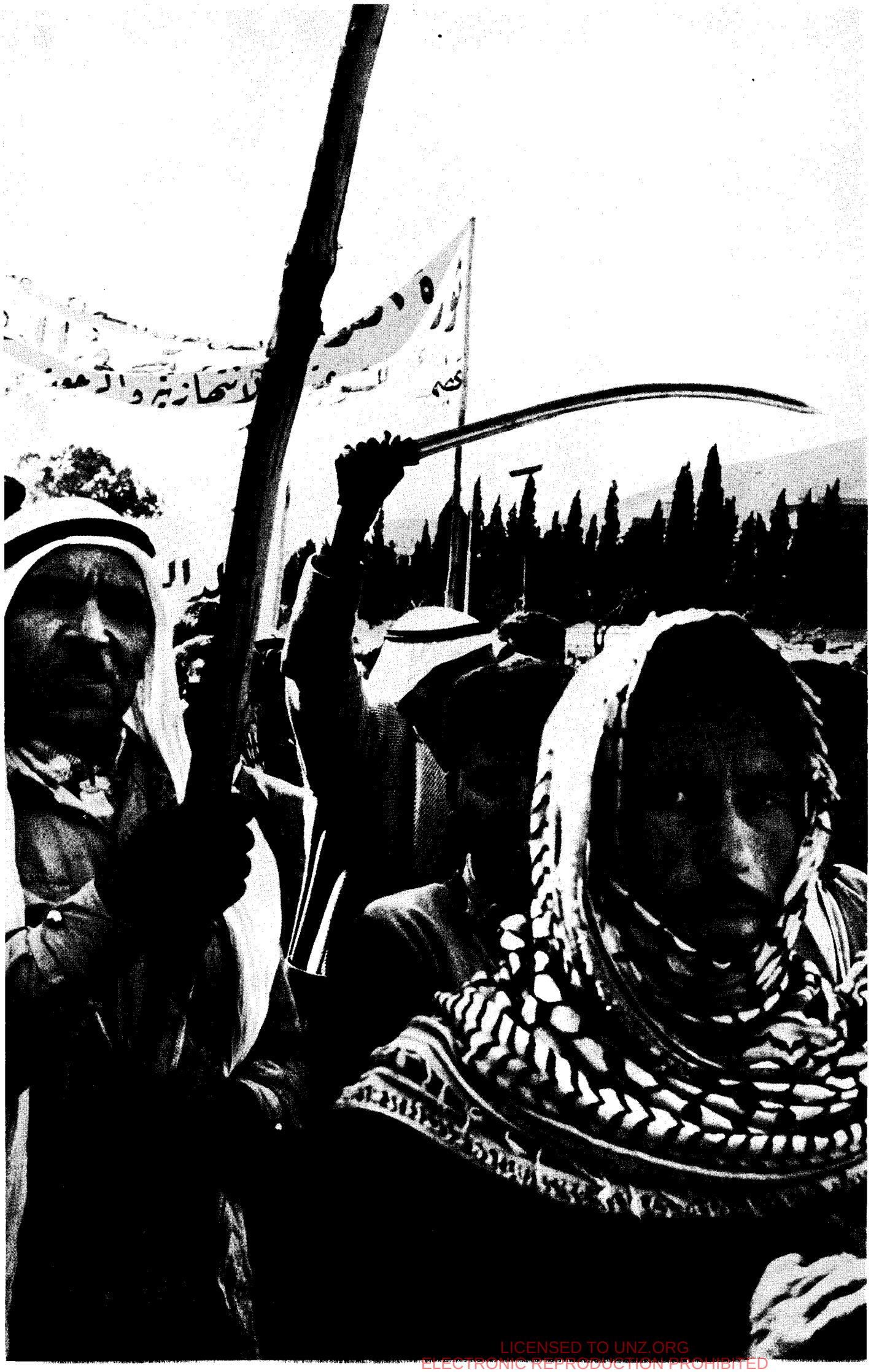
NASSER

"I saw a frightening demonstration of his power, thousands of Arabs chanting, 'Nas-ser!'



"The Middle East is difficult to understand. There is so much emotion." It's easy to understand, however, that much of the emotion in the Middle East today focuses on the man who said these words to me recently at his home in Cairo. Once again the political center of the Middle East is Gamal Abdel Nasser, president of Egypt, leader of the newly revived United Arab Republic and an almost superhuman hero to the restless millions of the Arab world.

Less than a year ago Nasser stood almost alone, his dreams of Arab union wrecked after Syria broke away from his 3½-year-old United Arab Republic. Then came a series of pro-Nasser revolts in Yemen, Iraq and Syria. In the Syrian capital of Damascus I saw a frightening demonstration of Nasser's power—several thousand flag-waving young Arabs marching four abreast past my hotel window chanting, "Nas-ser! Nas-ser!" They were organized in 50-man groups, led by a fanatical cheerleader who perched on another youth's shoulders. They seemed ready to attack anyone who stood in their way. The hypnotic chant went faster and faster until we heard rifle fire at the end of the street, then the high chattering of Czech machine guns. Syrian troops were shooting over the demonstrators' heads, and they managed to disperse them without casualties. But it would be only a matter of time before a new outburst, if not in Damascus, then somewhere else in the Arab world.

Where would it come? Who would be the next to fall before this new wave of violence? I put the question to Nasser himself, and he refused to make any predictions. "Nobody can guess," he said. "Certainly I can't. I was surprised at the recent revolutions in Syria and Iraq, in spite of what people tell you. I am not attacking Jordan. But we can judge by the way people feel in Saudi Arabia and Jordan that they will have revolutions."

At about the time we spoke, the tiny kingdom of Jordan was tottering. A barren and artificial state smaller than Kentucky, half Bedouin tribesmen and half Palestinian refugees, the Jordanian monarchy probably will last no longer than its 27-year-old King Hussein, whose father was deposed for mental incompetence, whose grandfather was assassinated before the young Hussein's eyes. Just a few weeks ago the mobs raged through Amman, screaming for blood. The king's security forces clubbed them down, killing at least 60, and the king threw several pro-Nasser cabinet ministers into jail. But Western intelligence reports predict that Hussein's days are numbered. If he falls, enabling Nasser to extend his rule from the Nile to the Persian Gulf, the small but fiercely pugnacious state of Israel has issued its own warning: It will invade Jordan itself. And in such a third Arab-Israeli war lies the possibility of a third world war.

"You are very lucky to be seeing the president," the young Egyptian had told

Nasser followers, waving flags and weapons, swarm through Damascus.

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'hen we heard machine guns."

me on the telephone. "He has been in conference with the Syrians and Iraqis for seventy-two hours, and he hasn't slept much."

It was just after dusk when the government Mercedes arrived to pick me up at the hotel. We crossed the Nile and drove through the musty, dimly lighted streets of Cairo, streets crowded with honking cars and shouting pedestrians. After 15 minutes our car turned into a driveway guarded by a uniformed soldier. In front of a barracks-like office building an escort took us to a small room and left us alone with the inevitable demitasse of thick, sweetened Turkish coffee. Then an officer came and took us to a second room, where we had a second cup of coffee. Shortly after eight came the word: President Nasser was ready to receive us.

We left the office building, crossed the street and walked through a brightly lighted patio to the entrance of Nasser's own house, the same modest house he had occupied as a colonel before the revolution of 1952. The formal French-style drawing room was lit by a huge chandelier. A vase full of red gladioli brightened a table near one of the brocade-covered sofas. On the mantelpiece stood numerous photographs of Nasser's fellow statesmen—Nehru of India, Sukarno of Indonesia, Chou En-lai of Communist China—all inscribed in varying degrees of endearment.

Nasser himself finally breezed into the room, a handsome figure in a well-tailored, double-breasted suit. He shook hands vigorously, displaying the fine set of teeth that is his trademark on millions of posters throughout the Arab world. Standing an even six feet and weighing 200 pounds, he exudes the energy and good health of a college halfback, but he has whitened at the temples. Eleven years in power, 11 years a world figure, he is still only 45. He had been sleeping all afternoon, he said, and had told his wife that he wished he could stay in bed until tomorrow morning, but he had appointments with the Ethiopian ambassador and *The Post*. In fact, he had been asleep when the ambassador arrived at seven, and he had to slip quickly into his pants. Long years as an army officer had taught him to dress in a hurry.

The first impression I got of Nasser was one of dignified affability. It was not hard to imagine him doing well as a bank president or a stockbroker. He isn't the relaxed type, but he is hospitable and eager to please, even to the point of appearing humble. During the two-hour interview that followed, he expressed himself in near-perfect English. Norman Rockwell, who came with me to paint Nasser's portrait, wanted the Egyptian president in an unsmiling pose, but Nasser found it difficult to look somber. Finally he motioned me to sit on a brocaded sofa. He occupied a chair next to me and took out a package of American filter-tip cigarettes. (They cost $1.05 a pack in Cairo, but one of Nasser's acquaintances told me that he can't stand Egyptian cigarettes, not even a new American-style brand called Cleopatra.) A servant brought lemonade.

A cheerleader eggs on the Damascus demonstrators. Syrian troops managed to disperse them without casualties.

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The Egyptians got the Russians to provide the money and engineers to build the Aswan Dam

Nasser, with Khrushchev at U.N., seeks independent cold-war stand.

Power shovel with Russian letters for U.S.S.R. cuts into earth at Aswan.

NASSER

Nasser has spoken of Arab leadership as "a role in search of a hero," and since he has cast himself in this role millions of Arabs have turned to him in their fervent hope of finally coming into their own. They want not only industries and schools and hospitals and all the other benefits of the 20th century but also the sense of pride and independence that inspires men to work for the future.

The role Nasser is trying to fill has been vacant for centuries. It has been more than a millennium since the horsemen of the prophet Mohammed swept the shores of the Mediterranean and established their religion and language from India to southern France. They were superior to Christian Europe not only in force of arms but in many of the arts of civilization. During the darkest of the Dark Ages in England and France the Arabs created algebra, studied Aristotle and practiced advanced surgical techniques. They built delicately vaulted palaces and forged strong Damascus steel. Time finally eroded the Arab empire, which collapsed about the time Columbus discovered America, and the Arabs fell under the sway of Turks, Britons and Frenchmen. Even in 1922, when Britain recognized the sovereignty of Egypt, its people could scarcely recognize themselves as independent of a Britain that provided their military equipment, their banks, their medicines and machinery. It was not until 30 years later, when the young Colonel Nasser organized a *coup d'état* that threw out the corrupt King Farouk, with his pudgy mistresses and his pornographic comic books, that the Arab world found a new leader.

By the normal standards of power—as expressed in Stalin's famous question, "How many divisions does the pope have?"—the new leader of the Middle East had virtually no power at all. Egypt is a barren and overcrowded land, lacking coal, iron and most other natural resources; its 27 million people cluster along the Nile valley, earning an average income of only $115 a year and surviving an average life-span of only 36 years. Yet Nasser has shown an unusual ability to turn weaknesses into strength, to play off rivals against each other and to capitalize on the dreams of Arab nationalism. When the West refused to sell him modern arms he turned to the Soviets, who equipped him with submarines and MIG fighters. When neither Russians nor Americans would provide him with missiles, he turned to the Germans and hired ex-Nazis to build rockets of his own. The West hoped to win his friendship by financing the Aswan High Dam, a project 17 times as big as the biggest pyramid, but, when he proved unfriendly and the West cut off the credits, Nasser got the Russians to move in with money and engineers. Yet Nasser keeps 250 of Egypt's top Communists languishing in jail. Nasser's greatest crisis occurred in 1956, after he nationalized the Suez Canal. Nobody thought he could run it, but he did. The British, French and Israelis struck him in force, battered his armies and bombed his cities, but Americans and Russians joined to halt the attack, and the beaten Nasser emerged as the greatest Arab hero since Saladin drove the Crusaders from Jerusalem in the 12th century. And soon he was back at his old tactics, fomenting revolts in Lebanon, the Sudan and Iraq.

Not everything worked for Nasser, of course. In Lebanon, in 1958, revolutionaries supported by Nasser attacked the pro-Western government of President Camille Chamoun, but the fighting died down after President Eisenhower sent in American marines and airborne troops. In Syria anti-Nasser army officers staged a coup in 1961 and declared their independence from the U.A.R. But last September Nasser's fortunes started to rise again. The ancient Imam of Yemen, who used to cut off the heads and hands of his opponents, finally died, and army officers supporting Nasser staged a revolt that overthrew his successor. Nasser reciprocated by sending troops to fight the royalists still holding out in Yemen's mountains. Then in February supporters of Nasser, allied with an Arab-union movement called the Ba'athists, rose up against the Communist-infiltrated dictatorship of General Abdul Karim Kassim of Iraq. They showed off his bloody corpse on the national television network. In March it was Syria's turn. The military ousted the anti-Nasser government, and soon the Syrians and Iraqis were flying to Cairo to consider a revived and expanded United Arab Republic. Now that Nasser appears triumphant, the bids to join the U.A.R. are coming from as far away as the Persian Gulf oil sheikdom of Kuwait and the North African state of Algeria.

How does Nasser do it? One answer is that Cairo is the cultural capital of the Arab world, its mosque is among the biggest in the Middle East, its radio stations are the loudest, and Nasser makes the most of his opportunities.

"In Egypt we make all the films that are made in Arabic, about one hundred a year," Nasser told me. "We export TV films to Morocco, Kuwait, Iraq, Algeria and Lebanon. We also send our teachers to all the Arab countries, and students from various countries come by the thousands to study in Egyptian universities. We have here three television channels and four radio stations, all very powerful.

"The transistor radio has created a revolution. Many of the peasants carry them in their pockets. Now all the workers are asking for television sets too. We have 160,000 of them in Egypt, with long waiting lists, and we are increasing our production of 40,000 a year. We are assembling the sets through an agreement with R.C.A., and we are building a big electronics factory with the Czechs to produce more transistors."

Nasser has long understood the propaganda advantages of broadcasting from Cairo to the millions who cannot read or write. The powerful radio Voice of the Arabs proclaims Nasser's unity

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But they keep 250 top local Communists behind prison bars.

theme throughout the Arab world, frequently carrying fantastic invective against Nasser's enemies, nowadays chiefly King Saud of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan. But Cairo also sends its appeals deep into Africa, to the Sudanese and the Somalis, even reaching Kenya with broadcasts in Swahili. Cairo repeats day after day that Nasser's enemies will inevitably be overthrown. When, I asked Nasser, did he expect them to fall?

"When will they have their revolution?" he partly "corrected" me. That was when he said he couldn't predict future revolts. (Does he foment them? Nasser denies it, and one of his aides remarked of the Jordanian rioting, "If we'd backed it we would have done a better job, without depending on schoolchildren.") But Nasser went on to predict the doom of the remaining monarchies:

"Many people leave those countries and come to Cairo. The Saudi ambassador in Bonn, for example, who has resigned. When Prince Faisal [King Saud's prime minister] decided to support the royalists in Yemen six of his airplanes deserted to us with their cargo of arms and ammunition. The chief of staff of the Jordanian Air Force and two of his pilots decided to come to Cairo too. These men left their families and children behind. All these are factors which give us the impression that people don't agree with their feudal rulers."

Nasser's list, impressive as it was, failed to include all the Saudi defectors. Also in town at the moment were five princes of the royal family, 80 army officers and 700 soldiers who changed sides in the Yemen fighting. The biggest recent catch was the Saudi director-general of petroleum, Texas-educated Abdullah Tariki (*Post*, February 17, 1962), who is helping prepare a revolution in his own land.

The United States is sympathetic to Nasser, but it also supports King Saud. The huge American combine called Aramco took an average of 1,520,000 barrels of oil per day from the desert of Arabia last year. Obviously an upset of the status quo would shake the Western world.

"The United States has different interests from ours in this area," Nasser said. "We don't object to the United States's supporting Saudi Arabia as a country, but if you support a feudal system this will be criticized by everyone."

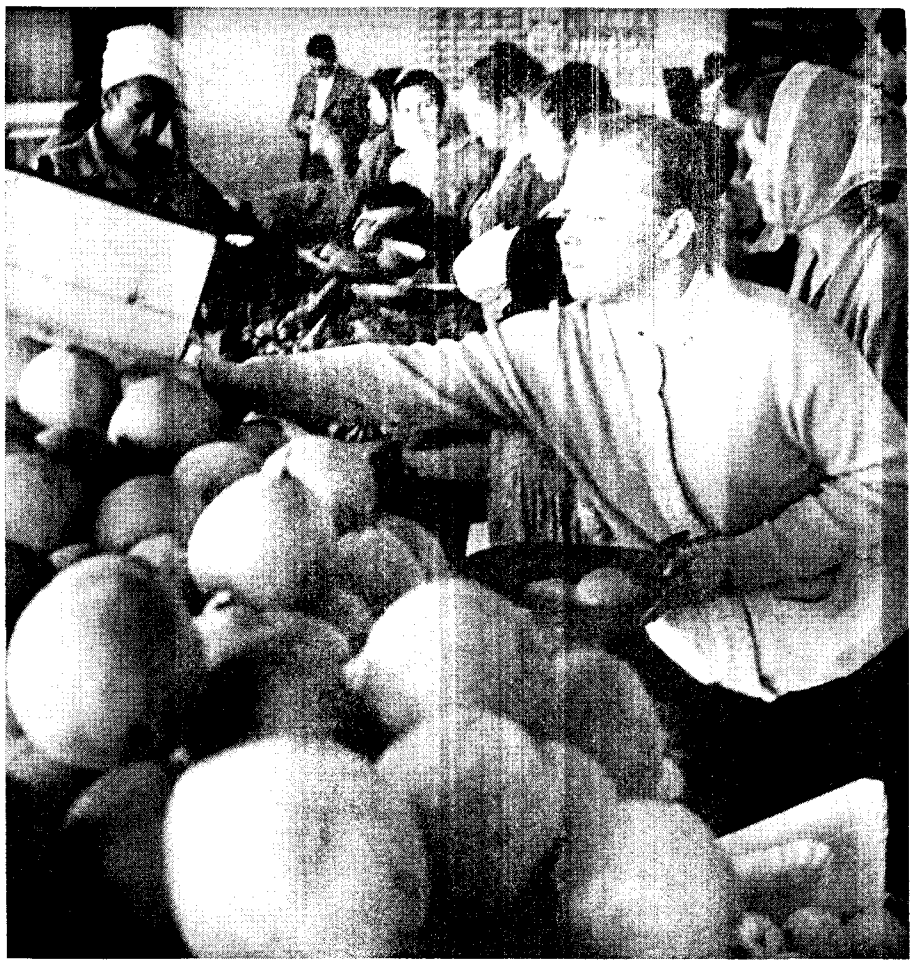
But did Nasser really have an alternative? His previous union of Syria and Egypt in a United Arab Republic lasted only from 1958 to '61, and there were widespread complaints that the Egyptians had oppressed the Syrians.

"The main reason for failure last time," Nasser said, "was that the step was too big. We were two completely different countries, and fifteen days later we were one country. We had different habits. My idea was to begin with federalization, but the Syrians insisted on one country, one government. I had never even been in Syria before. We will go slower this time and minimize the differences."

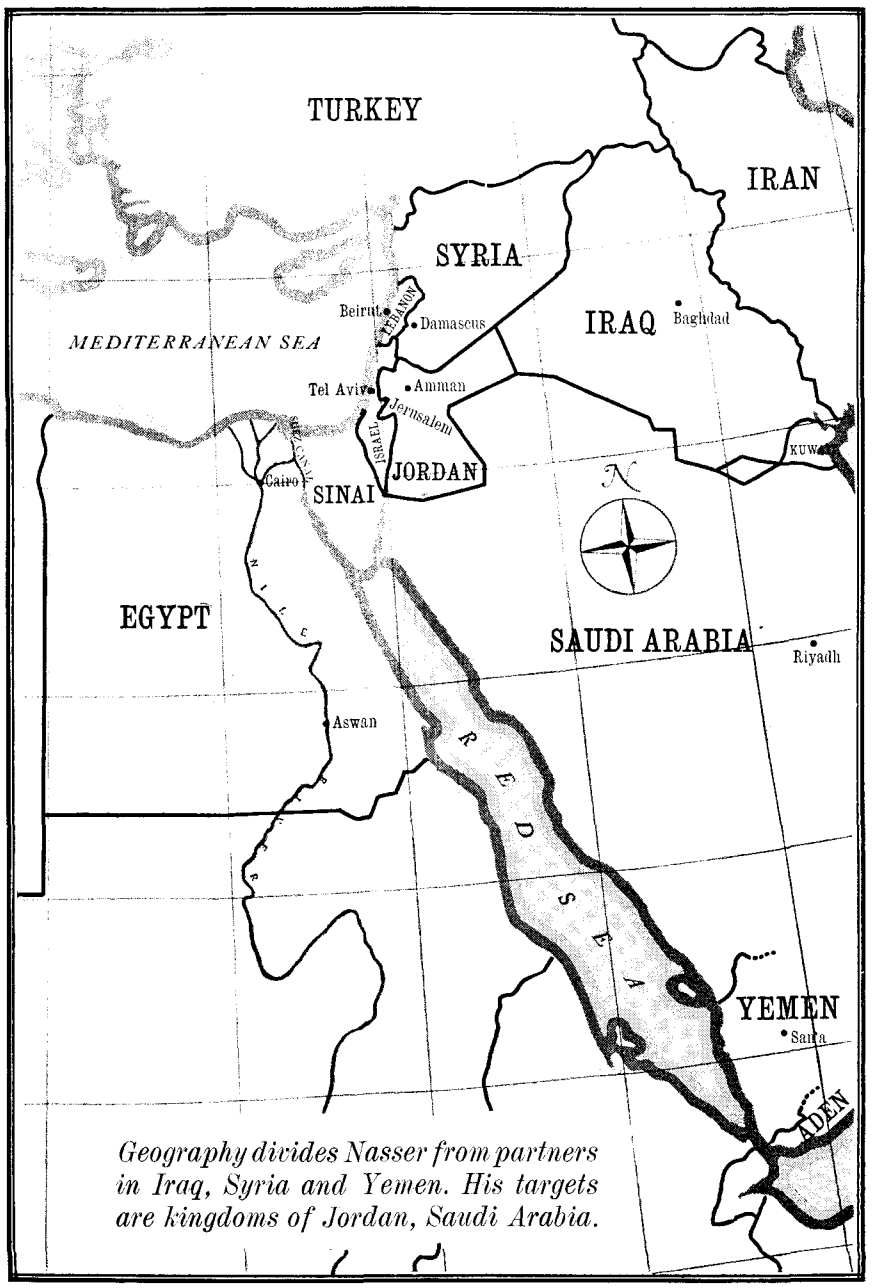
Nasser is indeed moving more cautiously. Not until next September will Egypt, Iraq and Syria vote on their federation, and on Nasser as president. By then the three hope to have worked out unification of armed forces (though each region will still have its own commander) and foreign relations. Most government ministries will not be unified until two years from now, however. And real economic unity, says Nasser's chief deputy, Aly Sabry, may take 10 years.

What role will this united Arab state, if it is ever created, play in the world? Will it remain neutral?

"'Neutrality' is a word to use only in war," Nasser said. "'Nonalignment' is preferable. It means not having our policy decided either in Washington or Moscow. There was a time when the U.S. wasn't kind to us. We faced the same thing with the U.S.S.R. in 1957, and we also became hostile to them. The U.S.S.R. was always against colonialism in the U.N., and so were we. When the U.S. was against colonialism in Angola we were with them.



The wife of one of the Russians at Aswan goes shopping. Most Russians keep to themselves, seeing Russian movies and sitting in their club.



Geography divides Nasser from partners in Iraq, Syria and Yemen. His targets are kingdoms of Jordan, Saudi Arabia.

Aswan excavation, at left, is about three-quarters finished. The Russians sent 400 of these trucks.

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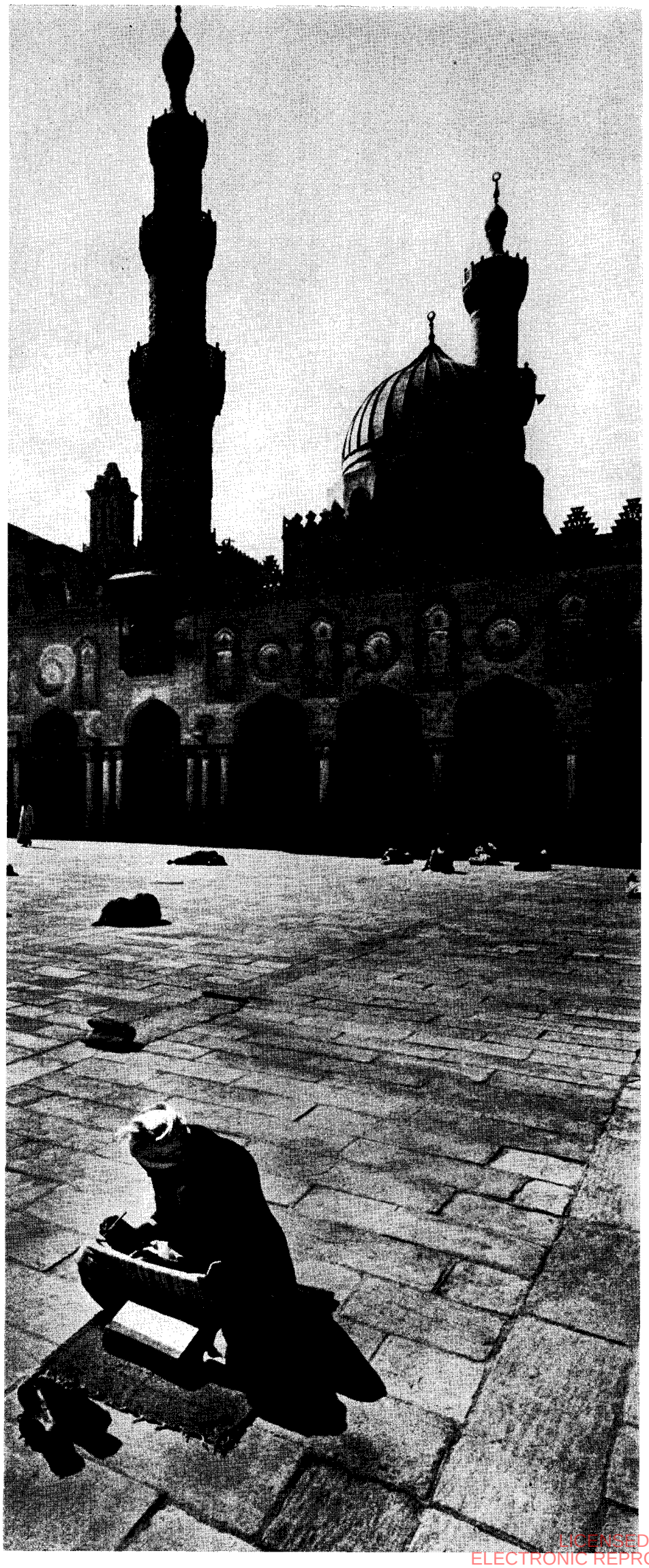
"Hatred of Israel is in the marrow of the refugee children's bones. They are taught that



Cairo's big Azeher mosque symbolizes the cultural ties among Arabs.

"There are bound to be ups and downs in political relations between countries, as in the case of our recognizing Communist China, which offended Mr. Dulles so much, and in the case of our anti-Communism despite the fact that Russia furnishes us economic assistance. We believe in keeping economic questions out of political areas."

Arab unity, if it is ever achieved, would cause deepest concern to Israel. An Arab joint command might become strong enough to "drive Israel into the sea." And in the Beirut headquarters of the U.N. Relief and Works Agency, which tries valiantly to feed the half-million Arab refugees from Palestine in camps that ring Israel, an official said, "Hatred of Israel is in the marrow of the refugees' children's bones. They are taught that Jews seized their homeland so they must go, even if it takes a hundred years."

During my interview I told Nasser that I had heard that he might have moderated his views on Israel. He has made such violent speeches against Israel that I thought my question might make him explode, but he only said, "We haven't changed at all what we said about Israel. Our policy always has been to support the U.N. resolution on Palestine, which declared that one million refugees were deprived of their property. We held that those people must return to their country and have freedom. All this still stands."

I said some of Nasser's critics assert that he rushed into an activist foreign policy because of his problems at home.

For the only time he asked me to repeat a question, and he listened incredulously. "Nonsense!" he answered. "One cannot gamble. We must have good relations with other countries so we can build this country and raise the standard of living."

And in fact Nasser has done much with one of the poorest lands on earth.

"We have created a million new jobs in the past three years, and now we have six million workers, half in industry, half in agriculture, with the percentage rising in industry each year. Our birth rate will decrease with the expansion of education.

"Cotton is our principal export crop, and we had a bad year because the insects had become immune to our chemicals. This year it is better. Now we know we must change insecticides every five years.

"We don't have much oil, as everybody knows, but we are improving. Our production will be six million tons this year and our consumption only four million."

Nasser smiled frequently in his enthusiasm (and he smoked constantly, nearly finishing a pack of cigarettes during the two-hour interview). Obviously he was proud of his country's advance on so many fronts (even though his figures, recited from memory, didn't always agree with the official published statistics). Without doubt he has raised the Egyptian worker's standard of living above what was one of the most miserable lows on earth.

For this Nasser depends on foreign aid. Half the wheat consumed in Egypt comes from the fertile American plains. Since 1958 the United States has contributed loans and grants to Egypt worth $800 million—mostly in surplus commodities. A good thing it is for Nasser; at one time last year Egypt was down to five days' supply of wheat. A good thing it is for us, too, in the official view. We can't sell the stuff anyway. Last year we sent Egypt about $175 million worth of wheat, of which $35 million worth was donated by CARE, Church World Service, Catholic Relief and other charities. The rest was sold by the U.S. Government for Egyptian currency, 15 percent of which is retained by our embassy in Cairo for its operating expenses and for educational exchange programs. The other 85 percent is loaned back to the U.A.R. for economic development. This aid has helped substantially in improving Nasser's relations with the United States since the 1950's. The U.S. ambassador, tall, gray John Badeau, who has spent a quarter century in the Middle East as an educator and missionary, sees Nasser frequently and has the respect of Arabs everywhere.

Nasser soaks the rich

Nasser's ambition is to reorganize his economy so that outside help will no longer be necessary. One of his first acts was land reform, badly needed since King Farouk's family and a few hundred rich men owned most of the country. Nowadays nobody can own more than 100 acres, and the confiscated lands are being distributed among the landless peasants, five to 10 acres per family. In the Nasser theory, wealth breeds corruption. In 1961 he nationalized 80 percent of the country's business but didn't touch small companies (up to $69,000 capital) "because they don't exploit anyone. Besides, it would create too many problems to administer them."

He cited an example for me: "I knew one man at the beginning of the revolution who bought a company for $23,000. He faced a critical period. We loaned him some money to help. He built a big factory. By last year he had $13,800,000—he and his children. Nationalizing his factory saved us from corruption." Nasser laughed. The funny thing is, considering the rapacious capitalism of the East and its expectation of 15-percent return on capital, that Nasser may have been right. The American has a hard time explaining that capitalism doesn't always operate the same way. Socialists like Nasser find it hard to believe.

"The workers used to be exploited at 28 cents per day," he said, "enough to buy bread alone for their families. We gave them social justice. The minimum wage is 58 cents a day now. We build them houses, and we charge them only $1.80 a month rent, including air conditioning in some places."

Sharing the wealth is not enough to solve the problem of Egypt. It's "glory of today and hope of tomorrow," in Nasser's words, is the Aswan Dam, now being built by 20,000 Egyptians plus 1,000 Russian engineers and technicians.

"Next May we'll change the course of the Nile for the first time in history," Nasser told me, his voice full of understandable awe. When the Nile is diverted

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the Jews must get out."

the dam will be almost half completed. The final result will be a construction greater than Boulder Dam, which will form the world's largest man-made lake, about 300 miles long with an average width of six miles. After it is completed in 1970 this dam is expected to increase Egypt's cultivated acreage from six to eight million acres and double the national supply of electricity to 20 billion kilowatt-hours. The final cost, including resettlement of the Nubians whose upstream lands will be covered by the lake, will come to more than $1 billion.

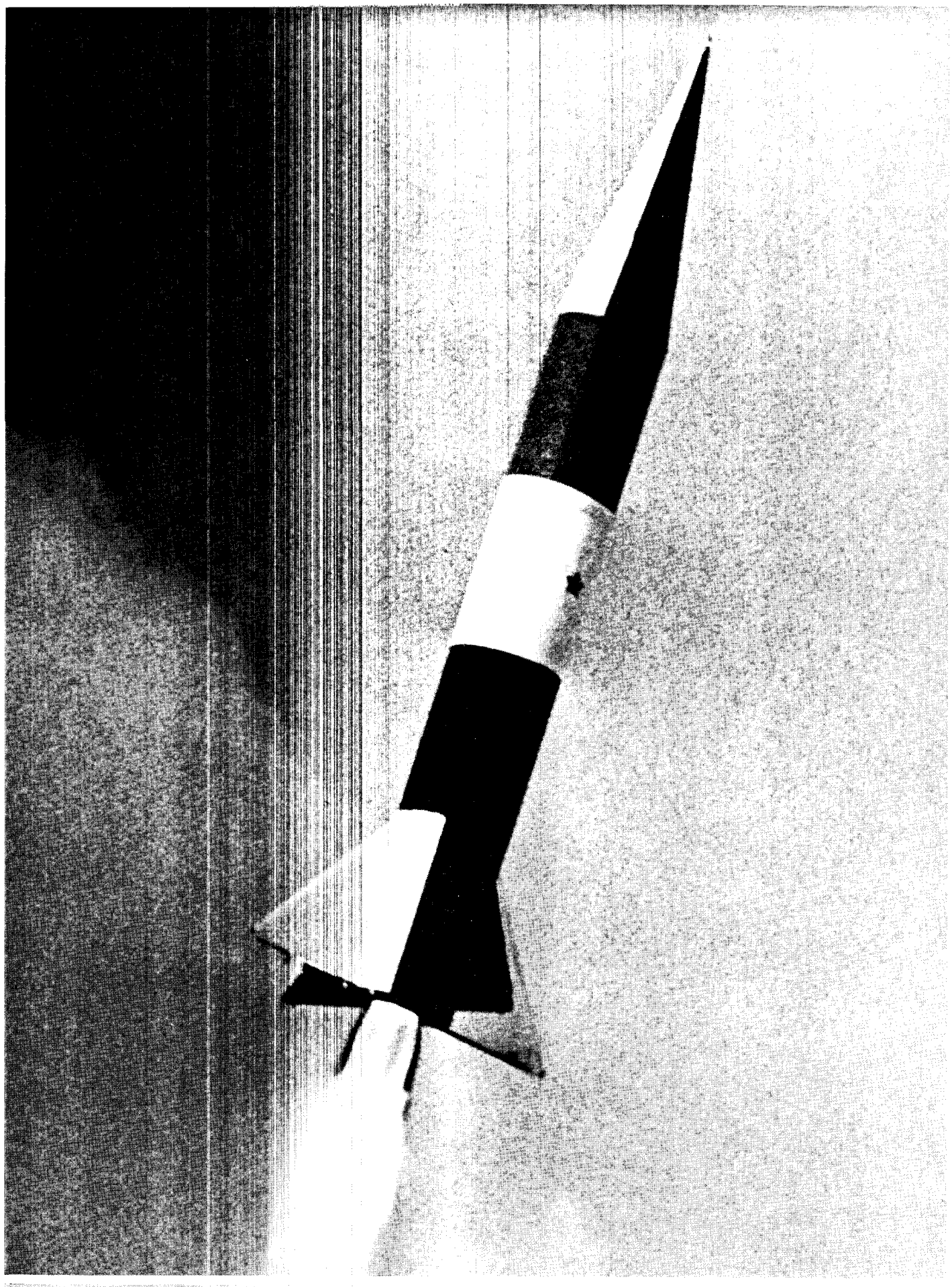
Nasser has made a showplace of Aswan, the city 500 miles south of Cairo which used to be called "the Siberia of Egypt." What impresses the visitor most is the roaring sense of purpose. Egyptian workers drive their Russian trucks with tremendous gusto as they haul rock from the excavation site to the river to be used for fill. Already more than three-fourths of the 9,500,000 cubic meters of rock excavation has been hauled away by the 400 Russian and dozen British trucks.

Row after row of apartment buildings perch near the damsite to house the workers. Although Russians and Egyptians live side by side, the Russians tend to keep to themselves. One evening I stopped at the Russians' clubhouse and found that most of them were watching a Soviet movie. A few played chess or table tennis. A young, sober group, most of the Russians had brought their wives and children to Aswan's 100-degree weather for their two-year tours.

"We have a real boom going here," said the governor of Aswan province, Dr. Ezzad Salama, at his air-conditioned office in downtown Aswan City. "Besides the activity at the dam there are a sugarcane factory, a plant for phosphoric acid, the big KIMA fertilizer factory and the iron mines. We expect to make Aswan the Pittsburgh of the U.A.R. We finally have a place for every child in school, and our illiteracy rate has dropped to 45 percent."

On the plane returning to Cairo I reflected that Nasser's greatest accomplishment has been to instill a sense of pride and dignity in the Egyptians, a people who have been dominated by outsiders for 5,000 years. Could he unite the Arab world as he has obviously united the people of his own country? Will his new partners get along better than Syrians and Egyptians did during their brief prior union? Bringing in the Iraqis poses even more problems because they contain a dissident minority of fierce Kurds. Will the Syrians, with $167 per capita income, and the oil-blessed Iraqis ($192) be willing to share the relative poverty of the Egyptians? And will the influential Syrian merchants, who have a well-developed capitalistic economy, accept Nasser's socialism?

Many of the experts are dubious, but Nasser is determined to try. And, though his efforts will keep the Middle East in turmoil, the United States can only look on with sympathy. For if Nasser fails to unite the Arabs on terms of independent neutrality and a desire for progress, someone more violent may offer to finish the task that Nasser has begun. THE END



Israelis see peril in "Al Kaher" rocket, cheered by Nasser and aides.

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MERCURIA

"If you cannot act in a
picture made by a
group of people who care
it is like turning
out bits of sausage."

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MERCOURI

Outspoken, free of spirit and fun-loving, Melina makes the whole world her playground.

By ROBERT EMMETT GINNA

Melina Mercouri, a honey-haired, exuberant Greek actress with green eyes and the smile of a tigress, may have done more for Greece than the Acropolis, Lord Byron and the Marshall Plan combined. As the centerpiece of *Never on Sunday*, a low-budget ($125,000) film about a lady of negotiable virtue, Melina has shattered global box-office records, sparked a continuing craze for the music of the Eastern Mediterranean, and helped ignite a bonfire of interest in the scenic wonders of both the Greek countryside and the Greek girl.

It is perhaps no coincidence that since *Never on Sunday* appeared three years ago, Greek tourism has doubled. Almost half a million visitors (more than 100,000 of them Americans) will invade the Greek peninsula this year in search not only of low-cost accommodations and marble statuary, but of *bouzouki* music, Greek booze and buoyant good times—all of them matters of some moment in *Never on Sunday*.

Melina herself has since gone on to a headier environment. She is, in fact, one of that new breed of international stars who make the world their home. Accompanied by *Never on Sunday* director Jules Dassin, her mentor and love of her life, she moves with equal ease through the salons of Paris, the swank world of London's Mayfair, the bazaars of New York and Hollywood. She has starred in the French theater, appeared on American television, worked in films from England to Italy.

In the elegant hotel in Lausanne, Switzerland, which serves as her part-time home, Melina recently repaired for rest after finishing a demanding role in *The Victors*, a movie written, directed and produced by Carl Foreman, who scored not long ago with *The Guns of Navarone*. The movie has an international cast (Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Eli Wallach, Albert Finney, among others) and a theme about the corrupting effects of war. Certain to arouse controversy, the film shows American boys as sadists and wanton killers. Melina plays a war-hardened lady of the night.

"After *Never on Sunday*, people were always after me to play prostitutes," shrugs Melina. "I did this one for Carl."

Although she is sought after by major film makers around the world, Melina's next picture will be made with Dassin again—an adaptation of an Eric Ambler thriller, *The Light of Day*, which will be shot in Istanbul. To work with Dassin this summer, she turned down a starring role in a proposed Danny Kaye vehicle, *Five Pieces of Maria*.

"I suppose I should have done the picture with Danny Kaye because it is important, because it would give me the recognition I need in America, now, when I need it," she said. "But the end is money. Everything has to be big, important, big, big. It's horrible.

"I must work. I can't stand it when I don't work. But it is horrible when I am a prisoner of the business. When money comes into it, when that becomes so important, then I find myself becoming like all the rest of them."

Melina is hardly in danger of becoming just another indistinguishable member of the pack. She is unique—a woman who couples high professionalism with an extraordinary love of life. Or as George Peppard, who plays a GI picked up by Melina in *The Victors*, puts it: "She gives as an actress; she acts with you and for you, and she has a glorious sense of humor. But the thing which moves me most is her femininity. A lot of actresses who are beribboned and frilled-out are about as feminine as a building contractor when you look into their eyes. When you look into Melina's eyes, there's a woman home."

Carl Foreman tells a story about his adjustment to the tempestuous Melina. "She is extraordinarily professional, and her equipment as an actress is tremendous," he says. "But it took me a while to coordinate with her Greek temperament. Melina would turn to me on the set and ask, 'Why don't you shout at me? Julie always does.' And I would reply, 'Don't worry; I will.' Then one day I did scream at her—and she dissolved in tears. I think that at first she had felt unloved."

The Victors was the first major project that Melina had undertaken in some time away from Jules Dassin's direct supervision. On Dassin's sets the exuberance is notable, and Melina usually leads in the byplay. "I love to work on *extérieurs* (locations)," says Melina. "I love the camping, not to have any bathroom. With Julie, it is like being *tziganes* (gypsies). It is a community when you are making such a picture. And if it is not a community of people who care, it is no good making pictures. It is turning out pictures like slices from sausage."

"In Greece all this common effort forms the character of the picture," points out Dassin. "Everybody has a little stake in it. It's very much like the borsch circuit. It sort of takes everybody to get the thing done."

The partnership, both professional and personal, of Jules Dassin and Melina Mercouri has been tested through success and failure. They met at a Cannes film festival. He is an American, a former radio scriptwriter who became a Hollywood director (*Naked City*) and was accused a decade ago of being a member of a Communist group. He found himself blacklisted in Hollywood, took off for Europe and was more or less on the ropes until he got the chance to make his brilliant thriller *Rififi* in France. He then asked Melina to play in his film version of Nikos Kazantzakis's novel *Christ Recrucified*. Titled *He Who Must Die*, the movie attracted substantial critical notice but brought in little revenue.

The two next collaborated on *Hot Wind in August*, based on *The Law*, Roger Vailland's novel about sensual passions in Sicily. Dassin regards it as a stinker, but Melina was impressive in the part of a woman who chooses suicide over shame. She remembers it chiefly because of her co-worker Gina Lollobrigida. "Gina Lollobrigida was terrible for me to work with," says Melina. "I know that I am jealous, but I do not know how to be a star like *that*—to stop the picture and demand close-ups."

Mercouri and Dassin were able to return in triumph to another Cannes festival with *Never on Sunday*. It won Dassin, who wrote, produced, directed and acted in it, a multiple-picture deal from United Artists.

By this time Melina and Jules were inseparable. Dassin's wife, the concert violinist Beatrice Launer, complained that "He spent every day with Melina—Sundays included." The Dassins eventually were divorced.

Center of her circle

Dassin and Mercouri next collaborated on *Phaedra*, a modern-dress film based on the tale of the legendary queen who conceives a passion for her stepson. Much of it was shot on the sun-scoured island of Hydra, and the camaraderie, sparked by Melina, never flagged. Whether padding about the set in her underwear, or shrieking French insults as she sat and played gin rummy with costar Tony Perkins, or lolling about among the tourists during lunch hour, Melina was the cynosure of all eyes on Hydra. A small circle would form around her in a chic waterfront café, where Melina would recline on a banquette in white slacks and jumper. In the café she played a kind of Greek backgammon called *tavli* with savage concentration, reaching out unconsciously to slap her opponent when he took the lead.

Melina's special *élan* is particularly manifested in what she describes as her "special attachments." Perkins was one of them. He and Melina would put their heads together for hours, emitting near-hysterical laughter. "She has the most extraordinary vital energy I've ever beheld in an actress," says Perkins. "She transforms a group, electrifies it."

Another of Melina's special attachments was Stephanos, a runty prop-boy with a steel-wool thatch of hair. Stephanos has been with her and Dassin on several pictures. On Hydra, Melina could be seen running after him, kicking him, clouting him on the head. To queries, people in the crew would smile and reply, "Melina loves Stephanos."

When Melina speaks of those afternoons on Hydra and of the Greece she loves, her voice is full of warmth.

"I cannot live long without Greece," she said. "Not for long. In Greece, everybody knows everybody. I am still the little Melinaki of fifteen years ago. Things are done with love and amusement.

"I remember when I was three, my grandfather would drive me around Constitution Square— our principal public place—and he would say, 'Salute your subjects, my queen.' I would bow and wave, making an exhibition of myself, and I guess that it was my first step toward the theater."

In Athens, where Melina was born thirty-seven years ago, her grandfather was mayor for over thirty years. Her father is a member of parliament and has served as Minister of the Interior.

Melina spoke French, German and English at an early age and acquired other niceties expected in a daughter of a distinguished family. She swore to her grandfather that she would never become an actress, but the compulsion was too strong. At seventeen she married a wealthy Greek businessman (they now are divorced) and the union gave her the freedom to follow her theatrical inclinations. She entered the Academy of the National Theatre for her training. "In Molière I learned how to laugh," she says. "Today, if you ask me to laugh, I laugh like that (snapping her fingers). If you ask me to cry, I cry like that."

Melina still is drawn to the stage. She enjoyed a triumph in the Athenian production of *Sweet Bird of Youth*. A year ago, in Paris, Dassin directed her in a play called *Il Ben'Essere*, which flopped, but earned acclaim for Melina.

"I can never give up the theater," she says. "The rehearsals are too beautiful. It is like making a child. Like a child it grows.

"In most cinema work you have not the time to make the character grow. And in the cinema you are a slave. It's terrible. If I have a blemish or a cold, I can't be filmed in close-up. What a fuss they make. In the theater, I go 'hahhhhh!' (clearing her nose and throat with a tigress's roar), and I go on; no one cares.

"In the theater, if you are a flop, well, it's a flop and you go on. In the theater you live with the writers, designers. You live with artists. In the films you live with the producers. Before I was an actress in the cinema, my interests were larger. Now my interests are more and more self-interests. This is crazy for me.

"I will never know what it is—money, success. I am just an actress. I will always be ready at eight o'clock, to go on. Not a star, never! Ahhhhhhhh!" The mercurial Mercouri's expletive was plaintive.

"Actually, I am trapped by the camera. I adore it." Melina moved across the room and stood straight, hands on hips. She threw back her mane of tawny hair and spoke in a voice rich with triumph. "Greeks are jealous, proud. Every Greek wants to leap higher, dance better, sing of love more truly than the next one. And I, too, am proud like that." THE END

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Space spectacles

In labs and test centers scientists are creating unworldly beauty as they prepare to explore the universe.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORMOND GIGLI

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Practice run for a spaceship rendezvous

"Flown" by scientist inside, an air-jet-powered capsule leaves weird light trails as it weaves through a laboratory toward "coupling target" (right) in simulation of a docking in space. Built by General Electric, it is one of many trainers under development designed to present space-flight maneuvering problems astronauts of the future must learn to conquer.

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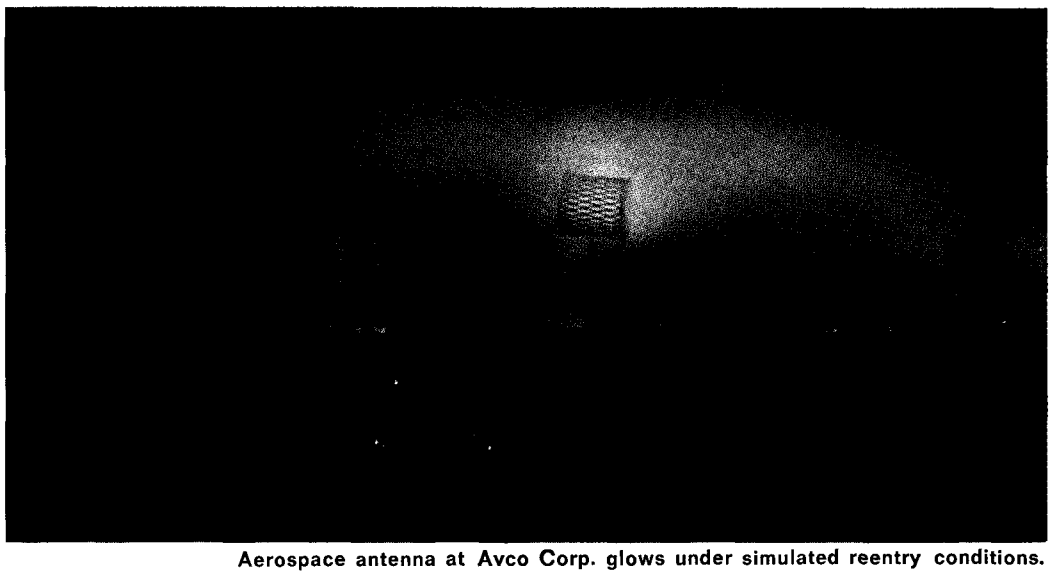
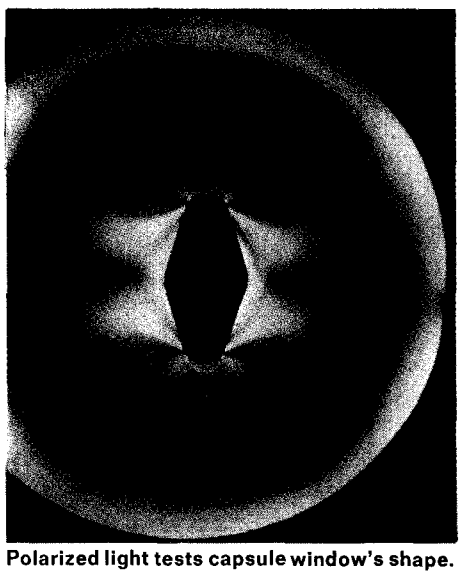
Bright new shapes reflect the billion-dollar push into space



Aerospace antenna at Avco Corp. glows under simulated reentry conditions.



Polarized light tests capsule window's shape.

In laboratories and test facilities throughout the United States bright young men in coveralls are bending over the flashing lights and flickering needles of control panels with all the excitement of small boys with their first chemistry sets. In windowless, temperature-controlled buildings day blends into night and fatigue yields to enthusiasm as men probe the mysteries of the universe. For years the conquest of space has been a dream on a starry night or a page from science fiction. Finally it is becoming a reality and it is giving the United States a massive new industry involving thousands of companies and hundreds of thousands of workers in thousands of communities.

Space technology, by definition, is unworldly. Its subject is the universe; it produces sights which appear to be from some foreign planet. In the five-foot plastic vacuum bubble (above left), antennae and other devices are being tested for reentry into the earth's atmosphere, or entry into the atmosphere of other planets. The purple glow results from high-voltage electricity passing through helium, an important component in many planets' atmospheres. Beside this device is a test of a "space shape." The dark, cut-out shape is that of a window for a spaceship. The shape is cut from a plastic disk and pressure points are measured by photographing under polarized light the lines which form in the plastic when stresses are applied. Above and to the right is the most advanced of low-thrust electric jet engines being developed to guide satellites after boosters have put them beyond earth's gravitational pull. This engine, built by Avco Corp., has just set a continuous-operation record of 720 hours—"by far the longest run to date of any electric propulsion engine," according to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

In 1963 NASA expects to spend more than $5.5 billion on space research and technology. The number of companies—and communities—involved in the space program is staggering. The Gemini program, under which two-man orbital space flights are expected to begin next year, is far from the largest of current space projects. Yet, for this program alone, 1,500 first-line contractors are working under McDonnell Aircraft Corp., the prime contractor. As many as four subcontractors work for each of the 1,500, and so on down the line to the small company which may be turning out only special nuts and bolts. For Apollo, the program which hopes to place a man on the moon by 1970, there are 5,200 first-line contractors working under the major contractor, North American Aviation, on the Apollo capsule alone. The Lunar Excursion Module, which will make the actual moon landing, is being built under still other contracts, as is the giant Saturn booster, which will orbit the Apollo payload.

The space industry is also sponsoring a building boom. A $123 million Manned Spacecraft Center is under construction in Houston, Texas. It will provide a giant training complex for astronauts, and eventually all manned space flights will be directed from this center. President Kennedy has proposed that still another NASA center be built in Boston, Massachusetts. It has been argued that such a project would fit in well with the 400 science-based companies already in and around Boston, and would be able to utilize the facilities of Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The national accent on space has also prompted private industries to spend huge sums on space-development facilities. The Avco Corp. built its Research and Advanced Development Center in Wilmington, Massachusetts, in 1958. The center now employs 5,000. In 1962 General Electric completed its $34 million Space Technology Center in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. These are but two of the hundreds of companies which have devoted major sums to space research.

Scientist Carl Cording, shown operating the space docking simulator on the previous pages, is, at 31, manager of manned-space-systems operation and simulation for G.E. With his crew cut and athletic build, Cording is typical of the dynamic "doers" to be found throughout the growing space industry. The docking simulator was his project, and when he talked about the simulator's first "flight," his voice reflected an enthusiasm which many in space work experience daily. "When that machine first started working," he recalled, "we were all pretty happy. I was in the capsule in the middle of the lab, spinning around, and everyone was grinning from ear to ear. The real satisfaction from this job comes when something you have really sweat blood and tears over finally works." —ROGER VAUGHAN

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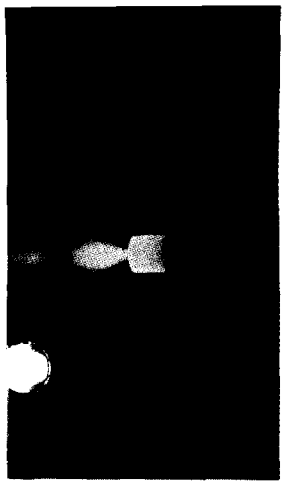

Burning red hot in test, tiny jet engine designed to maneuver orbiting satellites provides thrust by heating hydrogen with electric arc.

Big new eye for the sky

Test model of an orbiting astronomical observatory is scrutinized by scientists at G.E.'s space center in Valley Forge, Pa. Scheduled to be launched next year and stabilize itself in orbit by "locking" on stars, the observatory will respond to electronic commands and send back to man the most revealing picture of the universe he has ever seen.

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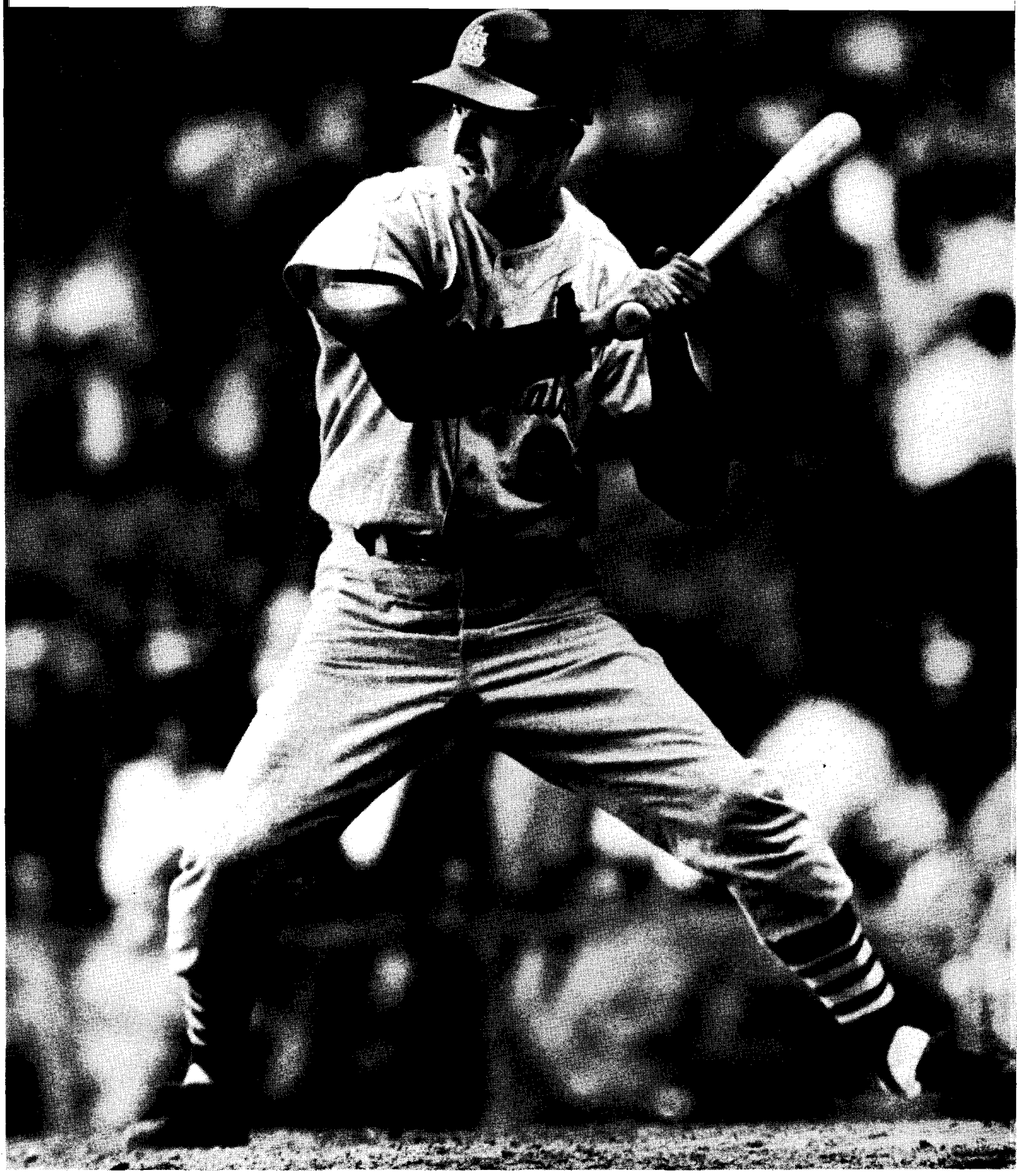
All concentration,
still sturdy on the aging legs,
still sharp of eye,
Musial takes one tight.



Get any hits Stan?

At 42, Stan Musial finds that the base hits still fall in, but getting in shape to swing is something else.

By FURMAN BISHER

Opening day had drifted into night, the St. Louis Cardinals had defeated New York's pre-eminently defeatable Mets and now, at Toots Shor's restaurant Stan Musial was sitting at a big table talking baseball. "Yeah," he was telling Joe E. Lewis, the comic, and Shor, the proprietor, "we got a pretty good club. Good club, you know?" Then someone who had not been in the stands for the 25th opening day, in the incredible career of Stanley Frank Musial, approached. "Get any hits, Stan?" the stranger asked.

A look of mild surprise crossed Musial's sharp features. "Sure," he said. "Of course, I got one." It was, Musial seemed to be hinting, a rather foolish question. Get any hits, Stan? Got any numbers in this town, Mr. Sinatra?

In the quarter century since he became a professional, Stan Musial has made 3,545 major-league hits, including his opening-day single against the Mets. That's what he does better than anyone else in his time—make hits. They come so regularly and Musial treats them with such outward nonchalance that anyone might think they were routine. But Musial is now 42 years old. There is absolutely nothing routine about a 42-year-old man slugging a baseball that has come hurtling toward him at ninety-five miles an hour.

Once, maybe—once when Musial was young and swift and had the grace of a greyhound and, by his own insistence, had only to "swing the bat for a couple of weeks to be ready." But it isn't that way any more. Some of Musial's hair has gone, along with some of his litheness. Some of the old ease is vanished along with some of the old reflexes. Baseball, as it is played in the major leagues, is a game for the very young, the very strong. A 42-year-old ball player, who entered organized baseball before 18 of his Cardinal teammates were born, is an anachronism. Stan Musial has to work very hard.

Trace that opening-day single, a sharp line drive, back to its inception and you find yourself at a New Year's Eve party in the fashionable St. Louis suburb of Clayton. Musial, one of a dozen guests, was relaxing, sipping a few, not worrying much about conditioning. It was, so to speak, the final fling. "Celebration around our house has to stop on New Year's Day," Musial explains. "From then on, everything in moderation."

Last January 3, Musial started getting ready for his opening-day hit. With 26 others, including a Philadelphia first baseman, a Chicago White Sox first baseman, a trainer and an umpire, he reported for a conditioning class conducted by Prof. W. C. (Doc) Eberhardt of the St. Louis University physical-education department. All through January and early February Musial did 45 minutes of

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Buyers who shop for meat with a knowing eye, and chefs who cook with a knowing hand—it takes both to create the flavors you like best. And teamwork like this is a big part of the motto Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

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calisthenics, then ran a mile around an indoor track. (He won't give out his best time. "I only jog.") "I don't mind calisthenics," Musial says. "Kind of like doing push-ups and sit-ups."

Late in February Musial and his wife Lillian flew to St. Petersburg, Florida, with Deborah, their four-year-old daughter, for the annual ritual of spring training. To most veteran ballplayers, spring training is more or less ghastly. After winters devoted to beer, or to ease, or to quiet contemplation of man's destiny, they must suddenly bend and run, stretch and throw, catch and hit. The sound of veteran ballplayers during spring training is one of baseball's little-known traditions. All together, men. *Ooooh!*

"Spring training," Musial says, mouthing heresy, "is a picnic. I love it." But he can afford to love it because by the time he gets to Florida he is already in pretty fair shape, thanks to his winter workouts. This year he checked in at 184 pounds, which meant that by opening day, when he was to take his first serious swing, he had only to lose four pounds.

Musial is, in the curious time scheme of baseball, an elder statesman. ("Too young to retire, too old to become president," he cracked not long ago.) But baseball does not allow its elder statesmen to lead a life of ease.

In Florida he got out of bed at eight each morning. He had no choice. Deborah invariably piled in with him for that brief wrestling match which parents know signals the end of sleep. The maid (fringe benefit of elder-statesmanship) had breakfast on the table of the motel suite by the time Musial shaved. At nine A.M. he'd kiss Lillian—a businessman's kiss—and leave for his office, which was a locker in the clubhouse at Al Lang Field.

At the ball park he continued to run his mile each day and for a time did 25 sit-ups. Then one morning Bob Bauman, the Cardinal trainer, punched at Musial's midsection. "You aren't the same old Musial in here," Bauman said. After that, Musial changed his routine. He began doing 60 sit-ups daily.

Veteran ballplayers view spring-training games with small glee. In exhibition games the ball is no less hard, the spikes are no less sharp. A man can get hurt out there, and who wants to get hurt in a game without meaning? Besides, the muscles are still sore, and who wants to play on sore muscles? *Come on, Skipper; let the kids play today. I'll start for you opening day.*

There is more Musial heresy here, too. For years, he has tried to play in all of the Cardinals' spring-training games. "Every new manager we'd get," Musial says—eight over the years—"he'd say he was going to pace me in spring training. Sit me on the bench for a lot of the games. Relax me. But they'd come around, the managers, and I'd always be in the line-up every year but one."

That year was 1959. The Cardinals had toured Japan during the previous autumn and, reasoning that he had already played an extra quota of baseball, Musial eased his rigid spring routine. "I spaced my playing dates," Musial recalls. He also recalls that in 1959 he hit .255. "Since then," he says, "I've never dared take it easy in the spring.

This spring Musial, the elder statesman, possessed all the enthusiasm of a social director organizing a volleyball game for portly guests at a resort. "C'mon," he'd holler in the locker room. "C'mon, men, it's ten bells. Let's go."

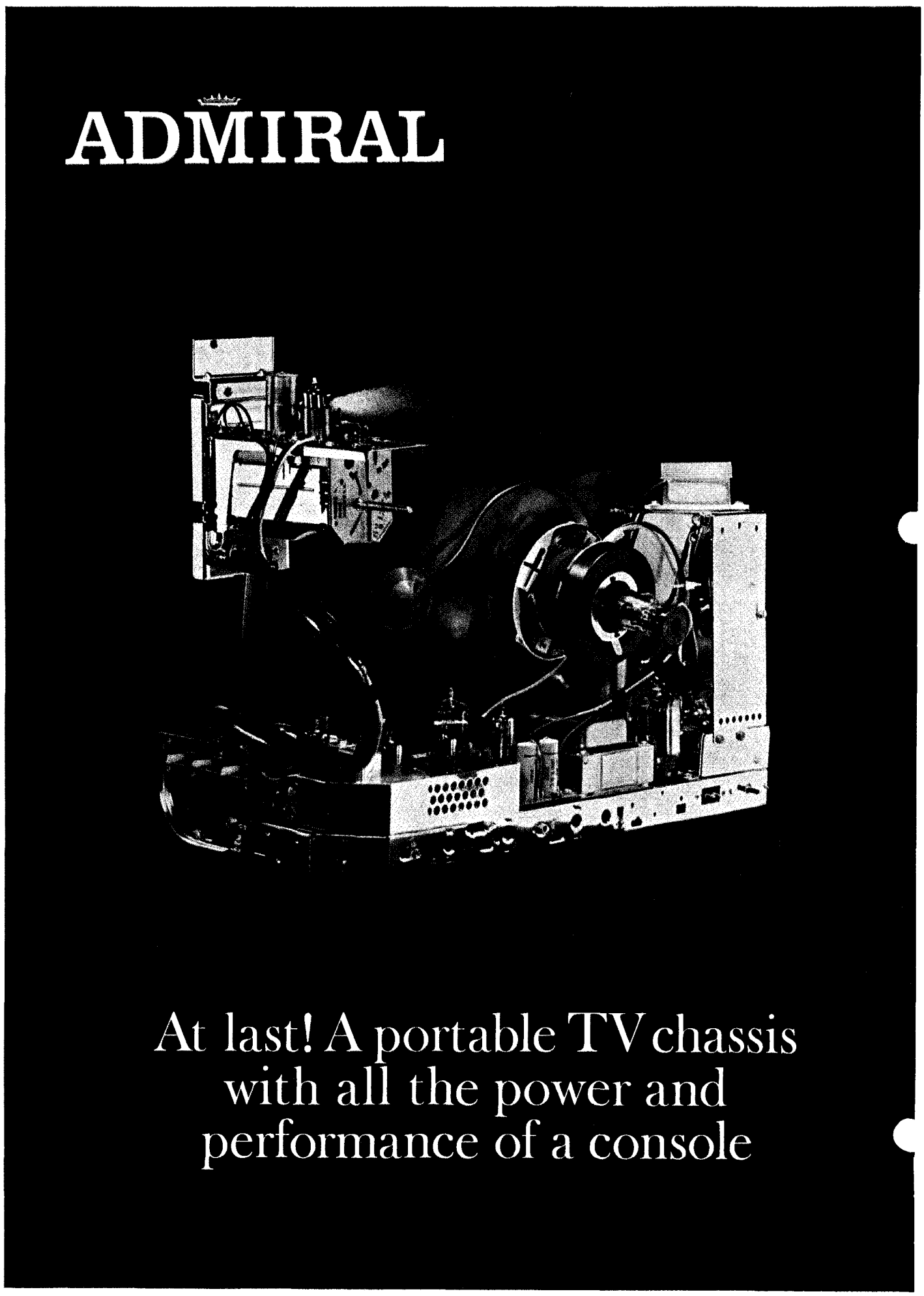
Musial does not rush to swing a bat. Once his body has been conditioned it does not take him very long to sharpen his timing. "Hell," he told a friend recently, "I'll hit until I'm forty."

"You're forty-two," the friend said.

"I mean," Musial said with a wry grin, "I'll hit till I'm fifty."

Legs, not hits, are the principal problem of Musial's advancing years, which is what all the running is about. "The older he gets the harder he works," says Johnny Keane, a gray-haired, courteous man who manages the Cardinals. "It takes a lot of self-discipline. I never touch him. I could put a needle into him, but it wouldn't take unless he wanted it to. He knows he has to stay in shape and he can still come through with extra effort."

In the middle of last season Musial had a good chance at the National League batting championship, but a player must make 500 appearances at bat to become eligible for the title. Musial, who'd sat out some early-season games, had to play virtually every day in order to acquire the



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needed times at bat. It must have tired him, although he did not admit it.

Then the Cardinals were finishing the season with series against the Los Angeles Dodgers, who were wavering in first place, and the San Francisco Giants, who were charging up from second.

"Stan," Keane said, "you can probably get your at-bats now by playing just one of the series, but we can't do that. I mean if you play against one contender, you have to play against the other."

"Sure," Musial said.

He hit over .400 for the final week of the season, batted in 11 runs in 10 games, and finished last year with as much excitement as he began this one. The reasons come down to these: Extra effort and extra work at conditioning. (Musial hit .330 last year, third behind Tommy Davis of Los Angeles at .346 and Frank Robinson of Cincinnati at .342.)

Musial's career is graced with incidents of extra effort. It has been since he left the Pennsylvania mill town of Donora to play ball in the Mountain State League in 1938, which was so long ago that the Chicago Cubs won a pennant that year. Musial started as a pitcher, but since he, like Babe Ruth, could always hit, he doubled in the outfield. One day he dived for a fly, landed on his left shoulder and terminated his pitching career. Since a scout had called Musial "the wildest left-hander I ever saw," this was probably only a minor loss.

As a full-time outfielder Musial joined the Cardinals in 1941 and from that year until 1959 he never hit under .300. Playing with an inflamed appendix through much of the 1947 season, he batted .312, and everyone agreed that Musial had experienced a bad year. Everyone except the majority of major-league batters. Few big-leaguers *ever* hit .312.

Musial holds more records than any modern ballplayer, and he is pursuing those twin record-book regulars, Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, on a broad front. On opening day he held 16 all-time major-league marks, 30 National League records and soon afterward passed Ruth's total of 1356 extra-base hits. If Musial plays as often this season as he did last, he will pass Cobb's record for most games played by four, 3,037 to 3,033.

The Musial success has not been exclusively artistic. After the 1946 season, when he led the Cardinals to a pennant, Musial decided it was time to cash in. Sam Breadon, a devout believer in the virtue of thrift, was running the Cardinals then and offered his star a $21,000 contract. "I told him," Musial says, "I'd read about DiMaggio and Williams and what they made and that I wasn't signing for less than $35,000.

"He went up to $24,000. I said no. He went up to $27,000. I still said no. Spring training opened. A week passed. One day Eddie Dyer (then Cardinal manager) called and I told him that DiMaggio and Williams were up around $75,000 and I wasn't signing for less than $35,000. Finally we compromised. I settled for $31,000. That was my big salary breakthrough. Bob Hannegan bought the Cardinals, and under him I went up to $50,000. Fred Saigh bought the Cardinals from Hannegan and I went up to $75,000. August Busch bought the Cards from Saigh, and I went up to $85,000, and then $100,000, a nice round number."

His wealth is a kind of inside joke in baseball. Once Musial casually chimed in with a group of Cardinals who were complaining about the infield at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. "Anthracite," someone was saying. "The ball comes off this infield like a shot."

"Yeah," Musial said.

"Hey, Stan," said one of the Pirates. "Why don't you buy our ball club? Then you can fix the infield the way you'd like."

But a checkbook is no armor against a fast ball; a bank balance small salve for aging muscles. It is a small irony that playing baseball, which made Musial's fortune, now deprives him of some common pleasures, such as lunch.

Getting ready for his opening-day hit, and the scores and scores that would follow, Musial made a consistent point of skipping his midday meal. "I don't eat fatty foods, desserts, bread, snacks," he says, "and never lunch. I got weight-conscious when I was in the Navy. I picked up ten pounds. I never knew I could get fat before, and it scared me. When Terry Moore was playing center field for the Cardinals, I used to talk to him a lot. (Musial played left field.) He told me that it got tougher and tougher to keep his weight down each year. He was around 35, then, real old to me. I was

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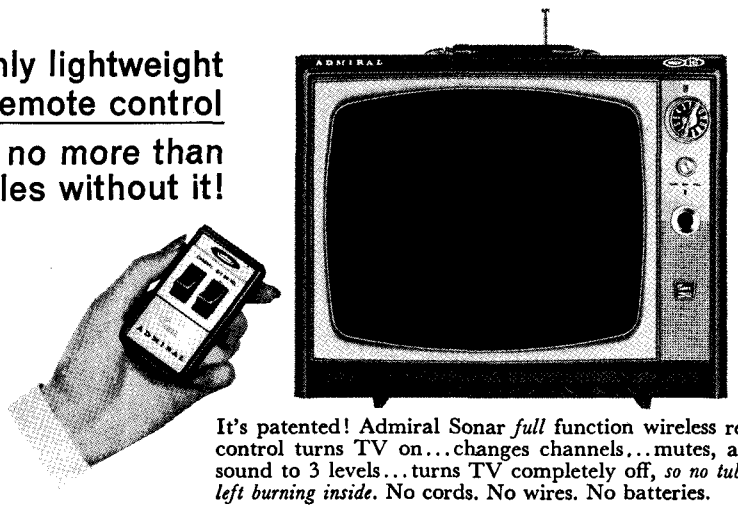

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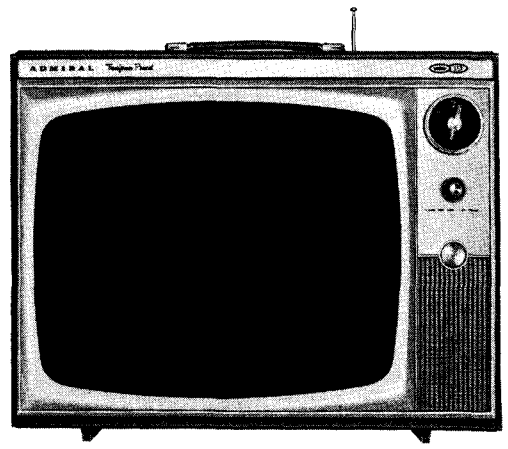

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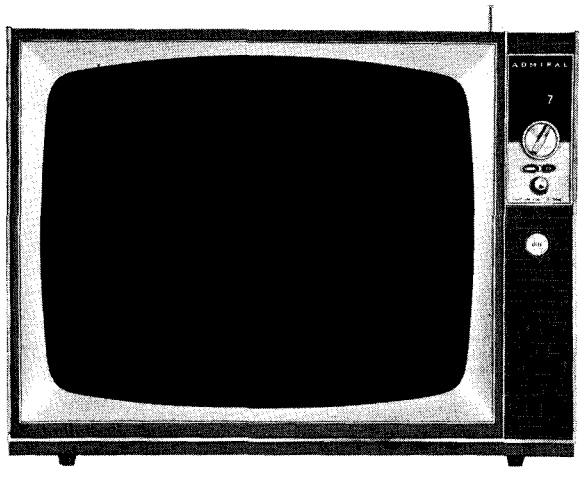

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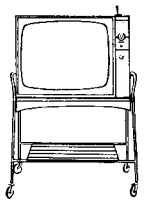

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At 42, baseball's elder statesman: "Too young to retire, but too old to become president."

Intense, even when he's on the bench: "C'mon, men. C'mon, you guys. It's ten bells. Let's go, guys. Let's get 'em."

STAN MUSIAL

eight years younger and I never thought I'd ever be 35 years old. You know how you are when you're a kid. You think that you'll always be young. I began to understand what Terry meant a while ago. It does get tougher and tougher each year to stay in shape."

If Musial had a set of rules to propose to young men who would like to spend the next 20 years of their lives playing baseball in the major leagues, they would read like this:

1. Keep your weight down.
2. Run a mile a day.
3. Get eight hours of sleep regularly.
4. If you must smoke, try lightweight cigars. They cut down on inhaling.
5. Take vitamins as recommended by a doctor.
6. Make it a point to bat .300.

"In a way," Musial says, "I've been lucky. When I was a kid, a lot of my friends were older than me. I learned a little that way. I mean, you're not going to get away with a swelled head with older people. And my father used to take me tumbling. That was good, good for the reflexes. But there was something else, even when I was a kid. I got my hits. You could have seen me a long time ago and maybe I didn't swing the same and maybe I was a kid, but I'll tell you something, buddy: Even then, I got my hits."

How many miles and sit-ups, and push-ups, and skipped lunches went into that line drive Musial whistled into right field off Roger Craig, the Mets' ace? No one is precisely sure. But it is a remarkable thing to see a man of 42, independently wealthy, assured of fame, driving himself so relentlessly in pursuit of base hits.

This is the Freudian age. This is the time of complex motivations, of endless explanations, of analysis and counter-analysis. What dark and hidden force drives Stanley Frank Musial to play the relentless game of major-league baseball after all these years? "Hell," he says. "I like to hit."

THE END

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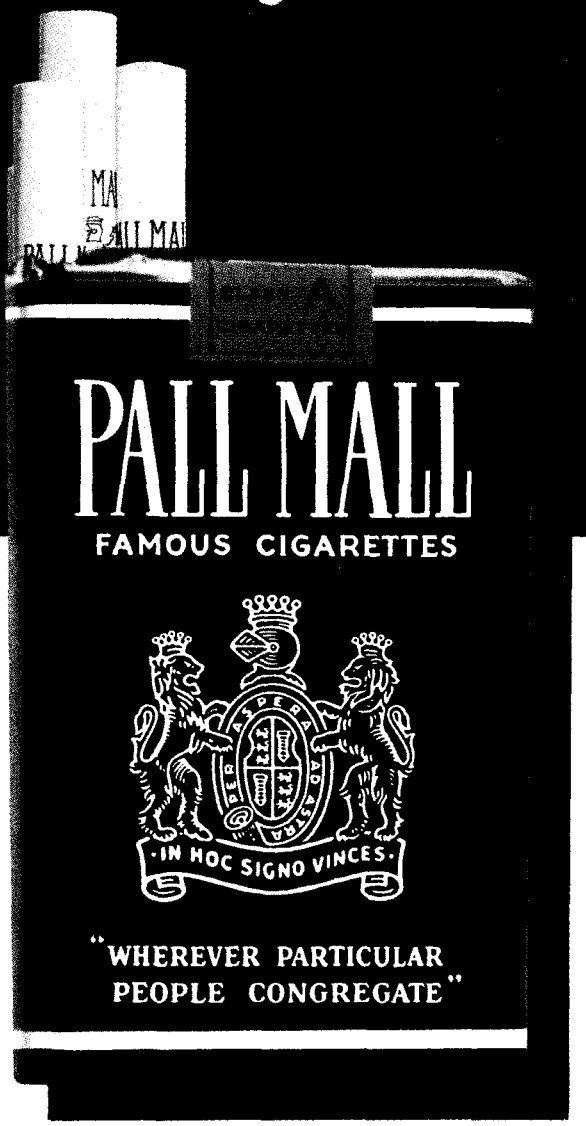
Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!



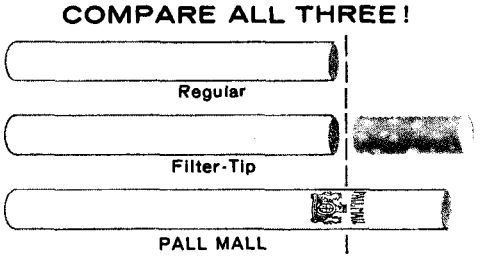
You can light either end!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor . . . so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

COMPARE ALL THREE!



Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally ...over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild...but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

© A T Co *Product of The American Tobacco Company*
—"Tobacco is our middle name"

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Good way to find a New York Life Agent: Check your community activities!

Look around you at community and civic affairs. Chances are the New York Life Agent in your community takes an active part. He's the kind of man who keeps up with things. A man who's interested in other people and likes to help out. As a full-time representative of one of America's largest financial institutions, his job is serving people: helping families like yours achieve greater financial security. When one of these Agents calls on you, talk with him. We believe you'll find that he, and the many modern life and health insurance plans he offers, can help you with your family financial planning.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY nylic 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, New York
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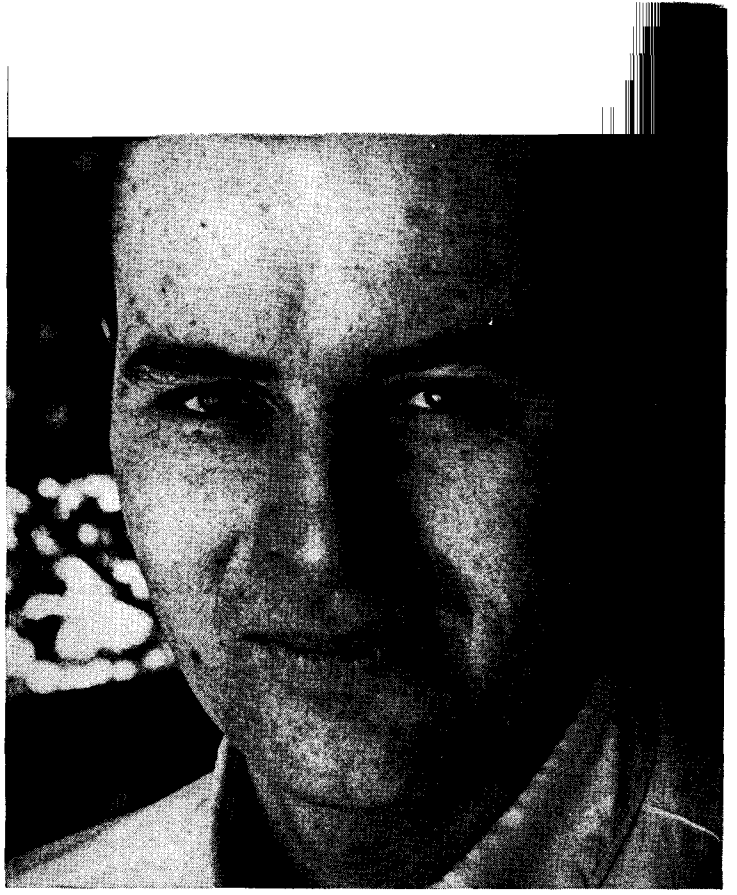
POST
FICTION



Thomas Williams

Thomas Williams was born in Minnesota in 1926 and has lived and studied in New York, New Hampshire, Illinois and Iowa—as well as in Paris and Tokyo. He has published three novels—the latest is The Night of Trees (1961). Mr. Williams is presently an assistant professor of English at the University of New Hampshire. He has been awarded a Dial Press Fellowship for A High New House (a short novel and seven stories, including the one which follows here), to be published next month by Dial.

Another country, another time

A visit from the Mahatma

Padma Perera was born Padma Hejmadi in Madras, India, and received her early education at Madras University. In 1957 the University of Michigan awarded her a Barbour Scholarship (for Asian women) and she came to study at Ann Arbor. In 1958, still a student, she won a major fiction award—for a volume of short stories—in the Avery Hopwood Creative Writing Contest. Padma Perera now lives in Ann Arbor with her husband, Victor Perera, who teaches at the university and is himself a writer.

Padma Perera

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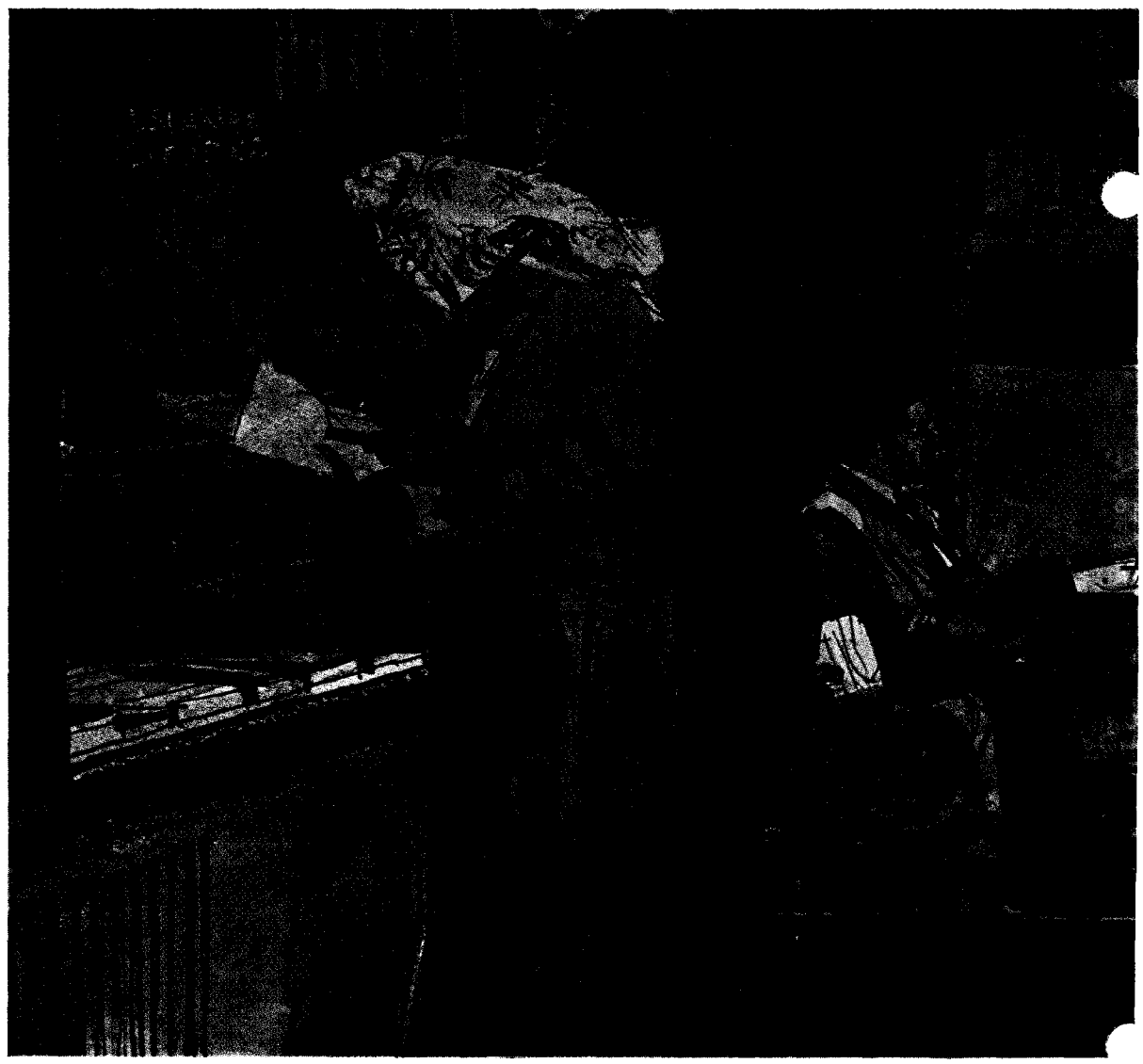

Another country

It was not the same Paris. He was married now and the other girl

another time

The car hummed contentedly, the sun was climbing in a dusky fresh day, and beside him a beautiful girl drowsed in the morning light, her fresh yellow hair as clean and unanimal as corn silk. On either side of the straight highway the corn, in thick, graceful ranks, breathed heavy life into the air. It was Iowa in August, and the sense, the feel, of growing was so thick he wondered how anything could matter anywhere but here. It was as though he had come finally to the center of life itself. As an alien, though.

Phyllis certainly hadn't come as an alien. He glanced down at her smooth long legs that were so clean and perfect they were hard to believe. Her strong hand lay open on the seat, and in its openness, its quietness, life moved without the jangling of nerves or the sweat of emotion. It seemed to him that the lovely hand lived with a natural economy and rightness, as did Phyllis. All she needed was food and water, and her skin glowed, her eyes stayed pure and blue, and her blood moved smoothly through her healthy flesh. He liked to drive with her drowsing beside him, with the clean smell of her in his nose.

Awake, Phyllis was constantly active. Always her mind grappled with something or other; there was always some paradox or some injustice toward which she directed herself. Idleness to her was not a sin: it was something that didn't exist. She read, she listened, she went to lectures and plays and rallies, and she was the first girl he had ever known whose schedule hadn't changed perceptibly under his influence.

© 1963 by Thomas Williams

She was, he couldn't help thinking, not his type at all. His girls had always been in tune, somehow. Intellectual types, basically passive under the casual force of his desires, careful to get the joke, to have heard of everything, to act as comrade as well as lover. Those poor girls. Phyllis would despise their obeisance. If Phyllis didn't really think something was funny, she didn't laugh.

She woke up.

"Where are we?"

"We're in Iowa at last," he said.

"Oh? Where?" She sat forward and looked around at the green ranks of corn as though, being a native after all, she might be able to tell.

"Somewhere west of Davenport," he said.

A sign went by: Clabber Girl Baking Powder.

"I've always wondered what 'clabber' meant," Phyllis said. "I've always meant to ask somebody or to look it up, but I never have. Isn't it funny? You have these little questions and you never ask them."

"I know what it means," he said, and she turned toward him delightedly, took hold of his arm and smiled as though it were really a great treasure he had to give to her.

"Really? Richard!"

"Yes, I know what it means. It means curds, like in cottage cheese or butter. Maybe the clabber girl churned the stuff. You know—the girl on the farm who made the clabber."

"Wonderful! I know that's right, Richard. But how did you know? You've never lived on a farm." She was still squeezing his arm.

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ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

was only a memory

By Thomas Williams

"You know my peculiar memory," he said. "Once, God knows why, I signed up for a course in Irish. The word comes from the Irish."

"You remember everything, Richard. I honestly believe you do. It's so wonderful! You know it makes me feel more valuable? You never forget anything, so nothing's lost, and I've got everything right here beside me. No, I don't mean valuable—me being, that is. No, wait a minute. Yes, I do. Do you remember everything about me?" She blushed and looked away, grinning happily at the highway and the endless green and blue outside.

"Every little thing," he said.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said. "Oh, my goodness!"

"Is that why you want to marry me?" he asked. "Just because I'm a kind of permanent record? An encyclopedia?"

She looked at him, suddenly thoughtful, and her words seemed to come automatically. "I want to marry you because I love you."

But she was smiling at the countryside again. She didn't ask him why he wanted to marry her. That was a question he had to ask himself. And he asked the question again, getting no straight answer.

MacGregor had asked him, in Paris, why he had suddenly decided to go home. His answer then was, "Because I'm twenty-five." He had tried to explain to MacGregor that his image of himself as a youth was in the process of disintegration; he couldn't smile as widely, or laugh as loudly, for instance. So he'd gone back home, finished law school, and now (it seemed more or less part of the same plan) he was headed toward marriage with this girl from Iowa. Now he was twenty-nine and a lawyer. His specialty was patents and copyrights, and already he had been relieved of the mechanical tasks of the apprentice; it was his superb memory again. He found his work at least as fascinating as bridge or chess.

Phyllis was a senior at Sarah Lawrence, and she was twenty-two. They had known each other less than a year. "But we are lovers," she said once. "We were obviously meant for each other."

He grinned, but in his grin he felt self-consciousness; there was just a little fear mixed in with his amusement. Yes, and he liked that fear, because it made him feel alive. In a few hours he would have occasion for another fear, and he looked forward to it. In a few hours Phyllis would present him to her parents.

William and Hannah Krause would not be shocked by his appearance, because he was as blond and conventionally Anglo-Saxon as anybody else. But there was something about him, he knew, that would give the Krauses pause. It always happened. Some turn of phrase or turn of mouth would turn the father's thoughts to darkness. He'd seen it happen before; it was as though he suddenly became a Negro in the sight of fathers. Their little daughters—they had a hard time facing up to it.

And the daughters, how they seemed to rub it in. Strange that girls had always wanted to show him to their parents. He thought one reason was his conventional appearance; it was as though they brought him home to show their worried parents what a clean, nice young man they had, so that the parents wouldn't worry. But it never seemed to work out that way. What usually happened was that the father seemed to grow more bouncy on his feet, and a little caustic in his remarks. Well, he would know soon about the Krauses.

His own parents had died in an automobile accident in 1943 when he was nine, and he had grown up in New York in the house of his grandparents, a high, narrow brownstone with a sidewalk in front and in back a dusty little garden with a broken fountain and a fig tree in a state of suspended animation. The grounds of his childhood, compared to this rich Iowa earth, were almost totally artificial; the plants he had known were always dirty to the touch. In that house nothing was kept from him or given to him; because of his grandparents' age he did what he wanted and made his own rules. When he was old enough he was sent to boarding school, and after that there was the Army and then college. His grandfather was still alive, but Richard returned to the house only as a visitor; the old man's memory wasn't too good, and most of the time he thought Richard to be his son rather than his grandson. It was disconcerting to impersonate a father he hadn't known too well anyway. With his grandmother's death all the remembered evidence of family and relatives—

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

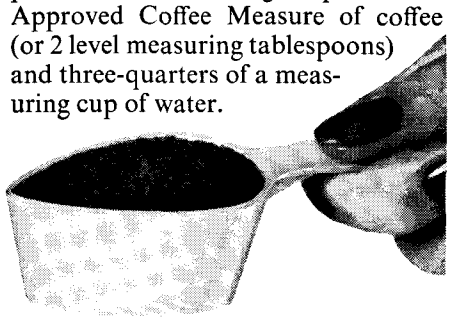
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

ANOTHER COUNTRY

first and second cousins, ancestors and aunts—had gone. When his grandfather died he would in effect have no family at all, and so it was as a kind of singleton he traveled through Iowa with this girl.

"I wonder what you'll think of them," Phyllis said.

"I wonder what they'll think of me."

She wouldn't ever lie. "Yes, I wonder," she said, looking at him speculatively.

"Can you look out of your mother's eyes and see me?" he said.

"That's a funny idea." She thought for a moment. "Poor old daddy. He's such a dear ass."

"I'll tell him you said so."

"He'll be very impressed by you—lawyer and all that. Don't be too hard on him. Tell him how much money you make—I'm sure he makes three times as much."

"You think he's a good man, don't you?"

She cocked her head and thought, as if she had never before considered this. "Well, he's a *good* man," she said.

"You mean he's stupid."

"Not exactly."

"Sort of vaguely," he said, and she punched him playfully on the arm. It hurt, though. Somehow she'd found the exact place, and it hurt like hell.

The sun was a huge ball of heat that gave and at the same time took away, sucking out moisture, and yet the air was moist. Everything was growing. He felt like the one cool piece of matter, the one constant, steady thing in this feverish world. As cool, almost, as a piece of ice.

After they had passed through Iowa City, where they stopped to eat, Phyllis became fidgety; she went through the dash compartment looking for something, anything, to read, and he suggested that she drive. She loved to drive, and she was very good at it; she'd even taken driving in high school. He stopped the car, and they changed places. It struck him that the thick corn seemed to be trembling, not so much from the mild wind as from growth itself, and when he looked closely at the black earth it seemed unnatural for there to be so few weeds at the bases of the stalks; the corn stood too cleanly in the rich black.

With Phyllis driving he lay back in the seat, not wanting to make her self-conscious by looking at her or at the road. But he found it hard not to look at this woman he was going to marry. This strong, lively woman was to be his. And with the lively body all the other things about her: her fantastic energy, her commitment to everything in the world. Once she had said to him, "I warn you, Richard. If there are any rallies or sit-ins or anything like that, you know me. I'll be right in them up to my neck." She would be, too.

He wondered why causes had never appealed to him, why his sympathies, though clear enough, never roused him to action. It was as if he lacked an essential quality of optimism or excitement; as if he had in some un-American way never developed any hope of controlling the future.

So why should he marry this very American girl? Again the little shiver of fear, undeniably painful, undeniably pleasant. Bittersweet. Once before, in Paris, he had thought he was in love. The girl's name was Eva. She was from Lyons and was going to the Beaux Arts. She made a little extra money sketching portraits in bars, and she'd been so pretty in her dark, complicated way—so pale and interesting—that he let her sketch him once, in the Capoulade, and soon they were together most of the time.

The memory, even in this humid Iowa August, brought back that early spring in Paris. Eva and he had walked together in the Luxembourg Gardens. It was that first cold, tentative part of spring when people came out of their damp rooms into the Gardens, turning themselves carefully in the sun. It was a time of delicate balance between warmth and cold. When a cloud passed over, everyone became old and shivery, and for a long moment it would be winter again.

They had been holding hands and running. Out of breath, they walked across the early grass to the pond with its little statue, and he remembered feeling as if he were coming out of hibernation—tense and hungry, but not irritable.

"You're all of a piece," he said in English, and then laughed—as if the laugh itself would do for a translation.

"What did you say?" she asked. She wanted to learn how to laugh with him, and she asked questions quite seriously.

He picked her up, her dark hair touching his face, and pretended he was going to throw her into the pond. Her arm was about his neck, and she smiled confidently.

"You seem so young—much younger than the French boys. Are all Americans so young?"

"I'm five years older than you!"

"You must keep on saying that: 'How *old* I am!' And then you run through the Luxembourg Gardens!"

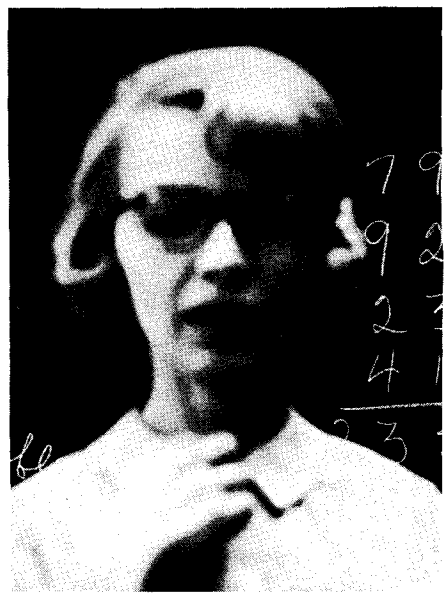
"You little twirp," he said, and kissed her. He remembered that first time with such clarity that he could actually see Eva and himself—their faces firm, clear ivory in the sun. He remembered even that their teeth had touched once, lightly, and he could still feel, even hear, that solid little click. She seemed always perfectly happy to be held. She would wait, confident of him yet ready to be released, anticipating his movements by a period of time so precisely minute that it seemed to have nothing to do with the mechanisms of consciousness. Unless she meant it to happen she never moved against him—they never matched strength. Often, when they were at Jewell's nightclub listening to the jazz or trying to hear MacGregor's sentimental piano over the talk, Jewell would sit with them and admire such nice love. Fat, black Jewell, who liked to see them together so much, who kept watch over them as though they were little white pets she was mating, who fed them Southern-fried chicken, the specialty of the house.

A year later, when his money ran out and he decided to go home, he said good-bye to Eva. It seemed so inevitable that he must leave—simply fate, implacable, remorseless—that he'd said good-bye to Eva as he might have said it to any friend. She had never before suffered in his presence, and he had thought she realized that there were many Richards in the world, as well as many Evas; he was terribly unhappy when she cried and cried. But what could he do now that he'd already bought his passage home? She refused to believe that he considered himself merely one of thousands; she refused to believe that he could be replaced. While he was at law school and she back home in Lyons they wrote to each other twice a year until she was married.

"Des Moines!" Phyllis said.

"What does it mean?" Richard asked.

Upset Stomach
got you out of focus?



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Wherever you are when acid indigestion strikes...whether you're at work or play . . . take Mint-Flavored Phillips' Tablets for fast relief. For upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid-caused distresses, Phillips' Tablets contain one of the world's fastest, most effective stomach sweeteners. And there's no water to bother with; you just chew a few and feel better fast! Always carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go.

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"My God! I was born here, and I don't know! It's the name of the river, but I don't know what it means!" She was really troubled. "I don't think I ever knew. Nobody ever told me."

"Maybe nobody knows," Richard said.

"I must find out. I've got to. Remind me to look it up the minute we get home."

Home, he thought. This medium-sized city, with no particular distinguishing marks except for the greenness of its green wherever there was grass, was home. There was a river, a long bridge, there were business buildings that might have been imported from New Jersey or anywhere else in America, the same gleaming automobiles.

It was late afternoon, and Phyllis had driven hard for a hundred miles, but she didn't seem at all tired.

"Should we bring a present?" he asked. "A bottle of wine or something?"

"Oh, no. No, I don't think so. Dad will want to give us everything. Besides, you need a little book to get liquor. You have to go to a state liquor store, you know, and they write down everything you buy in a little book."

"*What?*"

"Well, don't worry. There'll be plenty of liquor around," Phyllis said.

They drove through a neighborhood of gas stations and stores, and past neat little houses of wood or stucco, each with its luxuriant little lawn and hedge, and came to a neighborhood where the trees, maples and oaks and elms, were taller and thicker, where the houses were set well back from the street and farther apart, each in its own park of rich green. And then suddenly they were turning into a long driveway, and it was a pleasant little shock to him that they were in front of the Krauses' house. He saw it—long, brown and low—and shivered. It had a certain grace to it, this big house, and it belonged where it was among its carefully tended trees. A sprinkler made a huge diaphanous bell of mist beside the driveway; a gray Cadillac sat on the smooth, damp asphalt as if it belonged there.

And then a tall woman and a tall, pink man were coming at them, running at them, cries of love filling the air.

As soon as he got out of the car there was William Krause, holding out a big pink hand, on his face a straightforward grin of delight. He was a fairly fat man whose skin was almost indelicately pink. He looked a little translucent, as though he were not full of blood but was pink as ham clean through. What hair he had left was blond, and each hair was as thick as a toothbrush bristle. His eyes were pale blue. He wore a white shirt open at the neck, and with the low, nearly horizontal sun coming across the lawn and hitting him he seemed brighter and bigger than life. Richard blinked.

"Come on, Dick," William Krause said. "After that drive you need a drink." He took Richard's arm and started off with him. Phyllis had to pull him back in order to introduce him to her mother.

Hannah Krause was a well-built woman with a good square chin and clear eyes, nearly as tall as her husband but not so husky. Richard could see Phyllis at that age. *You are tall, like your mother*, he thought—the words of a song MacGregor used to sing. Now, seeing this older version of Phyllis, he knew why she had always seemed in an odd way familiar, as though he'd known her somewhere before, in his childhood or at school long ago, or at least before the war. It was the Gibson Girl. Both she and her mother had that same clean, almost masculine yet delicate face.

Hannah took his hand in hers and, despite some embarrassment over her husband's behavior, smiled and welcomed him. Really, he thought, they were nice people.

In the next few days he got to know both of them better than he had expected, considering the circumstance of his being their daughter's suitor. He liked their liveliness, their conventional and, he thought, typical civilization. But still he was an alien, an orphan from another city, a man seven years older than their sweet daughter, a man with a seedy past, too, if they only knew, a past that included some dangerous experiments with ugliness, and much indifference to the coldness and cruelty of the world.

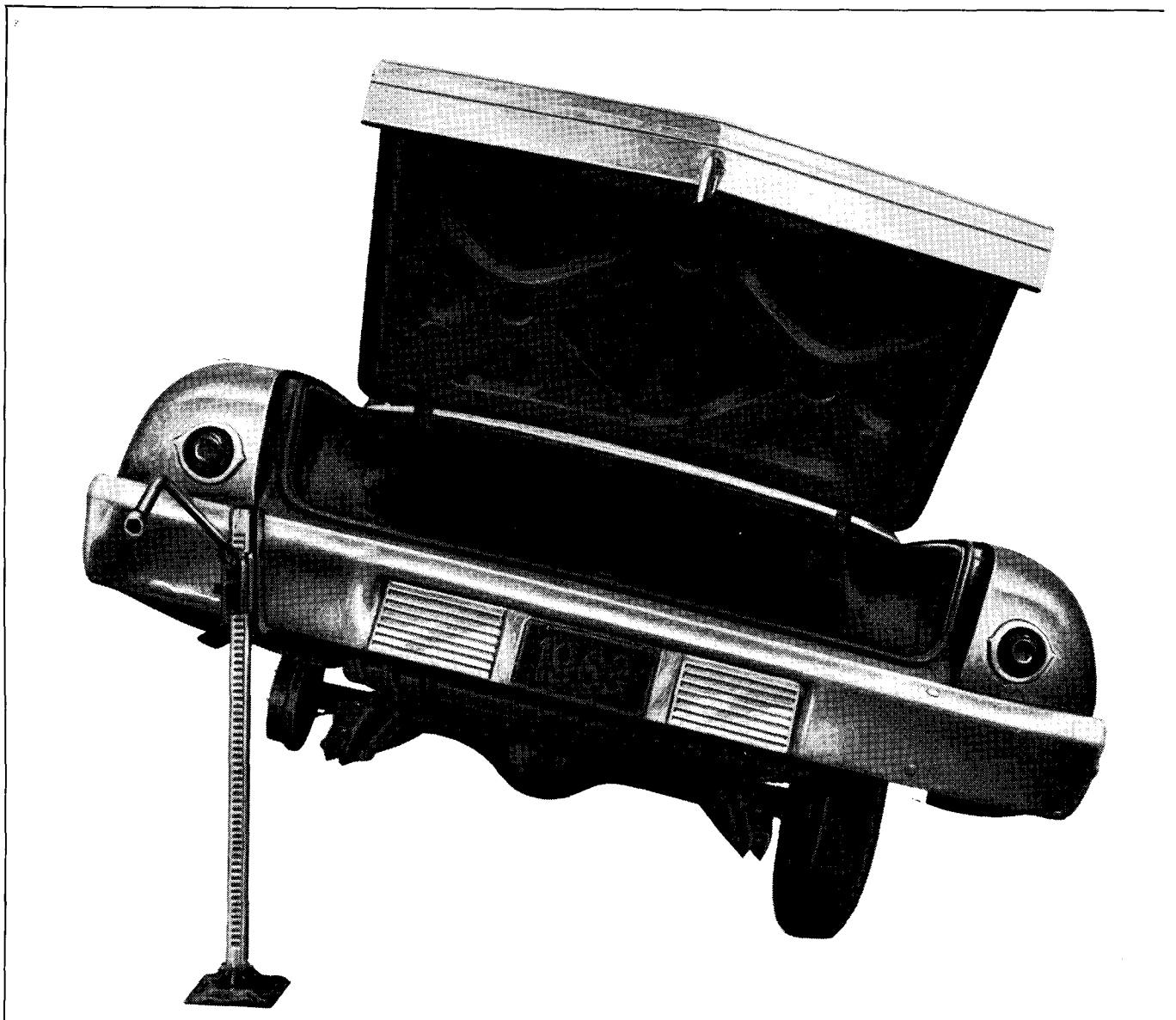
And so it seemed to him, each time Phyllis and he stole half-guiltily away to be alone, that he was somehow doing these people dirt, defiling their clean, hopeful lives.

Six months later he and Phyllis sat at the Capoulade in Paris.

He had been watching the people beyond the glass partition, and he turned in his wire chair and spoke to her. "You see that one there by the kiosk, Phyllis? He's looking at *Paris Match*. No, he's looking at the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The one with the beard and spats. You met him yesterday. The Indian—the bloody Oxford Indian. We used to call him Kris le Barbu."

"He's very attractive," Phyllis said.

He looked again, startled, at the Indian.



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Considering that Lifeliners still sell for about 30% less than other major premium brands (and our 3-year guarantee goes beyond most any major tire maker*), you're probably wondering why you hadn't thought about buying Lifeliners before.

To tell the truth, we've been wondering, too. Your Cooper dealer likes to make friends. How about you?

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The only tire change many people ever make . . . is to Cooper.

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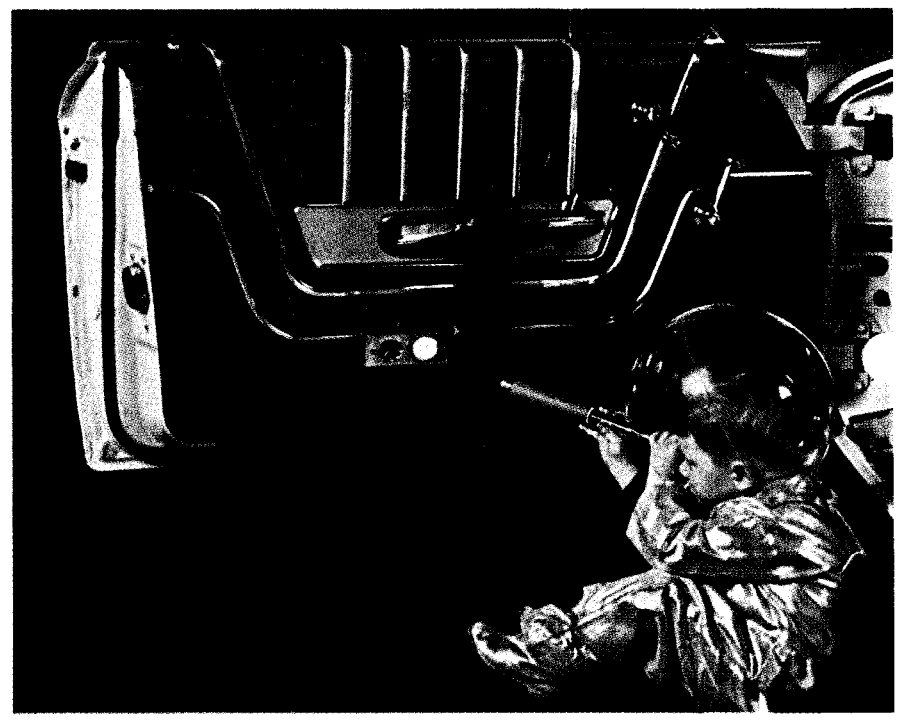
Exploring inner space

Small spaceman makes big discoveries about Ford interiors

Scene: Ford showroom. While his parents choose their '63 Ford, the astronaut explores. ■ First surprise — Swing-Away steering wheel moves over, makes



Bright idea — illuminated glove compartment. Spaceman likes bucket seats (will recommend them for school bus). ■ Door lights! Red warns traffic, white

For major space problems: Ford wagons — most loadspace in low-price field. ■ High-flying compact: Falcon Sprint with tachometer, sporty steering wheel.

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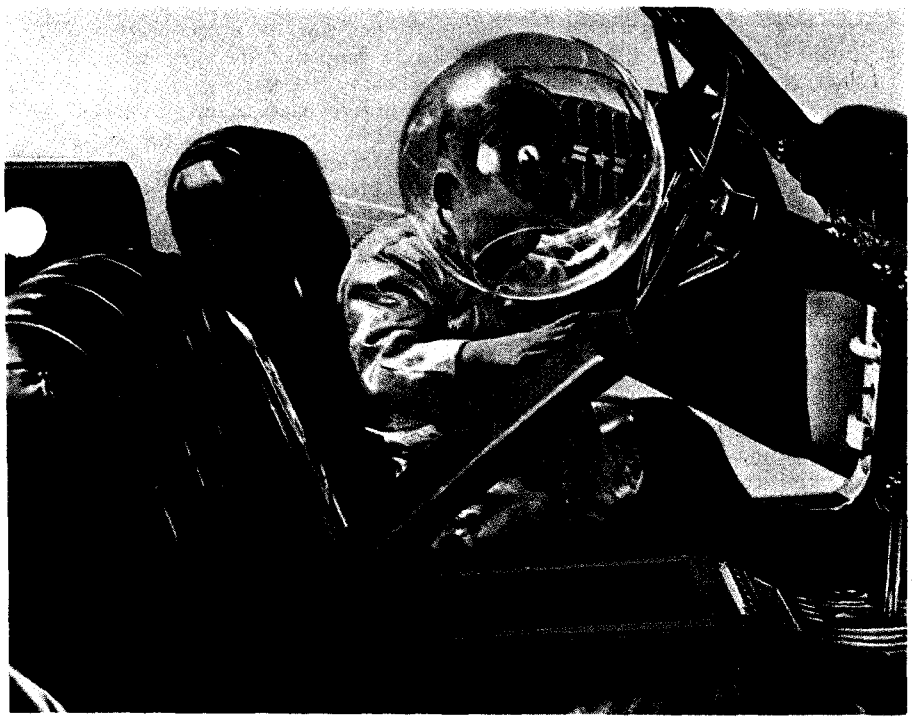
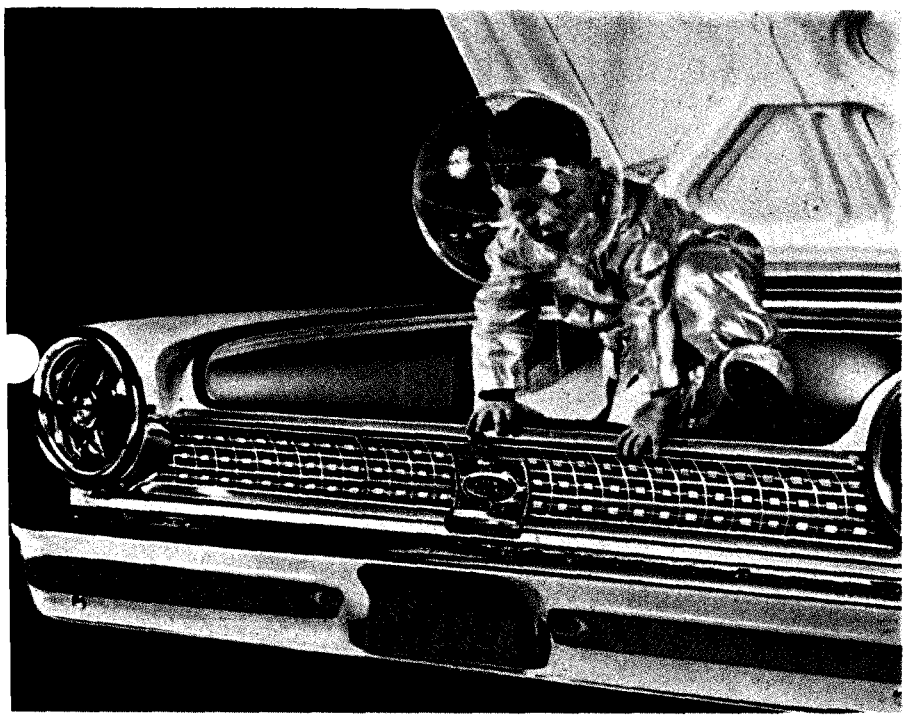
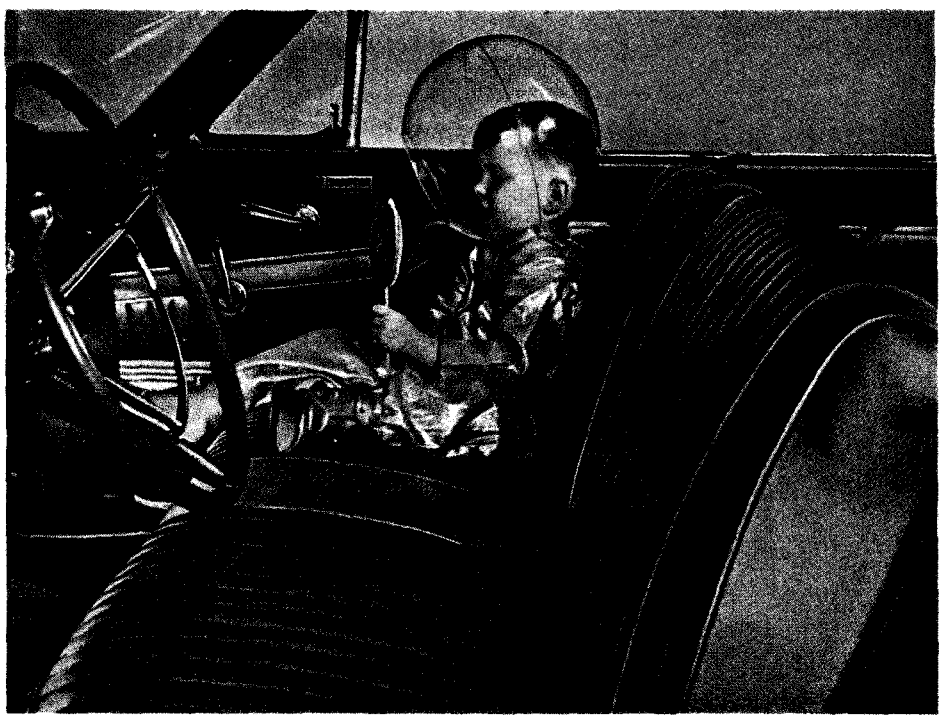


entry easy (for adults, too). ■ Spaceman inspects console, plush carpeting, sporty floor-mounted shift, crank-vent windows—finds all systems GO (in luxury).





lights your way in. ■ Space booster: roomy, well lined, illuminated trunk. ■ Fairlane is rated A-O.K. (Note to spaceman's mother: Ford vinyl is soil-resistant).

Spaceman's final report to nation: all Ford interiors are... out of this world.

■ The beautiful exteriors of today's Fords are matched by beautiful interiors. And this beauty isn't just a thin veneer of glamor—it's solid, substantial luxury. ■ Example: Ford's deep-pile carpeting outlasts ordinary car carpeting because it has extra nylon and more loops per square yard. ■ Ford vinyl is heavier, more durable than the vinyl used in other cars. ■ Ford interiors are protected against weather and noise by one-third more insulation than America's other best-selling car. ■ And Fords are designed for comfort. Door openings are higher and wider than other cars in Ford's field . . . passenger space is more than in some medium-price cars. ■ Before you decide on any new car, explore a 1963 Ford — inside and out.

America's liveliest, most care-free cars

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FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS Ford MOTOR COMPANY

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Most Edgerton Styles

$12.95 to $19.95

New SUBURBANS...

Country Club Styling

Last season, we thought the limit of "weightlessness" had been reached. This season absolute magic has been achieved with an ingenious new platform construction. Sturdy, long wearing, smartly styled, *soft*. Flexible arch supports. A *must* for refreshing leisure!

Write for catalog!

Style 0951 — The *Spartan*. Top Grain Soft Leather. Available in Black, Grey, Brown Cloud-Tone or Saddle Tan. Feather-Crepe Sole.

Division of NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
Also made at 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Are you using the most modern way to relieve hemorrhoids?

You can be sure—with The PAZO Formula in convenient suppository form . . . most modern way to shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery. Here's why . . .

MODERN IN FORM. PAZO suppositories are ideal for today's active people. Foil-wrapped, handy to carry in pocket or purse, simple to use wherever you go. Stainless, pure-white . . . no messy applicator, no messy stains.

MODERN IN FORMULA. Some products claim all-purpose ingredients which are expected to do many jobs. PAZO suppositories, however, are a scientifically developed *combination* of tested ingredients . . . each chosen for its ability to do one *primary* job with full-strength effectiveness.

Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	X	X	
Lubrication	X	X	X
Antiseptic Action	X	X	
Pain Relief	X		
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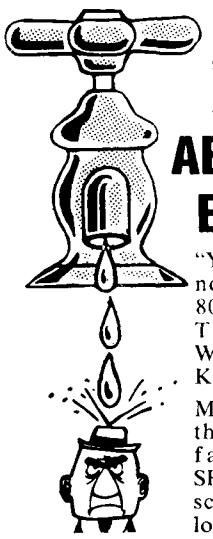
Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery . . . PAZO suppositories. Ask for . . .

THE PAZO® FORMULA HEMORRHOID SUPPOSITORIES
ALSO AVAILABLE IN OINTMENT FORM



MAD ABOUT THAT BIG DRIP?

"YES!" – not only annoying but can waste 8000 gal. water QUARTERLY – DOUBLE WATER, FUEL, UPKEEP bills!

Most faucet leaks are the result of washers fastened with TOO SHORT or TOO LONG screws – that quickly loosen and cause DRIP

THE S-O-L-U-T-I-O-N!

★ **Now—the NEW 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCKING MONEL SCREW — with embedded, expanding NYLOK® PLUG that LOCKS at required depth AUTOMATICALLY — HOLDS WASHER FIRMLY!**

★ **Used with N-E-W, HEAT-RESISTING, 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE WASHER — P-R-E-V-E-N-T-S swelling that chokes off water's flow — WHILE *OUTWEARING* ordinary washers "6-to-1"!**

Note Nylok® Plug —locks screws automatically
Note Fiberglas backing—resists closing squeeze
®T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
The Nylok Corporation

Only "1-IN-10" Plumbers are 'SEXAUER' AUTHORIZED, QUALITY DEALERS, who carry "OVER 4000" 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR REPAIR PARTS, including WORLD FAMOUS M-U-L-E K-I-C-K products for pepping up sluggish drains, restoring glisten to TOILET BOWLS – and lustre to chrome bath and kitchen fixtures.

For "1-IN-10" Sexauer QUALITY AUTHORIZED DEALER in your neighborhood–WRITE:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-53
10 HAMILTON AVE., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

ANOTHER COUNTRY

"We called him The Armpit, among other things. And he spent most of his time scheming for blondes."

"Well, what's wrong with that, if you like blondes?" Phyllis said. "Didn't you scheme a little for me?"

"Not for sociological reasons."

"How do you know?" Phyllis asked seriously. "You imply that he wants blondes because he's fairly black, but maybe you want them—me, that is, I hope—because you're blond yourself. Maybe that's just as sick." She turned her wide blue eyes on him, and he admired their precision and purity; he thought of fresh vegetables and cornflakes.

"A sort of inbreeding?"

She smiled at him. "I never think of anything like that—I mean like genetics—when I think of a man. You, that is." She moved her hand down his arm.

He loved her—good Lord, he had married her!—but she never quite agreed with him about anything, and sitting here in the Capoulade, where he'd sat so many times with another girl, he had to make comparisons. The other girl was Eva, and he decided that after breakfast he would take a sentimental little walk in the Luxembourg Gardens.

"It's late," Phyllis said. "I told mother and dad I'd meet them at ten."

"It's not much of a walk."

"You don't want to come?" She was really disappointed, and he leaned forward and kissed her. She began to gather things from the table.

"I promised Jean and Jewell I'd see them this morning," he said, and Phyllis looked guilty. She wanted so much to do the right thing, to help people and to give sympathy to them. Suddenly he shivered, seeing again the vision of Henri Varniol dead and Jewell, his fat, black wife, sobbing at the heart-rendingly shoddy *pompe funèbre* yesterday in Montreuil. Phyllis had been brave, near to tears, and now she felt guilty because she didn't want to see Jewell again in such sorrow. It had been horrible—the ghastly wax flowers that had seen too many poor corpses, the flyblown horses slipping on the cobbles and grunting, soon enough to be on their own way to the horse-butcher.

So many things had changed since he'd left Paris. Henri was dead of cancer. MacGregor was dead of TB and alcohol. Jewell had told him that, her huge, moony, mammy's face broken and sorrowful. No news of the years he had been away was good. Jewell had even lost the permit for her club; the French were not so tolerant now that the quarter contained so many Negroes.

He held his icy glass against his cheek and smelled the cognac. MacGregor used to call this drink a "finalobe" and had died probably without knowing exactly what had killed him, certainly not caring very much. He wasn't an alcoholic; that was the funny part. No more than a suicide by gas is addicted to gas.

"Do you think I ought to come?" Phyllis asked.

"No, you promised your family you'd meet them," he said. He smiled at her dutifulness, and she understood. She would have come if he'd asked her, he knew. Her hair, the color of honey, moved softly against her ear as she shook her head.

Outside the glass partition the boulevard was wet; the magazines in the kiosk wilted in their racks. A cold wind came along the sidewalk, through the crack below the partition, touched his ankles, swirled damply over the table and made waves across the liquid blue flames of the overhead gas heaters. Phyllis took a Kleenex out of her handbag and carefully pressed the coffee from her lips.

"I don't know where we're going after the Flea Market, but will you remember five o'clock at the Cujas? We'll meet there for a drink. They want to take us out to dinner *so* badly."

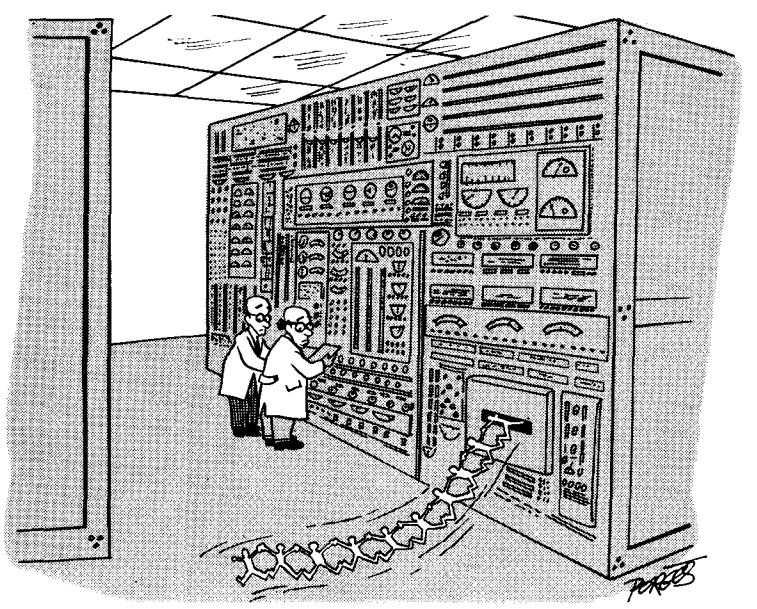
"I'm looking forward to it," he said. She didn't believe him, and she was only partly right. The fact was that he did like her parents, but nobody else could quite believe it.

"It's something we have to do."

"It's all right, Phyllis," he said. Another thing that bothered her in some moral way was that this off-season trip to Paris was a wedding present from her parents. She didn't like to be beholden to them, and yet she loved them.

He saw her watching herself as she left, walking toward herself all the way to the wall mirror, then making a sharp turn out the door. And what could she see but a clean and pretty girl, most likely the prettiest in sight at any time, and that smooth, athletic body that moved with such authority? She was pregnant, but it wasn't noticeable yet. There was a lump inside her belly, though, and she was always making him put his hand on it.

He put his glass down on the round table. It was still full, and the ice had melted. He couldn't drink at breakfast any more. This was another indication



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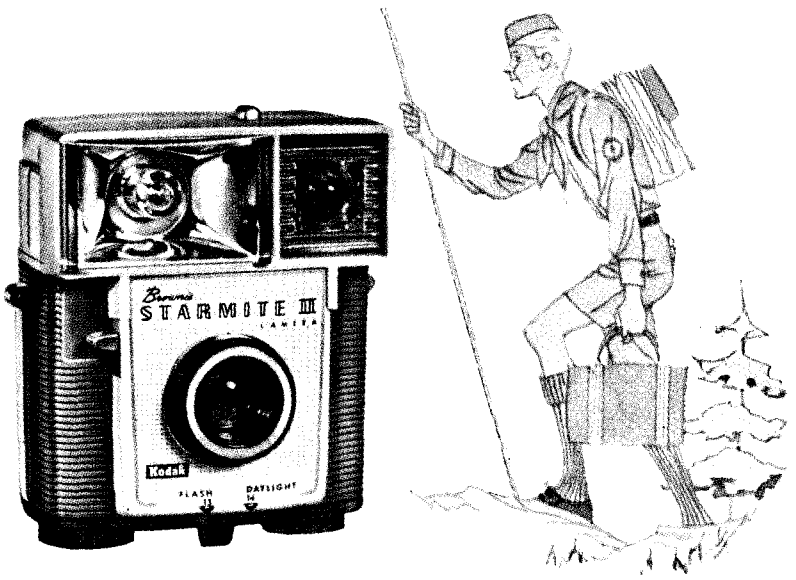
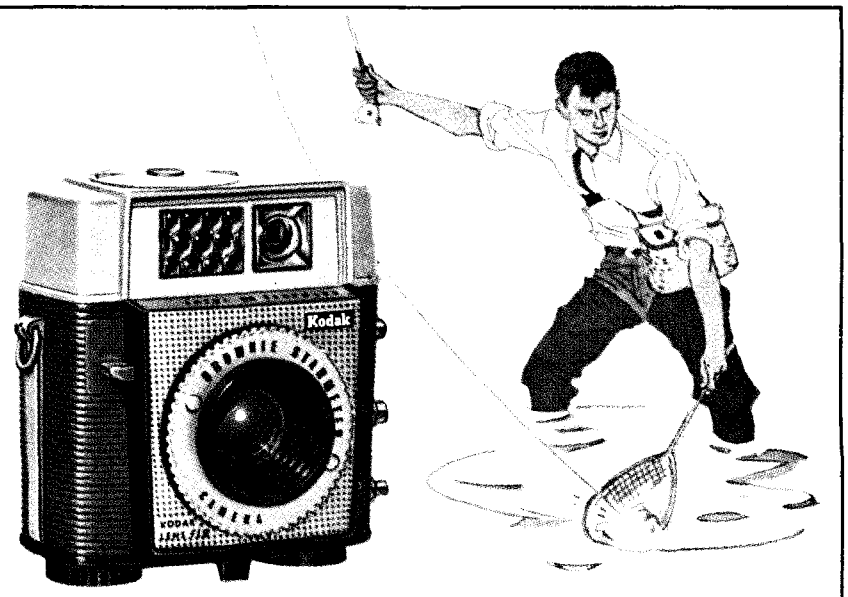
Fun-savers for '63 ...from Kodak!

Don't spend your summer weekends—
save them with an easy-to-use Kodak camera!



Easy to carry, easy to use! Weighs less than eight ounces including new compact, built-in flash! No need to focus. Takes sharp, clear snapshots or slides from as close as 4 feet. **Brownie Starmite II Camera** . . . less than $12.

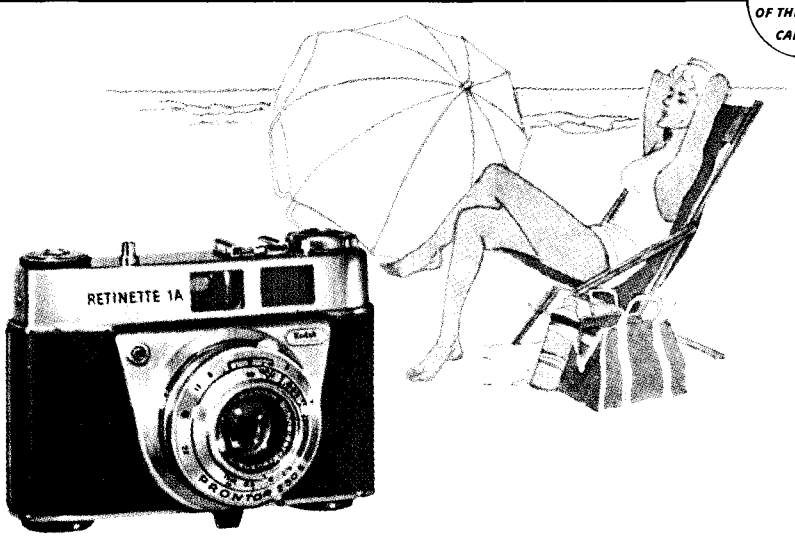
(Complete gift outfit less than $14.)



Built-in exposure meter measures light, tells you the correct lens setting for every shot. Sharp *f*/8 lens never needs focusing. Attractive, lightweight, moderately priced. **Brownie Starmeter Camera** . . . less than $23.

(Complete gift outfit less than $29.)

75th YEAR OF THE KODAK CAMERA



35mm precision — snapshot ease! Shutter speeds to a fast 1/250 of a second! Easy focusing, *f*/2.8 lens. Takes sharp, clear slides or snapshots as close as 3½ feet. **Kodak Retinette IA Camera** . . . less than $49.

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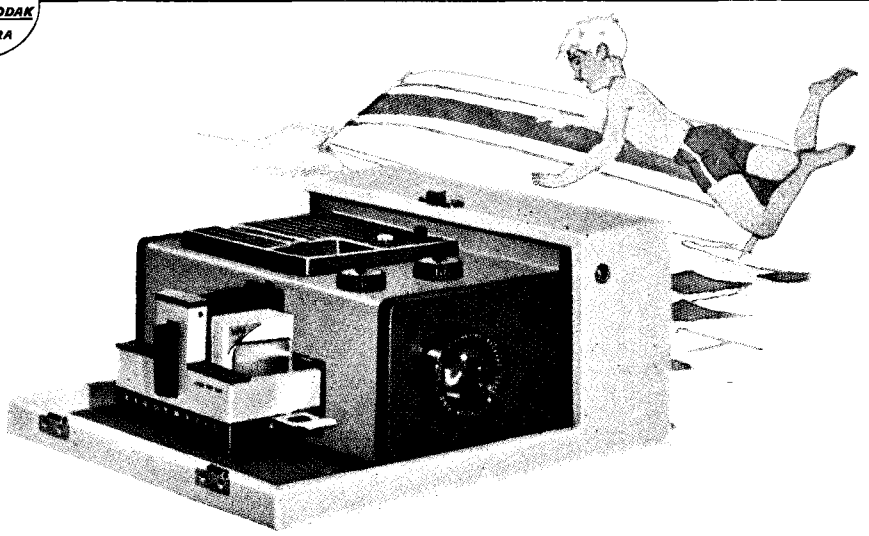

Shows up to 36 slides without trays! Smooth push-pull changing, easy editing. Brilliant 500-watt lamp, *f*/3.5 lens. Sturdy self-case—no case to buy! **Kodak Readymatic 500 Projector** . . . less than $70.

Kodak film Kodak film

Be prepared for the fun—with plenty of Kodak Film!
You can *depend* on the name Kodak.

P.S. Ask your dealer to show you the newest Kodak Fun-saver the **Kodak Instamatic** Camera with **Kodapak** Film Cartridge!

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2040 MILES NEARER COMPLETION!

A PROGRESS REPORT ON

- **14,336 miles now open to traffic**
- **Work started on 15,296 miles**
- **11,222 miles to go**

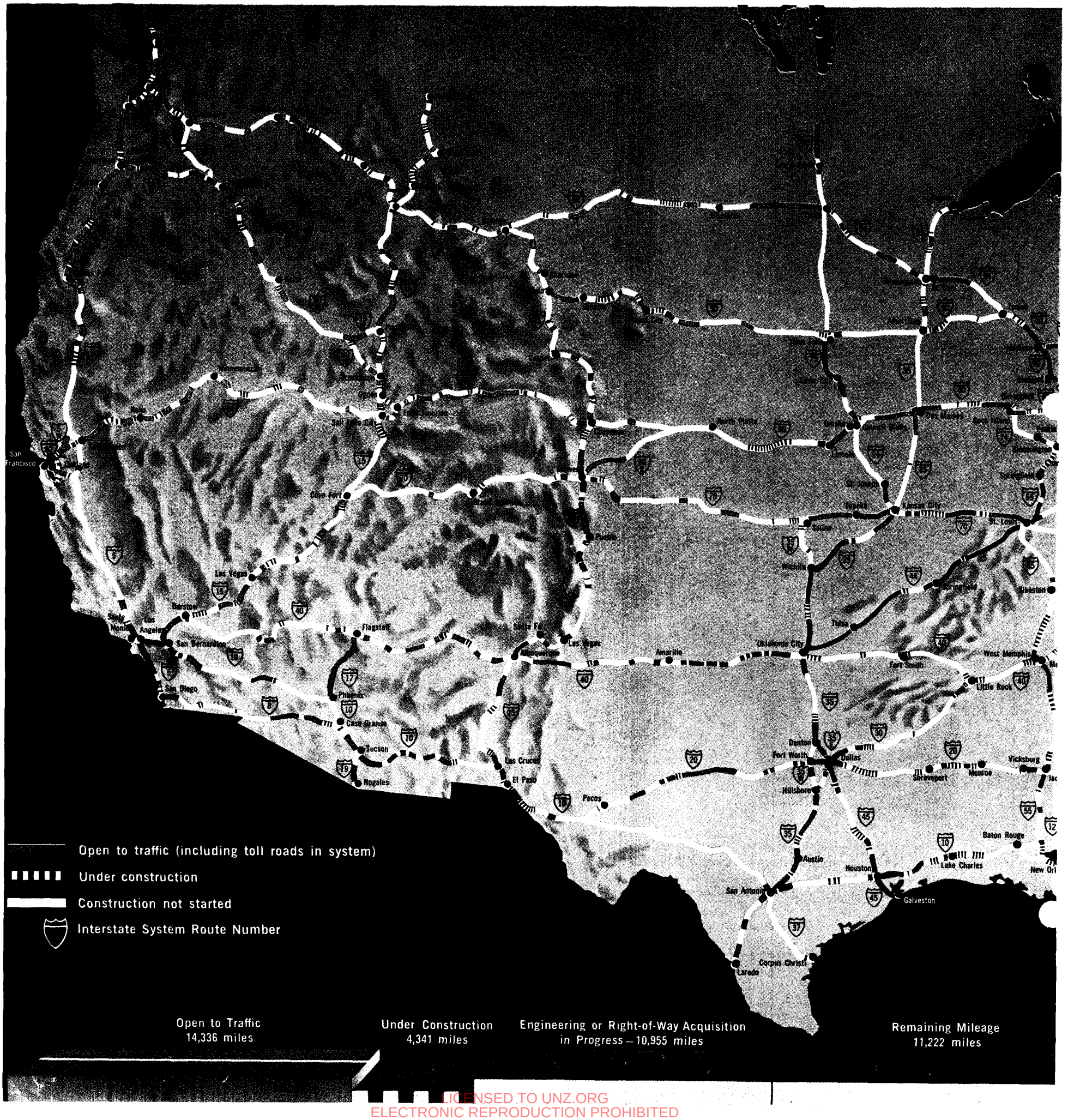
Less than seven years ago, our nation embarked upon the largest construction project in world history—building the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. This 41,000-mile network of broad, safe freeways was designed to link virtually every city of 50,000 residents. Target date for completion—1972.

How well are we doing? During 1962, 2040 miles were opened, bringing the total now open in the System to 14,336 miles. And as this year began, work was under way on 15,296 additional miles.

Looking at this project as a whole, much has been accomplished. But the halfway mark in time—December 31, 1964—is in sight. And if half the Interstate System is to be open by then, another 6164 miles will have to have been brought into service in only two years' time.

Some states are on target, or ahead. Others are lagging slightly. Some must speed up substantially.

For motorists, the System is one of their greatest



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THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM

·gains. Cost about $30 per year per car. But the ıefits will amount to $75 a year per car.

Our nation's economy and security urgently :d this network of safe, modern roads. Each nore vehicles enter the traffic on our roads f streets. By 1972, there will be 102 million ıicles in the United States—or 58% more than en Interstate Highway construction started.

Without the Interstate segments which have been opened, traffic in many areas would by now be vastly more congested. By 1972, it would have become a dangerous and costly chaos, capable of paralyzing movements of people and goods in densely populated areas.

The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways can be completed on time. No construction job in history has been so vast—in size or benefits to a nation's people.

How is *your* state doing?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

See the progress your state is making

(as of Jan. 1, 1963)

STATE	OPEN TO TRAFFIC (miles)	UNDER CONSTRUCTION* (miles)	TO BE BUILT (miles)
Alabama	208.2	302.7	363.9
Alaska	—	—	—
Arizona	541.4	336.3	283.3
Arkansas	43.5	458.2	16.1
California	712.8	1,241.3	225.0
Colorado	303.7	201.1	443.2
Connecticut	165.7	128.5	—
Delaware	3.5	37.0	—
Florida	215.1	359.4	561.5
Georgia	269.0	554.4	280.2
Hawaii	5.8	7.3	35.4
Idaho	218.5	274.0	119.6
Illinois	653.8	624.6	309.6
Indiana	352.9	515.1	252.9
Iowa	272.8	225.0	210.8
Kansas	445.1	126.1	229.9
Kentucky	173.5	211.7	318.8
Louisiana	63.9	445.4	173.3
Maine	119.8	48.8	142.9
Maryland	156.1	171.9	25.7
Massachusetts	221.8	153.4	72.7
Michigan	627.0	204.4	247.2
Minnesota	149.3	419.3	329.5
Mississippi	150.8	218.7	308.7
Missouri	479.6	620.0	5.1
Montana	205.0	402.0	573.4
Nebraska	89.1	285.8	115.1
Nevada	130.5	217.4	186.1
New Hampshire	95.3	30.0	88.5
New Jersey	115.6	139.0	121.3
New Mexico	326.7	247.0	433.2
New York	768.2	321.5	137.5
North Carolina	380.4	208.6	180.3
North Dakota	228.2	124.7	215.0
Ohio	679.0	662.8	176.4
Oklahoma	399.8	260.5	133.7
Oregon	486.6	160.3	85.1
Pennsylvania	705.6	554.6	315.3
Rhode Island	20.7	41.6	8.9
South Carolina	285.7	126.9	266.1
South Dakota	223.3	199.0	256.5
Tennessee	147.8	534.6	365.2
Texas	1,134.2	1,227.7	670.3
Utah	99.6	349.8	485.5
Vermont	52.2	104.2	167.5
Virginia	214.9	446.6	391.6
Washington	300.3	296.1	129.2
West Virginia	136.3	105.6	290.0
Wisconsin	237.2	215.3	—
Wyoming	316.5	140.6	459.6
Dist. of Columbia	3.5	9.3	15.8
	14,335.8**	15,296.1	11,222.4

*Includes construction, engineering or right-of-way in progress
**Includes 3,114 miles improved to standards for present traffic

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that things had changed. He was healthier, probably, than he had been back in those other days, but something was missing. They all used to drink before breakfast then and never care. They'd talk themselves sober, run upstairs, get into an argument or a fight, take off to anywhere with a twenty-dollar traveler's check and a sleeping bag. A headache was a trophy then, not a symptom of decay.

Those were the days of exuberance. The ones who were left seemed to have exact, prissy little schedules, like old maids—certain restaurants, certain fresh *croissants*, certain hours. Most had gone back, as he had, to their own countries, where they could earn money. Jean the Czech had told him that Torgy the Dane had borrowed a typewriter and sold it three times before going back to Denmark, and then taken the typewriter with him.

Richard rapped his key against the glass, and the waiter came with a fat wallet to give him tattered change.

He walked, remembering, to the Luxembourg Gardens, then to the little statue by the goldfish pond. The stone girl lay on her side, beautiful, ideal, still able to cause in him a sad, delightful shiver. Some slob had thrown a hot dog into the shallow pool, and it floated near its bread, surrounded by an obscene, scummy haze. The fat goldfish ignored it.

The stone girl wore dead leaves; one had landed on her cheek; another touched her breast. It started to rain again, mistily, as it had on and off for days. The old people on the benches drew their coats a little tighter but did not go.

He left the Gardens and walked down to the Seine. The plane trees had been pruned to the boles and looked like crooked clubs. The buildings leaned backward in the rain, as cold inside as they were out. In the cafés the floors were all damp stone, wet tile.

He remembered that he used to dream at night. He had had happy dreams, victorious dreams. He had quite often been happy for no reason at all. He remembered walking with Eva, running, suddenly jumping up on top of the wall along the river, running, jumping down and over benches, cracking his heels in the air.

He stopped and bought a package of Gauloises. He used to inhale the smoke that seemed to have particles as big as grains of sand in it, it was so strong. Torgy the Dane, who was a sailor, said once that he could always tell when he was near the coast of France: He could smell the Gauloises. Richard lit one of the lumpy cigarettes. It was like trying to inhale something solid, like a golf ball. One more segment of his appetite had gone.

At the bottom of Boul' Mich' he turned toward Rue Galande, where Jean the Czech lived. The concierge let him in and he climbed the dark flights to Jean's door.

Jean let him in and smiled politely. The top button of his shirt was open, but he would button it and tighten his tie before he went out. He always wore a complete set of clothes—vest, tie, hat, coat—neatly in place, yet grimy.

"Come with me," Jean said. "Some of us are going over to Jewell's Club."

"She's not open."

"She'll be there. She has a radio. It's disgusting, but we're going to hear the latest nonsense from Moscow."

Jean's face was bitter, and his long, pointed nose seemed to quiver.

His room was bare. The books were stacked neatly beside his desk, and Richard saw that an icon of his former faith had disappeared: Picasso's dove had come down from the yellow walls.

"Do you remember Eva?" Jean asked.

"Yes. She is in Lyons."

"Married to a disgusting middle-class who owns a hotel. She now takes money from the *poules* and cleans the bidets."

"It's too bad," Richard said.

"But it's security."

"I'd rather be insecure and not have to clean the bidets," he said, although he wondered if this were really true.

"It's easy for an American to say that," Jean said angrily, then slumped down as if he had just remembered that he was a neutralist. "I would rather have seen you take her to America. Why didn't you?"

Richard thought of Eva, smooth as the stone girl in the Luxembourg Gardens, and lost to him. Her complicated yet submissive little face, her dark hair—all seemed to be in shadow.

"But you are married," Jean said.

"Oh, yes. I'm married, all right. I'm well married."

"Come on, we'll go to Jewell's. She always liked you, Lord knows why."

"We're both Americans," Richard said. "Besides, she never believed all that stuff you used to have to believe about the Sunday lynchings in Central Park."

"She's a Negro!" Jean said.

"Look, we come from the same home town. She just lived farther uptown than I did." Then he decided not to do this to Jean. "She always did like me; that's true. She told my fortune once. She doesn't do that for everybody."

A Communist fortuneteller is the only kind, he had told Jewell once, who can tell the future according to scientific principles. This had not amused her. It was one superstition she would not give up.

Jewell had liked Eva. She had once told him, "Richard, that girl belongs to you, hear? She's a sweet woman, Richard. You got a treasure you don't want to throw away. She's worth more'n your wanderin' libido ever know, Richard!" And then the huge laugh, and with it the level, large eyes, observant and kind. She often invited them to stay after hours to hear the jazz sessions and drink the free liquor. Jewell's Club had been the rage then, and the French and the tourists came to hear the jazz and eat fried chicken.

"Jewell is broke," Jean said. "Her landlord is kicking her out of the building. They'll probably kick her out of France." He looked hopelessly out the window, where the rain sifted down. "Will they take her back in America?"

"Didn't she give up her citizenship?"

Jean stared at him fiercely. "Yes, but she's no longer a Communist. Oh, don't tell me! You know what they'll do with Jewell? They'll take her out to the middle of the Atlantic and push her overboard. She's drinking now, too," he added.

"All neutralists drink too much," Richard said.

"You aren't drinking very much."

"I don't know what I am yet."

"You're a lousy American; that's what you are," Jean said, and buttoned his shirt and tightened the hard knot of his tie as they went out.

They walked up Boul' Mich' on the way to Jewell's. The rain had turned into a fine mist, and Jean had to stop every once in a while to wipe his glasses. Richard waited for him.

He remembered one time at Jewell's. Eva had come to live with him just a little while before, and they were always together. She had loved him so damned much. He had thought then that he would never tire of such self-effacement, such constant, undemanding love. And she went to Jewell's with him that night. Even MacGregor had stayed that night after the music. None of them was "political," but Jewell liked them.

After the music they had listened—Jean, Kris le Barbu, Jewell and the rest—to the English-language propaganda broadcast from behind the Iron Curtain. Henri Varniol was there, too, cleaning up behind the bar. He didn't speak English, and occasionally Jewell would translate for him. Henri had fought in Spain.

The voices came through the Iron Curtain, across the old battlegrounds, all the way from Warsaw. He would never forget those voices: "Humanity!" they cried. "Love one another!"

Jewell's big black hand crept to her face, and tears made her broad cheeks shine. She loved. The word "humanity" alone could make her cry. Jean stared fiercely into the air, killing Fascists and Klansmen by the hundreds in his mind.

Richard and MacGregor were embarrassed for Jewell. They smiled painfully at one another. He remembered the smiles vividly. It was unbearable.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Does this mean I'm back on solids?"

The voices pleaded, "Peace, peace"—voices out of time past, out of the thirties even, like voices in a dream. One said, "Comrades! Comrades of all lands! I have here in my hand some dirt. It is good dirt, good soil. I smell it; I crumble it in my hand and see that it is good soil. But it is more than soil! It has been anointed by the blood of thousands of men and women who died for freedom!"

MacGregor could stand it no longer. He jumped out in front of the radio, his awkward, skeletal arms raised, the deadly tubercular flush like spots of makeup on his cheeks.

"Jewell!" he yelled. "Are you out of your mind? Are you crazy in love with murderers?"

Henri threw MacGregor out into the street, and Richard and Eva took him home. Jewell let him come back a week later, when he came to her hungry, coughing, already having had one small hemorrhage. Jewell was happy then and forgave everyone.

Jewell had gone all to fat now, and looked old and tired. She let them in herself.

"Richard," she said. "Well, now, boy. How you doin'? Come into my nightclub, Richard." The bar was littered with cigarette ashes and dirty glasses, and the huge work light in the ceiling was merciless on the small cracks and smudges along the walls, fingerprints and evidences of spilled drinks. The dead, twisted neon tubes along the ceiling that had given cool blue light looked, in the glare of the great bulb, like dirty plumbing. The room was much smaller than he remembered it.

Kris le Barbu came up, Jewell's glass in his hand. His spats shone.

"I say, old chap, your wife is smashing! Not half, I say!" Coming from the depths of his black beard, where his moist red lips hid, the precise little voice seemed strangely innocent.

Jewell took her glass away from him. "Go turn on the radio." Her voice was like coal rumbling down a chute. "Richard, have a drink on the house. Have some whiskey, man. The beer's flat. Kris, turn that radio on." She still wore her funeral dress, salt-white now under her arms. They took their drinks to a table.

"That's some wife you got there, Richard." Her expression told him nothing at all.

"I guess so," he said.

"Li'l Eva's down to Lyons."

"Yeah, Jewell, I know."

"Li'l Eva, she married a big spender, Richard. He come in here once last year, she walkin' slightly behind. Shocked, man! Wicked night life! Little bourgeois tightwad. He run a short-time joint down there, man. Somebody told me. You happy, Richard?"

"Not to see you like this, Jewell."

"Don't you never mind Jewell. Kris! Bring me some ice, boy."

From the radio a strident voice said something about counterrevolutionary bandits.

"I don't dig that jazz no more, Richard."

"I never did, Jewell."

"You never got with it, Richard," she said, smiling.

Kris brought a bowl of ice cubes. "I really must go, Jewell," he said. "Perhaps I can come back later on."

"Don't ever try to fool me, Kris. I don't give a damn," Jewell said. Kris looked shocked, patted her shoulder and left.

"I dig that Hindu the most," Jewell said. She watched the whiskey flow down the ice cubes in her glass, and Richard

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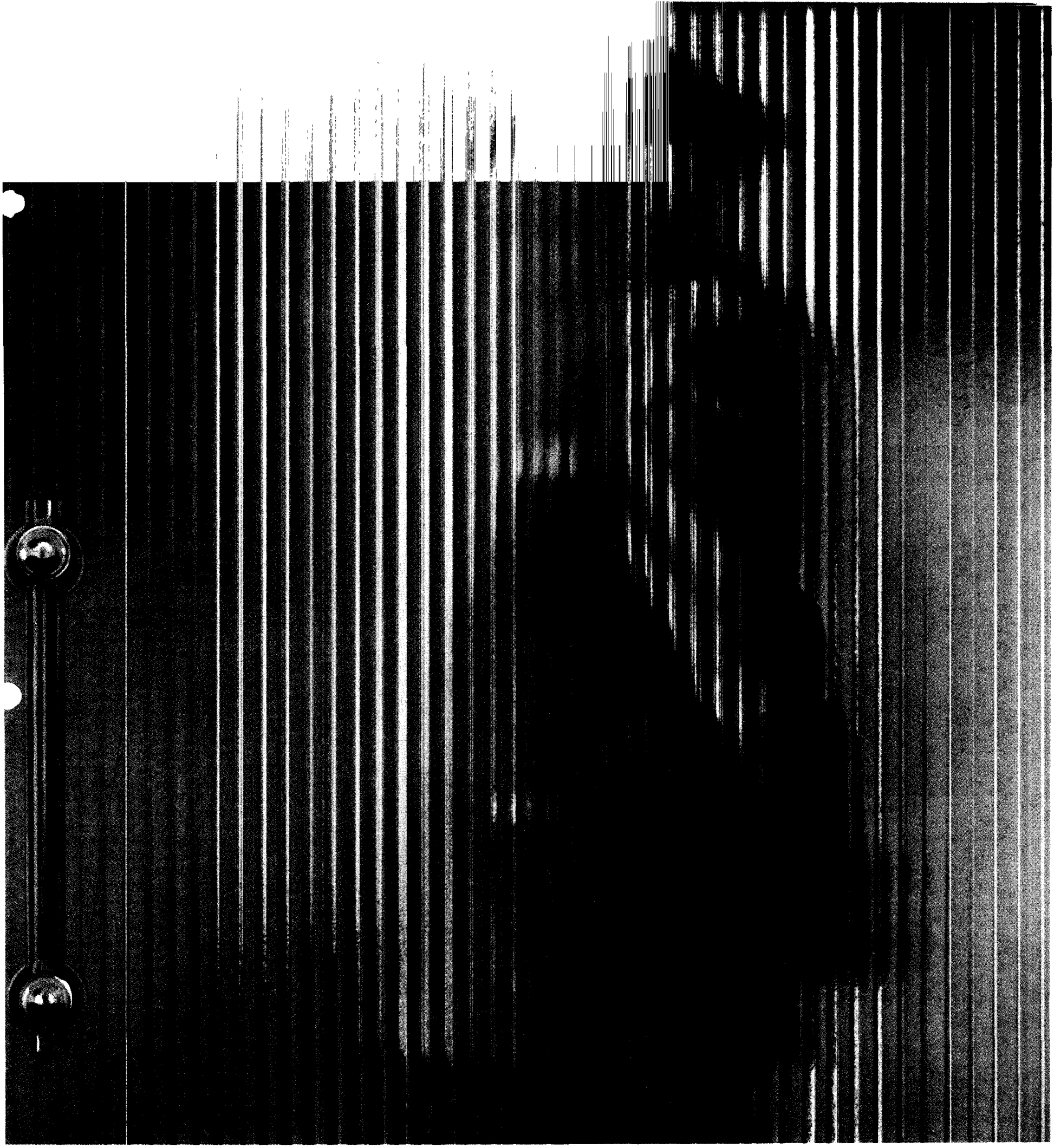

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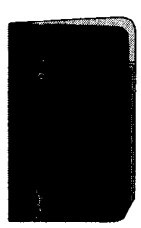

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watched too; her concentrated expression pulled his eyes to the ice as though it were a crystal ball she was examining.

"You happy, Richard? You love your wife?"

"Jewell ——"

"Now, don't get your water hot, Richard. We been friends a long time. What I mean, not like Jean and MacGregor. Never did care for no apron strings, man. I always liked you 'cause you never needed no *care*. Never had to wipe off your vest, nor listen to you cry, nor put you to bed; that's all."

"That's true, come to think of it."

"Drink up, man."

The radio voice had changed, become French. Static came in waves. Jean fiddled with the knobs, and the voice faded, then came in clearly: "Capitalism withers. . . . A world free from fear, from war. . . . *L'humanité*. . . ."

Jewell listened for a moment, her face implacable and mean, her big hands clasped together.

"Weasel words, weasel words," she said. "They got a nerve. You can take the lousy French too."

"Where are you going to go, Jewell?"

She smiled at him. "That's the tough one, Richard. I'm a woman without a country, Richard, singin' those fat, black, homesick blues." She took a little sip of her drink and went on, looking at him and then away, then back to him—somewhat apologetically, he thought, as though she knew it was not her role to confide or to confess. "The only Frenchman I ever liked, I loved him. That was Hank Varniol. I come over here in forty-seven. I was married to a *loo*-tenant in the U. S. of A. Army, and that prissy, boot-polishing *loo*-tenant and me, we wasn't compatible. He was more interested in being a captain than a man."

She drank the rest of her drink and squeezed another ice cube into her glass.

"You never was in love with li'l Eva."

"I guess not really."

"Well, man, you sure married yourself a piece of blue eyes and hygiene, Richard. She about sweet enough to eat."

"Did you like her, Jewell?"

"That don't make no never-mind."

"You think I should have married Eva? You said so once."

"Look, Richard, I ain't no fortune-teller. I ain't no gypsy palm reader. I been known to been wrong. And when I'm wrong I'm in error. All's I know is you marry what you want, not what wants you—not if you're a man, anyways. You didn't want li'l Eva's all I know. She could been a radiant angel come down from Paradise; it wouldn't of made no difference. I guess you wanted a piece of angel-food cake!" She laughed, her head thrown back, her big hands flat on the table.

Jean was still fiddling with the radio, and his head, bent toward the temperamental machine, was bony and sharp on his stiff neck. There had always been something angular and unforgiving about Jean, but now, without his rigid belief to hold him together, he seemed no longer all one piece—as though he had been put together out of children's blocks.

Not so with Jewell. She had taken on her new cynicism with a good deal of authority, even though it made her unhappy. She had always played the role of the experienced one who was willing to tell the facts of life to poor little white boys and girls, and in this there had always been a proper cynicism. But she had never acted out of those principles of self-interest she ascribed to the world. She had been truly generous and magnanimous. Impulsively Richard put his hands across the table upon her big warm ones. She stared at his white hands covering hers.

"Jewell," he said, "how can I help?"

"You would, too," she said.

"You need money?"

"Git me a passport to Seventh Avenue, Richard. With Hank dead and gone I got no call to stay in France." She began to inhale sharply, little gasps that were cut off as if by her teeth. "No," she said, "I ain't going to cry no more. Cried all last night, and I ain't going to cry no more."

He wrote down the address of his law firm and gave it to her. "You can reach me there," he said.

He countersigned five twenty-dollar traveler's checks and gave them to her.

"Richard, honey," she said. "You do mean it, don't you?"

"I never was very impulsive, Jewell. You know damn well I mean it."

"Yeah, man. I never thought you could swing."

Then she smiled at him, and as she smiled her hands enclosed his, so dark and warm they seemed to enclose his arms all the way to his elbows. He couldn't follow her. He didn't know what she meant; but she smiled and smiled, and it was her long white teeth, in the dark moving expanse of face, that he was to remember—landmarks in that wide, warm darkness.

After he left Jewell he wandered around to old places. He looked into the black hole where he'd lived for a while once, and then he bought the *Paris Review* and tried to read it, sitting at a small *café* in a side street where he might avoid people he had known. But he could not forget Jewell's face. Her eyes said something bad about him. They judged. As for Jewell, she would find something else to believe in, someone else to love, because she was full of life. She hadn't been thinking about herself; she had been looking straight at Richard, and it was as if she looked upon a dead man.

He was not afraid; he was not even afraid of not being afraid. He had never loved Eva; that was something as wishful on Jewell's part as her crazy Communism, and she knew it. Whenever he had played lover and happy clown, had played nervous, had played mooncalf, always, inside him, there was something like despair, which is death. And he thought now, *Yes, I know it. There is no meaning to anything. That I made Phyllis pregnant—is that supposed to mean something?*

At a quarter to five he walked back toward the Cujas and arrived on time. They were there. They'd been to the Flea Market, to the top of the Eiffel Tower, to Napoleon's Tomb and other such places. The day before they'd been to the Louvre. Mrs. Krause did all this sight-seeing with an interesting combination of attitudes—half dutifully, half apologetically. She knew a lot about things; at home in Des Moines she was the cultural attaché of all her clubs. She also belonged to things like the League of Women Voters. Richard had admired her from the start, although she would insist upon talking to him in a language her husband couldn't follow. Not in French, but in something that might have been called Cultural. "The existentialists," she would say. "The existentialists: [he was always seeing colons in her sentences] How does Camus change the meaning of existentialism? Meursault and Doctor Rieux: If Doctor Rieux is an existentialist 'saint,' what is Meursault?" and so on. She was willing to quote Sartre,

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too. As far as William Krause was concerned, the word "existential" did not exist. He didn't hear it at all, and when his wife spoke of such things she might as well have been speaking French. Actually she couldn't speak French; she apologized for this, saying that she'd had Spanish in school instead.

The three of them were sitting in a booth at the Cujas. Hannah Krause couldn't see it, but her husband had his shoes off, and M. Claude, the *patron*, was amused by this. They all looked a little tired in spite of their fresh clothes and clean faces. When Phyllis turned and saw him he felt a distinct little shiver of pleasure. Her fur coat was off her shoulders. She wore a beige dress, and her fine shoulders were straight beneath the cloth, her arms lithe and well defined.

How pleased William Krause was to see another man he could talk to! He loved his women, but he didn't really talk to them.

"Hey, Dick!" he said, smiling and shoving over, his feet on top of his shoes, sliding them over, too. He was drinking beer; the women were having *apéritifs*. "Take a seat. What're you having?" He pointed to the *apéritifs*. "It's beer for me. If I had any of that stuff I'd be snockered before the meat course."

Richard said hello to everybody and sat down next to him, then shook hands with M. Claude, who had come over.

"Doo bear?" William Krause suggested to M. Claude, holding up two big fingers as a help in translation and at the same time raising his almost invisible eyebrows at Richard. And he was right: Beer was what Richard wanted. William Krause was right consistently in small things. When he did make a mistake he saw it immediately, and Richard had the feeling that the man would run a full mile in order to rectify it. William Krause's guests would have what they wanted.

He was a good businessman and, as far as Richard could tell, an honest one. He owned a contracting "outfit," as he called it, and some real estate, including farms, in the rich land of central Iowa. He liked to build houses, but especially he liked to build barns. "I love barns," he would say. "I'm just nuts about barns."

Once, during Richard's first visit to Iowa, William Krause had taken him out to one of his tenant farms. The occasion had come about because a mare had sleeping sickness, and the tenant had called, desperate for men to help lift her so that she could be slung upright in her stall. They drove fast on the narrow highway, in William Krause's Cadillac, and when they reached the farm four other men, the tenant's neighbors, were there, and the veterinarian. In the dark stall, beneath a single light bulb shaded by cobwebs, the big brown mare slept upon her knees. The men were trying to get a rope from a block and tackle beneath her brisket, and the only sounds were breathing and the voice of the tenant, who kept saying, "Good girl. Come on, girl. Wake up, girl. Get on your feet, girl." William Krause went immediately to the horse and put his hands upon her. He stepped carefully toward her head, his expensive overcoat brushing the brown hair and black mane, lifted the head and felt about the horse's eyes.

"She ain't going to get up by herself, Jim," he said to the tenant. "I got another block and tackle in the trunk of my car. You got a canvas tarp? We got to have one at least twelve-ounce."

"Got a five-by-six fifteen-ounce tarp in my pickup," one of the neighbors said, and went out to get it. William Krause had tossed his car keys to Richard; by this time he was getting the rope under the brisket. When Richard came back with the surprisingly heavy blocks and rope, back from the night air into the humid, hay-and-horse-smelling barn, the vet was putting a huge syringe back into his bag, and the front part of the horse had been raised a few inches from the floor.

Eventually they got the horse up, but it took all their strength, and their clothes were sweated through before the fifteen-ounce tarp had been slung beneath the horse's belly and fastened to the sides of the stall. Richard's most vivid memory of that night was of William Krause, his overcoat and jacket off, his hands under the horse and around her hind legs, her behind pressed against his white shirt and her black tail draped like a cloak over his straining neck and shoulders. His face was red with effort, and its fat had

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changed suddenly to hard muscle. Then it was over, and the mare nodded, her sleepy, running eyes only half open.

They all went to the bright, clean milk house, where the tenant kept a bottle of Canadian Club in the milk cooler. They drank out of white enameled cups and sat quietly, speaking softly like people in a hospital: "Bill, what's your wife going to say when she sees all that on your nice white shirt?"

"I'll tell her it was a damn fine lady I was helping out, Jim."

"You can say that again."

"What d'you say, Doc?"

"Hard to tell at this stage."

But they were very happy, and their calm words hummed with it; the fact was simply that they were helping each other, and this happiness, not the ritual drink, was the real payment for all their effort.

Now, in the brightly lighted bar, Richard turned to William Krause and reminded him of that night.

"Did the horse live, Bill?" he asked.

William Krause's face was genuinely sad for a moment. "No," he said. "About a week later she died."

The Krauses wanted to take them to the Tour d'Argent, a place Richard had never visited in his earlier Paris days, and they began walking down Boul' Mich' toward the Seine. Just before they reached the Boulevard Saint Germain they came up behind a little *gendarme* ("Ain't the cops small here!" William Krause murmured to Richard), and at the same time an Arab boy about fifteen years old—a peanut vendor—came around the corner. Before the boy knew it he was straight up against the *gendarme*, and Richard had never before seen such total fear on any face; suddenly the small, brown, almost withered young face writhed with terror, the eyes bulging. The *gendarme* did something like a slow pirouette to the left, and with his white stick pressed the boy against the side of the building. And kept pressing, shoving the end of the stick into the boy's sternum and leaning on it. All this in silence. They could see the boy's tongue and his brownish teeth.

Richard was not going to stop, but Hannah and William Krause did, and Phyllis with them. The *gendarme* sensed their presence and looked around.

"Eh?" he said, his brows rising. Then, looking at William Krause, he said ominously, "*Doucement. Doucement, Monsieur.*"

Hannah Krause said in her most blaring tone of voice, "What are you doing to that boy?"

The *gendarme* smiled, his eyes half closed, and said, "*Madame*, it is none of your business." He punctuated each word with a fierce little shove upon his stick, which still pinned the boy to the wall. "Madame . . . eet . . . eez . . . none . . . of . . . your . . . beez . . . *ness!*" The boy's open, terrified face, like a frieze against the gray stone, never moved.

"We've got to report him," Hannah Krause said. Ignoring the *gendarme's* poisonous look, she added in a practical voice, "Look for a number on him, Bill. Has he got a number on him?"

"My God!" Phyllis said. "Why is he *doing* that?"

Suddenly, as if in answer, the *gendarme*, using his club with great speed, beat the boy down to the pavement. There were sounds like the beating of a carpet. Head, side, back, anywhere. Harder and harder he beat upon the boy, smashing him down and as out-of-shape as a bundle of old clothes.

"Oh, no!" Phyllis screamed. "He's killing him! He's killing him! Stop it! Stop it!" Hannah, too, was crying out and moaning, and Richard had to hold Phyllis back. He looked down at her desperate face and saw horror of him for holding her. "Let me go!" she screamed. "What's the matter with you?"

He turned, and the *gendarme* was gone. Now, of course, he could kneel and look at the figure on the sidewalk. As in a nightmare, he half expected to find there only a bundle of clothes, no flesh inside at all. But, as he knelt, two men pushed him aside, picked up the boy and his peanut tray without a sound, without a word, and carried him off. On the sidewalk there was nothing, not a spilled peanut, not a drop of blood. No one else had stopped to watch, although many must have seen it. And now it might never have happened at all. Only the look in Phyllis's eyes was there.

They moved on, their faces dreamy with horror. "Cops!" William Krause said finally, and Richard could tell that he knew the inadequacy of what he was about to say. "Cops. Big cops, little cops. Dick, did you see that kid's face there? Looked like a bunch of angleworms! By

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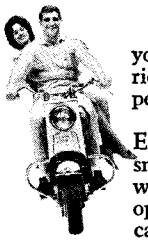

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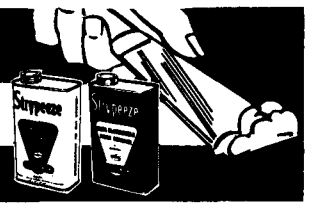

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ANOTHER COUNTRY

God, I'll tell you one thing, and I ain't just clacking my gums. If I saw that happen in Des Moines I'd *doucement* him, one way or the other."

"But it does happen in Des Moines!" Hannah said. "We've got a report on it, Bill. The League has a report on it."

"Yeah, but they don't do it on the main drag at seven o'clock in the evening. They know it ain't the thing to do."

Richard could not get Phyllis to look at him. As they walked toward the Seine she kept in step but let him know, by her quietness, that she felt herself to be alone.

They found the Tour d'Argent and rode the slow elevator to the dining room. Hannah Krause, too, was dissatisfied with the way her husband had handled the *gendarme*, and with his complacency about the police of Des Moines. She tried to overlook these things, but Richard sensed her irritation.

After they had looked out of the big windows at the Île de la Cité they ordered, enduring with good grace a little lecture by the waiter, who said that parties of four at the Tour d'Argent did not order four different entrées. They took his suggestion to have pressed duck.

"It must be goin' slow tonight," William Krause said, and laughed. He was still trying to make them forget what they had seen on the street. His wife and the waiter gave him hard looks. But Hannah Krause had to say something when William Krause referred to Jewell as a "darky."

"You found that friend, Dick, who lost her husband? Phyl says she's a darky."

"William Krause," Hannah Krause said evenly.

"What?"

"If you don't know ——"

"Know what? You look like you smelled something bad."

"You don't use that word when you talk about members of the Negro race."

"Hell," he said, smiling at Richard and then turning back to his wife. "You told me, Hannah, that there wasn't no Negro race, only the human race."

"Dad, it's not funny," Phyllis said, and they all looked at her quickly because her voice was almost ugly.

William Krause was immediately contrite. "Dick, I never meant to joke about your friend, you know? I didn't mean anything by that word. It's just that I never know when they're going to jump on me with both feet, damn it!"

From then on he was subdued, although he drank a great deal of wine. Afterward he insisted that Richard and he take the women back to the hotel and then go have a drink. "I want to have a man-to-man talk with my son-in-law," he said. He was more than a little drunk, and the women humored him.

In the hotel lobby Richard took Phyllis aside to reassure her. "I'll take care of him," he said. "I'll get him back as soon as possible."

She stared at him, a re-evaluating look, cold and intelligent. "What difference does it make to you?"

"Phyllis," he whispered, and tried to put his arms around her, but she stood so stiffly that she was nothing to him but a bulky bundle of fur. She shuddered as he touched her.

"I'll get him back," he said.

"Don't bother," she said calmly. "Really don't bother yourself."

"Come on, Dick!" William Krause said, and they left the women and walked up Boul' Mich'. "Women!" William Krause said. "Women! You can't live with 'em and you can't live without 'em." He strode a little unevenly up the boulevard, and when they came to the Rue Cujas he remembered it, so they went into the Cujas and sat in the same booth they'd had earlier.

M. Claude came over, and they shook hands. Richard did an impulsive thing.

"*Deux finalobes*," he said.

"*Finalobe?*" Then M. Claude remembered. "*Oui! Monsieur* MacGregor! *Un homme très gentil.*" He smiled sadly and went to get the drinks.

"What's that about?" William Krause said.

"A friend of mine used to order brandy and water that way, and Claude remembers. The guy's dead now."

"I'm sorry, Dick."

So was Richard; it seemed such a trite, sentimental thing to have done. But he did wish himself back there again, back in time. He would at least not find himself in the wrong with a woman. Why had Phyllis suddenly turned rigid? It was not only unfair; it was boring, a pain in the neck. Now if it were only four or five years ago he might be sitting in this same booth. Eva would be sitting next to him, not saying anything, but with her hand lightly upon his thigh beneath the table. He would have had to make no explanations to Eva, in whom his manhood never found resistance, in whom he was the only agent of force. Later they would have gone to Jewell's to hear the jazz, that crazy imitation of joy, and to observe Jewell's dangerous political euphoria, half wanting to share in it. (*Did he?* That was a surprising thought.) Or they might have listened to those voices from Warsaw or Moscow.

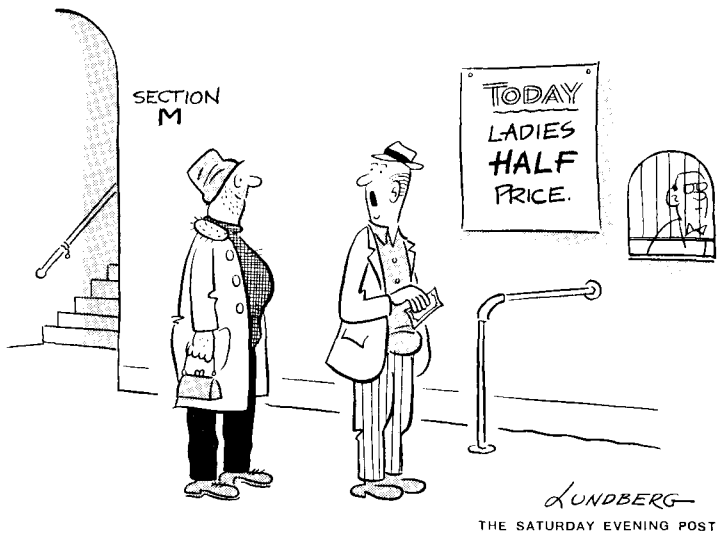
"Women!" William Krause said. "I don't envy you, Dick. She's just like her mother—hard-nosed. Half the time Hannah treats me like an imbecile." He was much drunker than Richard had thought. The pale, translucent skin of his forehead was shiny now, and his pale eyes were filmed over, the whites as pink as his cheeks, so that the irises looked as though they were pasted right on skin. "I mean she wants to *improve* me, Dick!"

To Richard's embarrassment there were tears in the man's eyes.

"I love that woman, Dick. I love that woman."

That woman, Richard thought. He could see that valuable, dangerous, woman's face—both of their faces—and he felt his anger rising. After all, there was absolutely nothing he could have done to protect that Arab boy from the cop. Nothing. If he'd tried to interfere the cop would have beaten the boy all the harder, just to show his power. Couldn't Phyllis realize that? He could explain it to her, explain that he knew what the end result of any such interference would be, that he had seen the *flics* beat people to the ground before, that it was natural, that the human race was made that way, and there was nothing the Des Moines chapter of the League of Women Voters could do to change it. He would explain this to her; he would present this case with all his skill, using all the precision and breadth of his memory for precedents. It was suddenly more important than anything that he win this one case; it was the only case he had ever really cared about.

And yet as he looked across the table at the sad, big man, he was terribly angry. He had never been in this kind of trouble before; if anything of the sort had ever developed—if a woman, or anyone, made him unsure—he had always gone on to somewhere else, to another country, to a farther country. He could not make himself offer justification to anyone. But now he seemed to be in a trap, and he was frightened because he knew that he had to go back to Phyllis.



"Just look coy and let me do the talking."

But not like this; where would he find the energy for it? How could William Krause bring *his* manhood back, intact, to the tall woman who waited to judge *him?*

"I guess we'd better go home, Dick," William Krause said.

Richard thought, But why should I have to? I will go and find Eva (with her sleeves rolled up, scouring a chipped bidet in a room with mildewed wallpaper?). I will find another Eva, then; there are plenty of Evas around.

"Come on, Dick. Show me the way to go home."

"OK, Bill," Richard said.

"I'm tired, and I want to go to bed," William Krause said, half singing the words, his eyebrows raised in sad humor. "Us old married men got to face the music."

Suddenly Richard despised the man, and as he spoke his voice took on a hard sound he hadn't heard in it for years. "Face the music," he said. Was there a change in the dull eyes across the table? Yes, maybe there was a glint of answer, hard and wary. But, he thought, so what? If the man wants to be a rug, a worm. . . .

He went on, probing a little: "So we'll crawl back."

But William Krause was not easily made angry. He said, "I hope we don't have to crawl, Dick. I can still walk, I think." Trying to make it funny.

Richard could feel a sneer forming on his face, a tightness in his nostrils.

"Have another drink, then," William Krause said, "but I'm afraid I've had it for tonight."

"You've had it," Richard said, and when he looked up at the big man it was like that dream in which you are looking at a painting, a portrait, and suddenly your bowels turn cold because the painted eyes are not really paint; they are deep and real.

"Listen to me, boy," William Krause said in a clear, steady voice. "Don't try to put me down in any way. You ain't big enough yet." He looked steadily at Richard for a moment, observing him without any worry or fear at all. "I ain't crawling back to my wife, but I would if I had to, and it wouldn't make me small."

Suddenly he laughed out loud, reached across the table and hit Richard playfully on the shoulder. "Dick, let's have another drink. You can carry me home."

Richard wanted to answer the man's forgiveness, to recognize his friendship, but he was in that frozen state, compounded of meanness and embarrassment, where he didn't know how to say the words he knew he should say. And it didn't help to know that William Krause knew it all, saw him clear through and was pretending that the words of recognition had been spoken.

They did have another drink, paid and left the Cujas. The air was still damp and cold, and as they started down toward the river William Krause put his big arm around Richard's shoulder for a moment and said, "Hell, Dick. Don't you think she knows why you can't hit a cop?"

"I don't know, Bill."

William Krause laughed. "God bless 'em!" he said, and now he seemed very happy to be going back. He hummed as he walked along, his overcoat open. "Look at that pot," he said, patting his middle. "I've plainly got to lose some weight."

"I could never explain it to her," Richard said.

"Sure, sure. You can't explain nothing to a woman, Dick. If it gets to the point where you have to explain, you're licked."

They reached the hotel. The elevator had been turned off for the night, and they walked up the narrow stairs, William Krause ahead, his broad back solid, his brown overcoat hooked over his shoulder by a finger, as a boy does it.

They came to William Krause's door. "Look at that key," he said, taking the big brass key from his pocket. "It's a deadly weapon. It's a damn blunt instrument."

"Good night, Bill," Richard said.

"Good luck, Dick." William Krause grinned as he felt around for the keyhole, and Richard went on alone down the dark hall toward his own room, where she would be waiting.

At the door he stopped. By the transom he could tell the light was on. Why should he have to prove himself? Did he really have a case, after all? There was the quiet light above the door, waiting, and he must go in. But this was the country he had fled so long, and now at last he must admit his permanence. It would be terribly painful at first. The first plunge, the first breath. He unlocked the door and went in. THE END

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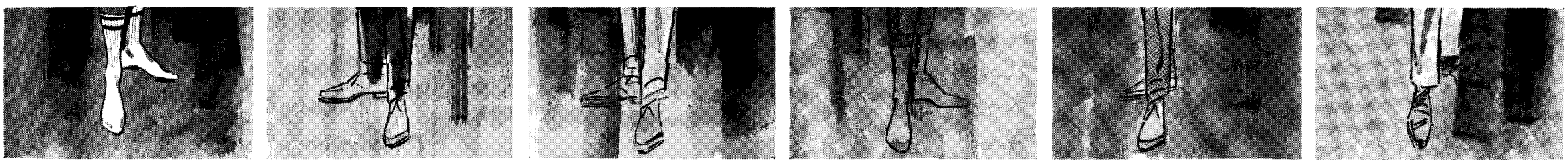

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A VISIT FROM THE MAHATMA

How could his visit change us, alter our very lives? We wondered, and finally the answer came. His words changed us all, and in most surprising ways.

By PADMA PERERA

Illustration by David Passalacqua

"All men are alike," Grandmother said to me with a conspiratorial, one-woman-to-another air most gratifying to a nine-year-old girl. "Like children."

I looked at my three towering uncles and wondered a little at her assumption. (My acquaintance with them had begun less than a year before, when I came to live in Grandmother's house while my parents were abroad in the diplomatic service.) My uncles had been arguing fiercely about Mahatma Gandhi's imminent visit to our city in the south of India. It was 1945, and this was to be the first stop on the Mahatma's journey south. We had just heard the news from the milkman, who knew things long before the newspapers did. He had come tearing in through the gate, clanging his bicycle bell and shouting the news at the top of his voice, and then vanished as rapidly as he had arrived, skidding down the gravel driveway and out onto the road. He left my uncles in varying degrees of dismay.

"You know what this means," Eldest Uncle said gloomily. "Insane crowds gathered along the roadside and on balconies and rooftops every conceivable inch of the way, just to get one glimpse of him. Traffic blocked for hours so you can't get to the office on time. And on top of it all, everybody talking of nothing else until the next great visitor decides to visit the city."

"Well, take a train to work then," Grandmother said perfunctorily, and he grunted. Eldest Uncle, whose name was Ramu, worked down by the harbor at the other end of town. He refused to humble himself by straphanging on local trains, so he cycled all the way in the blistering sun with a handkerchief tied around his head, because he refused also to humble himself to hats.

"You'll get sunstroke one of these days," Grandmother warned him, bending over the heap of rice grains she was cleaning.

"So will all the fools lining the way," he said. "What's more, they'll probably die of it at the public meeting."

Middle Uncle came to attention. "Ah, and you know where that will be," he began weightily. "They won't let us have the park for the meeting. They'll bring him to the maidan down the road. That's unfair, Ramu, and you know it is. For all your talk, you revere him just as much as everybody else does. Can you bear to have the Mahatma received at this paltry old maidan—nothing more than an open field, really—instead of a properly equipped place where the arrangements are not too chaotic and where his voice will be heard through a microphone by everybody who comes to hear him speak?"

But Eldest Uncle refused to be drawn into the harangue. Not that it mattered—Middle Uncle would not have heard him in any case. He was off again, declaiming passionately against the municipal authorities, the government and anybody else who happened to be in his direct line of political vision. "They should give us the right place to welcome Gandhiji. There will be millions of people seeking his darshan, the blessing of his very person."

"There will also be millions of people fainting from the sun and the crowds," Youngest Uncle interjected at this point. He was a medical intern, and I could see he was planning to go out there with his new doctor's bag and attend as many people as he could. "Come here, little one," he said to me, tweaking my braid. "Come upstairs like a dutiful niece and help me put my things together."

All that day and the next and the next there were discussions and more discussions and, threaded through them, the constant heightening tension of waiting for Gandhiji. The maidan down the road was big enough, I thought, and anyway they were clearing it as best they could. Walking home from school in the evenings with my friends I saw men at work there, sweeping and leveling the ground and erecting a canvas canopy to shield the dais from the sun. Long poles were being driven at different points into the maidan, and the foreman, whose tolerance of children sometimes extended to answering occasional questions, told us that loudspeakers would be attached to them.

"You mean there will be *loudspeakers?*" I asked him eagerly.

The foreman's dignity was wounded. "What do you think?" he said. "You imagine we won't have loudspeakers when the Mahatma is speaking? What do they teach you in school?—or do you go to one of those smelly English convent schools?" There he stopped, and his beatific vision of the occasion got the better of him. He closed his eyes. "Every man, woman and child here," he said, "will hear the Mahatma. Every man, woman and

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Vendors, villagers, chattering women—a crowd in anticipation. Then suddenly the small figure of Gandhiji and the handsome Nehru

child." Then he opened his eyes, and the vision fled. "Get out of here, you little devils! Don't come bothering me when we're working," he roared, and his eyebrows flared so terrifyingly that we took to our heels. There was always this element of danger in our dealings with the foreman: After all, he was just another of the grown-ups, who were more unpredictable than ever now that Gandhiji was coming.

In school we were more excited about Pandit Nehru, who would accompany Gandhiji on this visit. He was younger, good-looking and aristocratic and impetuous, and safely beloved by our elders as well. If Gandhiji was to be worshiped, Nehru was ideal for having a crush on. We discussed him in excited whispers and, greatly daring, wrote "Long Live Gandhiji!" on the blackboard. But when the English nun came in she looked at it without comment and rubbed it off.

When I told Grandmother about it that night she reprimanded me in her most grown-up voice: "You shouldn't have done that. The blackboard is for teachers to write on," but then she sat musing by my bedside—aloud, as always. She mused about the hard life of the nuns and the way schools had changed since she was a child, and about how Nehru loved children and how she would have walked from the next village just to see the Mahatma if she were younger and didn't have rheumatism. Grandmother's voice was low and husky and lovely to listen to. From a distance it sounded like a young woman speaking, but her hair was completely white, acquiring silvery

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overtones now as the moon rose above the rooftops and shone down on us. It was summer, and we slept out on the veranda; five beds in a row, like a school dormitory. The uncles did not come to bed until much later, but Grandmother, no matter how busy she was, always found time to sit on the edge of my bed, sometimes talking, sometimes sharing the silence with me. In a few months this silence would be broken by the sound of frogs croaking for the monsoons, but now the night was still, and when the wind blew across the maidan it carried faint, disembodied voices with it.

"The men are still working," I said, surprised.

Grandmother nodded. "For him, men will work at any hour without complaint. You will see, child, how everybody changes when they have seen him."

"Everybody?" I repeated, incredulous.

"In one way or another, maybe in ways not even known to themselves or evident to others. But if you use your eyes you will see."

So in the following weeks I used my eyes.

It began first with the milkman. He arrived earlier than usual the next evening, clattering in at his usual whirlwind speed, the milk cans clanking against the handlebars of his bicycle. Measuring the milk at the kitchen door, he regaled us with further details of the Mahatma's itinerary: the people he would meet, the places he would visit.

"How do you know all this?" I asked him as he wheeled his bike away. He stopped and looked about him. "I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I milk the cows in a state minister's compound."

"You do?" I digested this. "But how do you get all the news?"

The milkman winked. "I have my ways. For one thing, his cook is my cousin. But, quite apart from that, I have my ways. A very clever man, our minister. But perhaps not so clever as I, eh?" And, chuckling and nodding so knowingly that his moustaches almost swept the lids off the milk cans, he rode off.

While I was still staring after him, not quite certain what these mysterious statements meant, Middle Uncle walked through the gate and asked me why I wasn't doing my homework. Since he was that sort of uncle, I asked him in return what he meant by saying the maidan had no microphones when loudspeakers were being installed all over the place.

"Loudspeakers?" Middle Uncle repeated blankly, looking as if he were drawing his mind back with an effort from mightier problems. "Of course there are loudspeakers. The trouble is water. They'll need to have plenty of water or else more people will be fainting than listening. I always *said* the water supply was faulty in this locality." And he went in, clutching his newfound cause; he was soon followed by my two other uncles, one with the inevitable handkerchief covering his head, the other with his doctor's bag. I wondered how these men could possibly change, even with Gandhi there to effect the transformation.

The great day was drawing closer now, and the milkman's air of importance increased accordingly. He told me in withering tones that all sensible schools had declared a holiday for the occasion and that if I had an ounce of spirit I would stay away from the convent school for at least half a day.

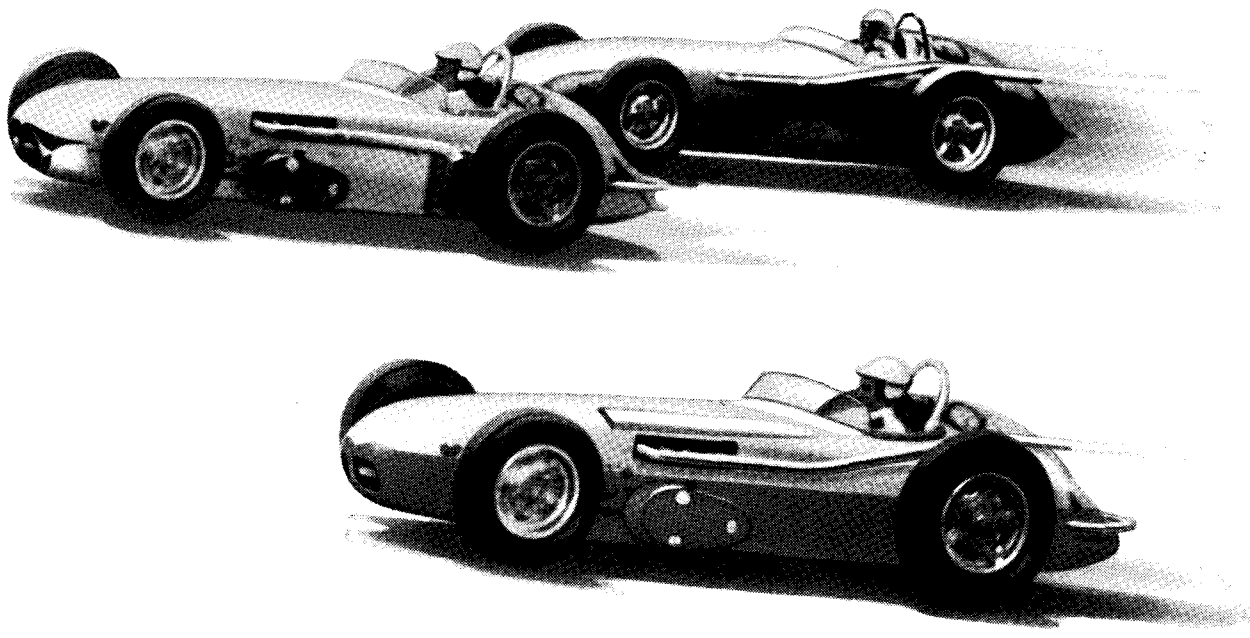
"She won't have to," Grandmother put in swiftly from the kitchen window. "The meeting isn't until evening. Don't stuff nonsense into the child's head."

The milkman had the grace to look abashed: Grandmother was a favorite with him, as she was with all the neighborhood. People admired the quick, astringent quality of her wit, the gentleness that underlined her every gesture and defined her compassionate way of life. I loved Grandmother too, but not for such specific reasons. The roots of my love lay in the serenity and strength she provided when everything else tilted a little out of focus. Now, confused by the various crosscurrents that ran through my days—periods of dead silence in school, elaborate unconcern on the part of one uncle, equally elaborate enthusiasm on the part of another—I sought again for clarification of her earlier remarks.

"How will they change?" I asked her. "How will Youngest Uncle change, for instance?"

Grandmother smiled. "I told you not to expect great upheavals—just little changes, perhaps in attitudes, perhaps in actions. I don't know. As for your youngest uncle, I know least of all how it will affect him. You have to make yourself still to hear Gandhiji; and the young are usually so full of their own noises they cannot hear outside ones."

But for once Grandmother was wrong. Youngest Uncle did hear, though what he heard came from an unexpected direction. A cousin came to visit us that week, to see Gandhiji and attend the public meeting. She was small and slight and



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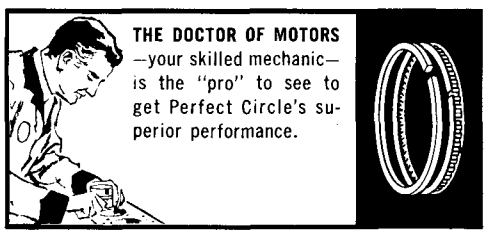

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graceful, moving like music through our house, and her name was Uma. And from the moment she turned her great dark eyes toward Youngest Uncle he began to hear. His doctor's bag lay forgotten in its corner upstairs as he drew up exciting plans for sight-seeing. The other uncles begged off—they were too busy—and Grandmother was too old, so I was left as sole chaperone. Half reluctant, half fascinated, I tagged along behind Uma and Youngest Uncle to temples and bazaars and museums and the beach. They never so much as held hands, but the air between them always held a delicate tension, fraught with all the unsaid things they heard in each other.

One evening we walked back past the maidan and found Middle Uncle haranguing the foreman.

"He comes tomorrow," he was declaring. "He comes tomorrow, and what have you done about the fans? Nothing. *Nothing*. You want our Mahatma to die of the heat? When are you going to fix that fan? Where are the electricians?"

The foreman's patience was ebbing rapidly. "Look here," he said, "if you know so much about it, why don't you take my job and I'll take yours? What do you do, anyway, besides poking your nose into other people's business? If I weren't doing this for Mahatmaji and if he hadn't taught us about nonviolence I'd punch in that nose of yours until it came out of the back of your head."

He began to mutter under his breath a long and picturesque description of Middle Uncle's forebears. Middle Uncle turned and, catching sight of us, came up to give an endless, detailed version of his side of the argument. While he talked, Youngest Uncle and Uma stole glances at each other and I scuffed my feet in the dust, wishing the Mahatma would hurry up and arrive.

At home that night many things happened at once. Eldest Uncle, who had been unusually quiet, ate very little and went upstairs to his room without a word. Grandmother noticed it and looked across inquiringly at Middle Uncle.

"I don't know," he muttered. "He's been that way all evening. We met at the market on the way home from our offices, and he never said a word. Perhaps I should go up and talk to him."

But Grandmother stretched out a delicate hand and held him back. "Let him be alone if he wants. Perhaps later."

So Middle Uncle sat silently by himself on the veranda, blue wisps of smoke curling upward from his cigarette, dissolving and scattering into wayward tendrils when the night wind blew. Watching his hunched shoulders silhouetted against the distant maidan lights, I realized for the first time how much the brothers cared for each other, but when Middle Uncle eventually went upstairs the sound of his voice and Eldest Uncle's rose and fell behind the closed door with a fierceness that I had never heard before.

Grandmother, sitting at my bedside, waited for them to finish, her hands lying peacefully in her lap but her head turning now and then to listen. Just as I was dropping off to sleep, Middle Uncle came downstairs again and out onto the veranda.

"It's his job," he whispered. "I knew it. Some bust-up with his boss about transporting grain consignments to Cochin. I don't know which of them is right, but I know Ramu can be impossibly obstinate and pigheaded. Refuses to give way an inch and is even prepared to lose his job to prove his point."

Grandmother stared at him aghast. "Lose —— But that's impossible! Where will he get another? Jobs don't grow on trees."

"That they don't," Middle Uncle agreed grimly. I thought for a minute that he would embark on his theory about the unemployment situation, but I had misjudged him. "The trouble with Ramu," he said instead, "is that he's so quick to take offense. Half the time one can't tell if he only imagines he's being slighted or if his anger is really justified. But he refuses to compromise. He must fight, fight, fight every inch of the way."

Grandmother sighed. "I know. He's always been like that. If Ramu decides a horse has three legs, the whole world can't convince him it has four."

They sat in silence for a while, and then Grandmother sighed again. "If only his wife had lived. He was a different man with her, tender and strong and considerate. But now he refuses to wear hats and flies off the handle at the least provocation."

Another silence.

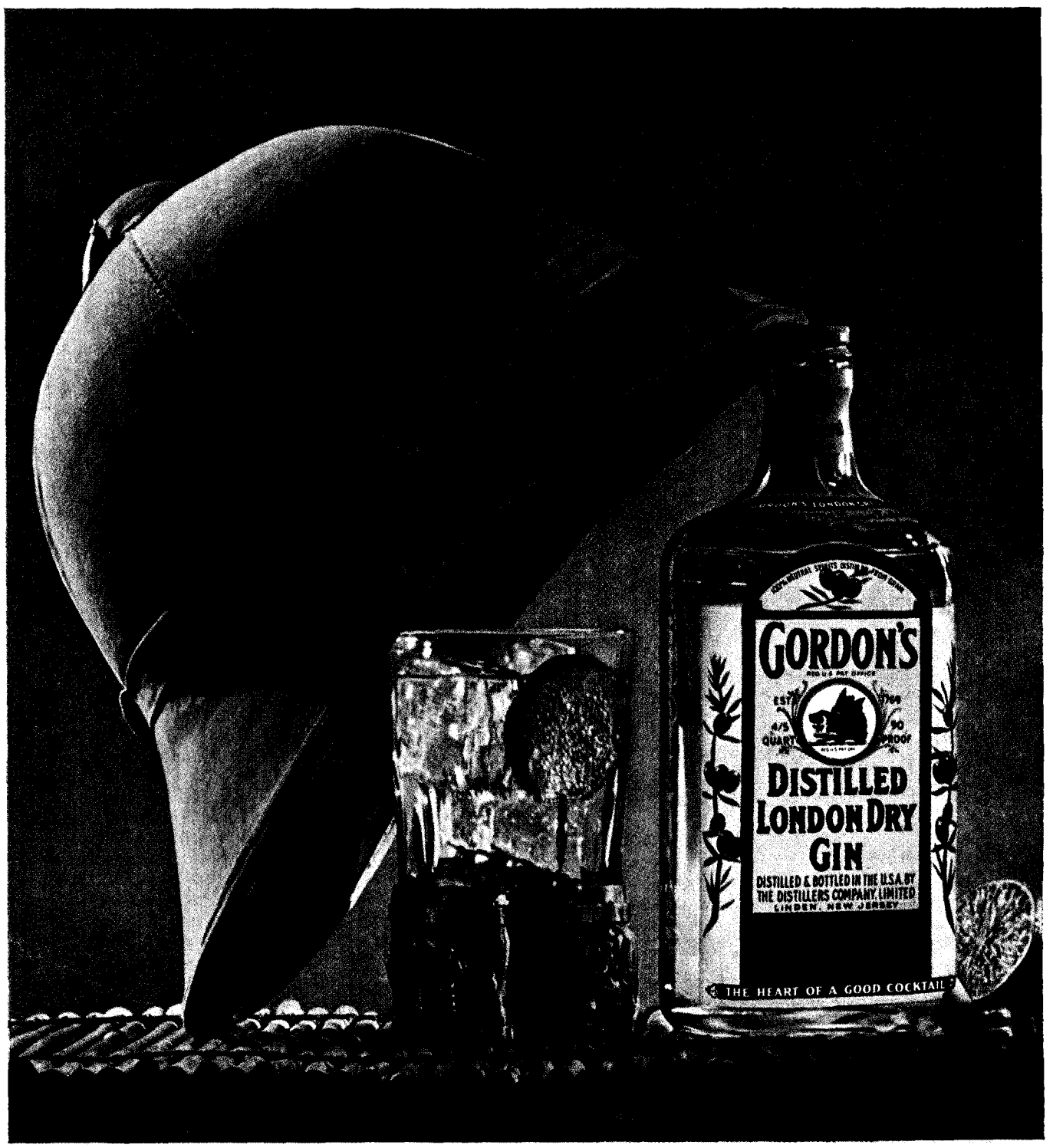
"What do you think about the job?" Middle Uncle said at last.

"I don't know, son. If he is unhappy there, perhaps it's best he gives it up. We'll have to wait until tomorrow."

At this point I fell asleep, only to be wakened by Youngest Uncle's voice.

"Can't you speak to her family?" he was asking Grandmother.

Grandmother shushed him. "Talk softer—the child's asleep." Then she shook her head. "Son, Uma comes from



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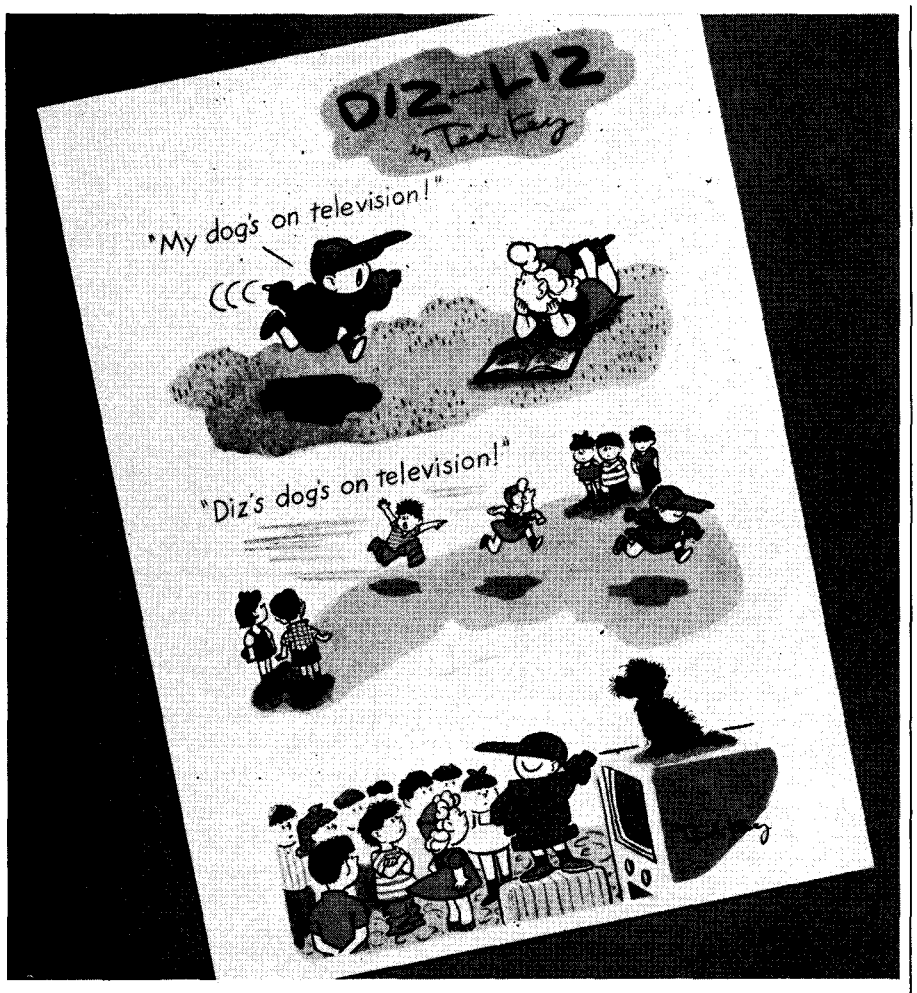

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MAHATMA

the same gotra. Technically you are of the same clan and therefore blood relations. According to the ancient laws it would be an incestuous union."

"Oh, to hell with the ancient laws," said Youngest Uncle.

Grandmother was not amused. "Don't be flippant. Her parents are very orthodox. They'll never allow it."

"Yes, they will. They will if you ask. Aren't all good Brahman alliances supposed to originate from the girl's people? They'll be so honored at having the boy's family make the proposal they'll agree in no time."

"Stop it," Grandmother said quietly. "I am a widow. How can I go forward with proposals of a marriage alliance? It is both unseemly and inauspicious. Use your head, son. How little you know of your own traditions and customs."

"I don't want to know them," Youngest Uncle burst out. "I don't want to have anything to do with all that outdated, hidebound rubbish. This is just the kind of thing that makes tradition a suffocation instead of a strength."

Grandmother said patiently, "I've heard that from you many times before: It is suffocation, it is hard for your generation, you are trapped in an age of transition. I've heard it all, and I know. So what are you going to do about it? Break away entirely? Marry Uma against her parents' will?"

Youngest Uncle backed down at that, as I'm sure Grandmother knew he would. "I can't," he said. "She would never do it; she would never go against their wishes. She is too modest and gentle and old-fashioned. But that's precisely why I want to marry her. If she'd been like the chattering, cocky, self-assured girls I meet in college I would never have looked at her twice. But I cherish her because she is so gentle in everything. And when she is old she will probably be like you, wise and gracious and beautiful."

"Don't flatter me." Then Grandmother's voice softened. "I too would love to have Uma in the family. She would light our household like a lamp. Perhaps I should arrange for a go-between. But I know they'll never agree."

They continued for a while after that, but in my drowsiness their voices blurred. Even so, from the soft rustle of a sari in another room inside, I knew, somewhere at the back of my mind, that Uma had overheard the conversation.

But I forgot about it in the rush of getting off to school next morning and didn't even pause to stick out my tongue at the milkman when he passed our gate, scoffing about people who had to go to school when Gandhiji was coming. It wasn't until evening that, swallowed up in the excitement of going to the maidan for the public meeting, I remembered the various family crises. On the way to the meeting Middle Uncle held forth, as usual, about the deplorable arrangements at the maidan. "How can they fit all those people in?" he demanded of a neighbor. "I'm sure we will all be trampled to death." Leaving him to that cheerful conclusion, I looked for Eldest Uncle and found him walking by himself, staring off into the distance, frowning, his hair ruffled a little by the evening breeze, stern and somehow unapproachable in his loneliness. Uma and Youngest Uncle were not together. She was walking decorously with Grandmother, her sari drawn across her slender shoulders, her eyes shadowed with pain. Youngest Uncle kept shooting glances at her with a kind of desperate hopelessness that made me, on a sudden impulse, go across the road to him and give his hand a comforting squeeze. He stared down at me, surprised, but held on to my hand and cheered up a little as we reached the maidan.

Middle Uncle was right. It was crammed. Coconut-fiber carpets had been spread out in front of the dais for people to sit on, but in most of the maidan the crowds were squatting on the bare ground. A few wise ones had brought cushions; others managed with spread-out newspapers. Outlining the maidan were rows of tiered wooden stands, and Middle Uncle rushed up to grab seats for us in the highest row. From there we had an unimpeded view of the entire area: a sea of milling dark heads all the way to the tamarind trees on the other side of the maidan. On the main road beyond, buses rattled along in a cloud of exhaust smoke and dust; a stream of cars kept up a steady honking, impervious to the frantic gesticulations of half a dozen harried policemen. "I told you so," Eldest Uncle said abruptly. "Traffic holdup."

I looked around me and discovered that all of Middle Uncle's suspicions, at least, seemed to be unfounded. Fans *had* been installed on the dais, where a few men in homespun white khaddar moved about arranging chairs and testing the microphone. "*Namasthe!*" their greeting came booming over the loudspeakers. "*Namasthe!* Can you hear me?" We could, so apparently the microphone was all right too. And nobody was fainting from

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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thirst, because water stands had been placed along the edges of the maidan, each with its earthen jar to cool the water and give it the fragrance of fresh earth.

I was just about to grab Middle Uncle's arm to point out these things when he caught mine instead. "Look there by the dais," he said. "Look at that police cordon holding off the crowds. That's probably all we need to start a riot. And the police will open fire, and it will be one colossal nightmare. Remember, child, if you ever happen to be put in charge of occasions like this when you're grown up, never, never, *never* let the police come muscling in. It's an insult to the public—that's what it is—an insult. Just you wait and see if it doesn't incite them to riot."

But so far the crowds were quiet enough. Many had arrived the previous day and camped overnight on the maidan to ensure their places. Bullock carts were still creaking in, bringing gaily dressed villagers, the women chattering in their local dialects and moving in brilliant splashes of scarlet and purple and mauve through the more sedate groups of city people, silver anklets clinking as they walked. Vendors shouted their way through the crowd, balancing trays of cashew nuts and cool drinks, stepping unconcernedly on saris and toes. Every now and then somebody cried, "He's here!" and all heads craned excitedly, but it would be only another khaddar-clad volunteer coming up to the speaker's table with a glass of water, or to remove an extra chair from the dais. Over the whole crowd ran a constant, low-throated hum of anticipation. Mothers adjured their children: "Kamala! Krishna! Hold onto my hand; you'll get lost." Babies wailed. And, miraculously, the vendors multiplied, shouting hoarsely, selling betel leaves now, and cigarettes rolled in natural leaf. Dust from the main road, from the tramping of hundreds of feet, rose and eddied as more and more people came, and at last the maidan was filled.

Then suddenly he was there—across the maidan, beyond the sea of heads—a small brown figure on the platform, supporting himself with a stick. Our hero was beside him—Nehru, slim and straight and handsomer than ever—but somehow even he had become less important than the frail figure at the microphone. There was a deepening silence over the entire maidan, and all eyes looked up at Gandhi. Not even a baby cried, and the cars honking in the distance became somehow irrelevant, the sound receding with the rest of the world, until there remained only the frail figure at the microphone and the homage of silence to his presence.

Completely overcome, I clutched Grandmother's hand. I had to say something or I would choke to death. "Grandmother," I whispered, "his ears stick out."

Uma stifled a giggle, but Grandmother stared down at me, unsmiling. "Remember this," she said. "Remember every minute of it. You are touching history now. You must ——"

And before she could finish her sentence the crowds had begun to shout:

"Mahatma Gandhi ki ——"

"—*Jai!*"

"Mahatma Gandhi ki ——"

"—*Jai!*"

"Victory to Mahatma Gandhi." But the moment could not be measured in terms of victory or defeat. It was like a tide sweeping over us, drowning us, deafening, as if it would never end—until that frail figure held up his hand. Then slowly the silence came brimming up again, and he began to speak.

Gandhi's voice was soft, almost like a child's, with the toothless sibilants of the very young and the very old. I do not remember what he said; I could not take in more. Already there was so much: listening to that fragile thread of a voice weaving a national destiny, knowing I was standing shoulder to a thousand shoulders, feeling the prayer song rise in all throats, clapping in time to its refrain. Clap-clap, clap-clap, clap-clap—another giant wave, carrying the immensity of a whole country's rhythm.

It was dark when we walked back home. After the Mahatma left it had taken hours for the crowds to disperse. The dust was acrid in our nostrils and throats. Dragging my feet, almost faint with hunger and excitement and fatigue, I leaned against Grandmother until Uma drew me gently to her side. "Grandmother is tired. Come lean on me. Why, child, you feel warm! I think you're running a temperature."

Which was why I happened to stay home the next day and witness the transformations as they occurred.

Again it was the milkman who began things. Early in the morning I woke to the familiar sound of milk being poured from cans, gurgling into the vessels waiting by the kitchen door.

"No more," the milkman was saying. "I can't bring you the news anymore."

"Why not?" Grandmother sounded more amused than anything else.

The milkman hemmed and hawed. Finally he said, "Well, you know that minister whose cows I milk? I heard at the maidan yesterday that he accepts bribes."

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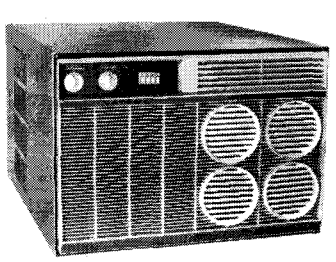

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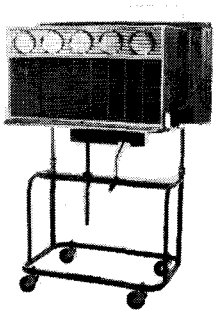

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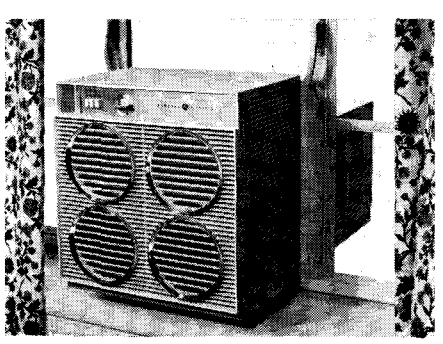

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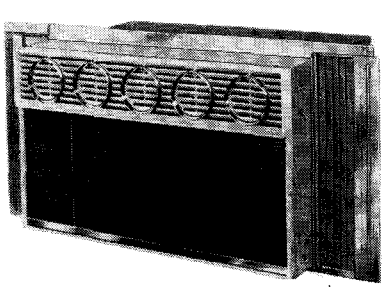

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MAHATMA

Grandmother was not impressed. "Who told you? It may not be true."

"It must be," the milkman insisted. "The foreman said so, and why should he lie? No, it's true, all right. And I go to this bribetaker's house to get all the information before anybody else gets it. Takes *bribes*, that man. No, it's not right. Think of what Mahatmaji said to us about truth. About honesty. Mmm—bad. Very bad."

"Don't shake your head so much," Grandmother said crisply. "It might fall off. Why are you so upset? After all, you have arrangements with your cousin the cook, don't you? He takes half the milk you deliver to the minister's household and substitutes water to make up the full measure. Then he keeps his eyes and ears open, and that's how you get all the news before anybody else. Right?"

But the milkman didn't choose to make such an admission. "That minister is a bad man," he repeated. "I don't want any information from *him*." And he cycled off in a righteous clanging of milk cans and virtue.

Things were quiet after that until the uncles came home from work in the evening. When Eldest Uncle walked in we greeted him with a collective gasp. The handkerchief was no longer around his head.

"What happened?" Grandmother asked him, but Eldest Uncle wouldn't tell. He gave us a smile that made his stern face seem that of a ten-year-old. Later that night the whole story came out.

Grandmother hinted subtly about a quarrel with the boss, and Eldest Uncle admitted finally that he'd found himself transferred to a different department. "I expected it, really," he told us with a certain degree of complacence. "Knew the old scoundrel couldn't bear to have me around much longer." They had parted on terms of mutually cordial dislike; and Eldest Uncle—whose belligerence led him to make it a point of honor always to have at least a couple of enemies—had been somewhat disappointed to find that his colleagues in the new department were friendly to him. One of them, an idealistic youth ardent in the fight for freedom, had even likened Eldest Uncle's handkerchief to Gandhi's loincloth. The youth had quoted Gandhiji's remark, "Insofar as the loincloth spells simplicity, let it represent Indian civilization," and had gone on to draw the Mahatma's distinction between aping and assimilating Western culture and had declared that he was proud to meet a man like Eldest Uncle who refused to become a slave to material, Western-introduced comforts, such as hats. Eldest Uncle had been so staggered by this interpretation of his habits that he had decided to give up the handkerchief.

"I refuse to make a fetish of it," he announced now, making a dramatic exit as he set out for his evening constitutional.

Grandmother chuckled. "It isn't just that. Once he is accepted, he has no more need to fight, so he is lost. My Ramu must cherish his idiosyncrasies; it defeats his purpose when his mark of rebellion becomes a badge of honor."

"Do you suppose he'll wear a Gandhi cap now?" Youngest Uncle asked, grinning. "Can't you just see the little white thing perched slantwise on his head? It will be funnier than the handkerchief!" Then he turned to Middle Uncle, who was reading the newspaper. "And do *you* see what it says there about some people fainting at the public meeting? You were quite right. There were no water jars for the people in the middle of the maidan; only at the edges. And one of the fans stopped working on the dais, and the place was jammed, and the traffic arrangements were terrible, and . . ."

He paused, and the rest of us waited for the inevitable tirade to issue from behind the newspaper. But none came.

"Yes," said Middle Uncle. "But it didn't matter."

There was a moment of stunned silence. Then, as Grandmother and I exchanged a delighted glance of recognition, Youngest Uncle pretended to faint into Uma's arms, and she blushed and moved away.

Later, when the other grownups had left the room, she remonstrated softly, "You shouldn't have done that, especially in front of the elders. What will they think?"

Youngest Uncle was unabashed. "Let them think what they like. You told me you had a plan. What is it?"

Uma hesitated.

"Go on," he said. "The child won't say a word. She's on our side—aren't you?"

I nodded vehemently, and Uma told us her plan.

The public meeting had given her the idea, she said. Passive resistance. If Gandhiji could fast to make his will felt, she could too. She would refuse to eat until her parents gave in. Uma lowered her lashes over her great dark eyes. A dimple crept in and out of her cheek, and she said demurely, "Don't you think I'm a good disciple of Gandhiji?"

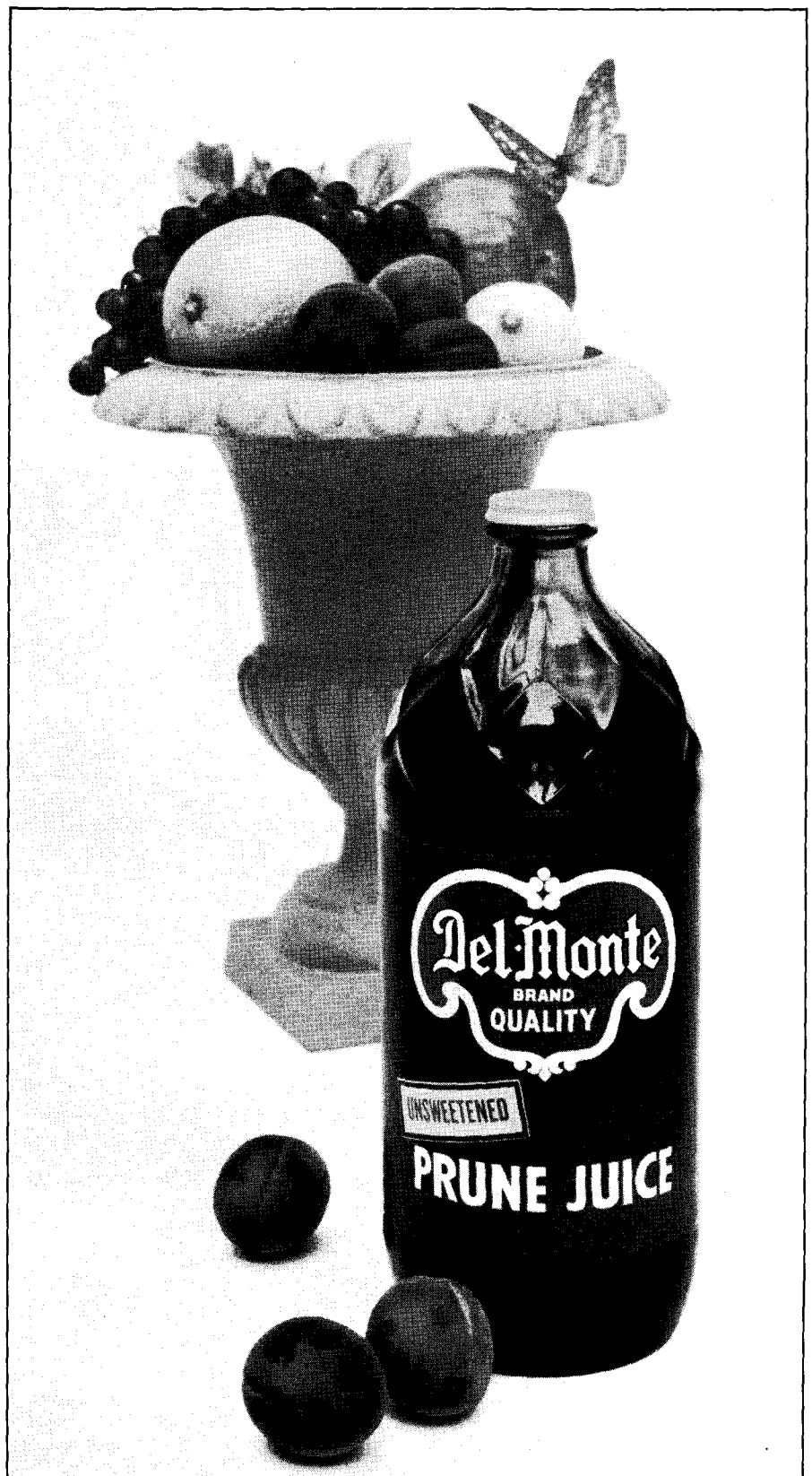
We stared at her, awed. Youngest Uncle could not even smile. "Yes, you are," he said slowly. "More than you realize. And I believe you could do it too. What strength there is behind that gentleness of yours! But I couldn't let you, Uma. I couldn't let you starve."

"You won't be there to prevent me," she reminded him, still demure.

While they gazed into one another's eyes for the next ten minutes I could hardly restrain myself from shouting my jubilation to Grandmother: They've heard him too, Grandmother—they've heard him even if they're young! But even as I thought this I knew I could not speak of it—because it was their secret. So I kept my mouth shut—and realized that I, too, had changed. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I like it—it's full of hate."



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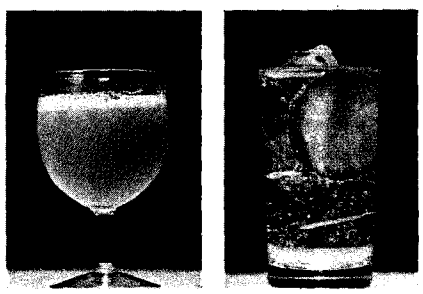
A KIND WORD for DRINK

AMERICAN DRINKING HABITS HAVE IMPROVED CONSIDERABLY SINCE THE DAYS WHEN EVEN BABIES GOT THEIR TOT OF RUM

By Joe David Brown



Whether we were introduced to drink in back alleys or in speakeasies which flourished more or less openly in the larger cities, there is no denying that prohibition did in some way or another sear the collective psyche of the whole generation which today very largely runs the affairs and sets the moral tone for the country. But, everything considered, we have recovered amazingly well. For one thing, Americans long ago disproved the old theory that prohibition had produced a whole breed of excessive and boorish drinkers. For a brief period after the national bottle was first legally uncorked back in 1933 it did seem we might be embarking on an epic binge. But we soon settled down, presumably after everyone discovered, as the tired old joke went, that distilleries and breweries also were turning out the stuff at night.

Actually our drinking habits are getting better all the time. Nowadays not only do we consume less liquor than many European countries which supposedly have a tradition of gracious tippling, but there seems to be little basis for the notion that Europeans hold their liquor better than we do. Americans do get plastered, of course, and anyone who lives abroad long enough soon discovers that they have a genius for making a production of it. I still feel embarrassed on recalling a night when a group of touring U.S. congressmen lurched in and raucously shattered the quiet of an English taproom. I also remember with some embarrassment, but mostly pleasure, how a little middle-aged Midwesterner staggered up to the vain and lofty prime minister of an Asian country, jabbed a finger in his chest and loudly called him the six kinds of a fool he really is.

But most Americans do behave themselves, and when they sit at the same table and drink out of the same bottle with Frenchmen, Englishmen or Italians, they manage to hold up their end very well indeed. Moreover there is no tradition in this country for steady, sustained drinking as there is in, say, France. An ordinary French workman will arise in the morning and have a stiff *effusion* of brandy or Calvados in his coffee. In midmorning he probably will have a couple of glasses of wine. At lunch he and a coworker will share a bottle of wine or he will drink it all by himself. During the afternoon he will pause frequently to tap another bottle of wine, or he may have a few more pegs of Calvados, or go to a nearby bistro for an *apéritif*. As he sits in his kitchen sipping another glass of Calvados and waiting for his supper, which will be accompanied by more wine and followed with a dollop or two of brandy, his face probably is as roseate as a Cézanne landscape. Yet when he sees an American at the local hotel taking a second Martini before dinner, he frequently comments about the barbarous drinking habits of Americans.

Practically nobody any longer accuses Americans of being the world's worst drinkers. This unhappy distinction has passed to the Scandinavians, some Asians and Africans, and practically all the nationalities herded behind the Iron Curtain, especially the Russians. During the short period I lived in Moscow a few years ago, American whiskey was hard to come by, but I still could not resist the performance I knew would follow when I handed my Russian guests a bottle and an ordinary water tumbler. Every single one of them would fill the tumbler almost to the brim and chugalug it empty without pausing for breath. I met only a few Russians who didn't believe the sole purpose for drinking was to get drunk as quickly as possible. Sobering-up stations are standard facilities in most large Soviet cities, and while Khrushchev and other leaders occasionally have grumbled about the high consumption of vodka, authorities take a lenient view of drunkenness.

While Americans generally may be handling their liquor better, it is assumed that they are drinking more than ever before, since the total amount of alcohol consumed in the U.S. has increased slightly each year since 1946. Actually, the adult population as a whole has increased slightly and the percentage of adults who drink also has risen, and so a case can be made that individually we drink less. But statistics can be coaxed into proving anything, and while individual Americans may be drinking somewhat less, perhaps the only figures worth considering are that at present each year we are consuming some 234 million gallons of spirits, mostly whiskey, gin and vodka; about three billion gallons of beer, and around 500 million gallons of wine. These figures look staggering, for a fact. To bring them into perspective they often are broken down on a per capita basis to show that the average adult American's daily tipple amounts to considerably less than one shot of hard liquor, a bit more than half a pint of beer, and only enough wine to half fill a small wineglass.

This breakdown is accurate, but can be more misleading than informative. In the first place, there probably is no American who is eccentric enough to consume his exact daily per capita quota or who even cares what it is. But the breakdown's worst fault is that it ignores teetotalers, an impressive one third of the population, and it makes no provisions for alcoholics and heavy drinkers who get more than their fair share of the national bottle. The overall consumption figures do prove that as a people we are moderate drinkers, consuming a bit less than some countries and a bit more than others, but on the whole drinking less than the European average. Furthermore, compared with other periods in our history we are marvelously abstemious. The per capita adult consumption of hard liquor today, for example, is about 2.2 gallons a year. Back in 1860, when surplus income was only a fraction of what it is now, it was 2.86 gallons and, in 1810, it was an astounding 4.7 gallons.

The most intemperate period in American history began in the decade before the Revolution and lasted for some 80 or 90 years. In most communities "The good creature of God," as liquor was called in some colonial laws, not only was considered as salutary as vitamins are today but rated every bit as much of a necessity as bread. Rum was the popular drink, and men, women, and growing children took a dram every few hours if they could afford it. Even babies were quieted with doses of rum, often laced with opium, and the occasional teetotaler was considered a crackpot. Workmen usually received part of their wages in rum or some other potent liquor, and work agreements

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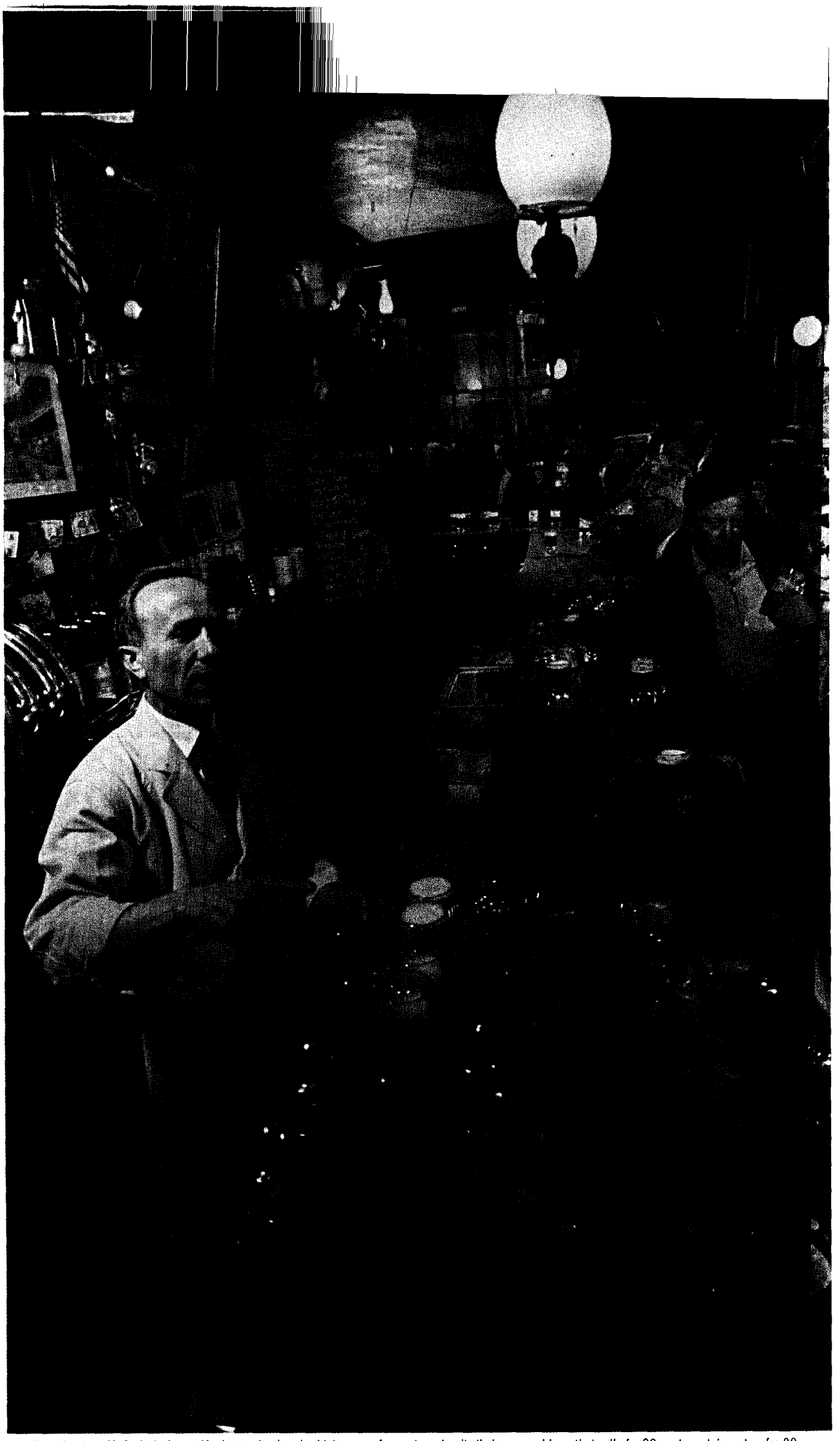
Cocktails lure ladies to New York's Hotel Plaza.

Photographs by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

with their employers stipulated that they would be given a certain number of days off "to get drunk." No farmer could expect to keep hired hands unless he dispensed liberal tots of rum at regular intervals. Offices and business establishments set the precedent for today's coffee break by closing down each morning at 11 o'clock so employees could relax over a drink, commonly called 'Leven o'clock Bitters. Nobody seems to have drunk more during this period than clergymen, and the ministry was regarded as a hard-drinking calling, about like the newspaper or advertising business today.

Few Americans seem to be aware that their ancestors were such rumpots, but most wouldn't hesitate an instant if asked to name the most temperate, the happiest and most relaxed period in our history. In popular imagination it lies somewhere within those three or four decades immediately preceding World War I. Those were the days that brought to full bloom that cozy and magnificent institution, the saloon, with swinging doors, sawdust on the floor, resplendent mahogany bars, lavish free lunches and nickel beer. In those days before radio and TV, good saloons had a news ticker and so were the best place in town to get the latest sporting news, betting odds and election returns. It was strictly a masculine domain, and if women came in at all they had to use the family entrance and sit in a secluded back room. During the World Series, or on days when there was a championship fight or an election, the old saloon was the busiest place in town. Barkeeps worked feverishly pulling schooners of beer or pouring 10- and 15-cent whiskeys, and a crowd of kids lay on their bellies on the sidewalk outside, peering under the swinging doors to see results on the blackboard.

Alas, the trouble with remembering such saloons is that they give a false picture of the era. They did sometimes exist, all right, from Brooklyn to New Orleans and from Baltimore to San Francisco. They were the best all-round clubs the ordinary American male has ever had. But good saloons always were in the minority, and during the period from the late 1880's to 1917, the exact era most



Beer flows freely at McSorley's, Lower Manhattan landmark which serves free onions, hardboiled eggs and beer that sells for 20 cents a stein or two for 30.

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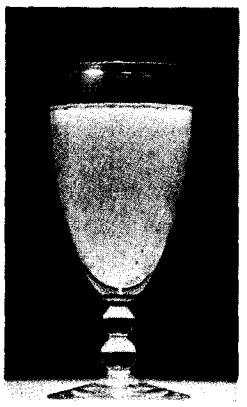

SOME ARCHAEOLOGISTS BELIEVE THAT MAN ACTUALLY DISCOVERED BEER BEFORE HE FOUND FIRE.

people fondly imagine was so glorious, the hard fact is that the saloon as an institution was a noisome disgrace. For every clean and decently run saloon that dispensed uncut liquor, news and good fellowship, there were literally thousands of dingy dives that stank of filth and stale beer, had broken furniture and served adulterated rotgut every bit as bad as the booze later gulped during prohibition. The country had three to five times as many saloons as it needed to supply its legitimate needs, and outside the large cities good saloons were exceedingly scarce. In many towns respectable women would go blocks out of their way to avoid passing a saloon. Even the liquor trade was disgusted with saloons. An official of the Wisconsin Brewers' Association described retail liquor dealers as "bums and beggars, not fit to associate with yellow dogs." *The Wholesalers and Retailers Review*, a powerful trade organ, said saloons, with few exceptions, were "houses of drunken men, profanity and obscenity of the vilest possible type." To this day not a single state permits a retail liquor outlet to call itself a saloon.

The most obvious conclusion to be drawn from a study of the history of drinking in this country is that *these* are really the good old days. This is a particularly praiseworthy achievement when one considers that such a bizarre and contradictory patchwork of laws governs the sale of alcoholic beverages in the 50 states that it is perfectly plain that the country as a whole has never agreed on what constitutes good drinking habits. One of the few points on which all states do agree is that minors should not be allowed to purchase alcohol, but some consider that adulthood starts at 18 and others put the age at 21. In many major cities an adult can walk into a bar, put his foot on a rail and order anything he pleases. But until recently in Washington, the nation's capital, he could order only wine and beer at a bar and had to perch on a bar stool to drink it. If he decided to switch to hard liquor he had to move to a table to be served. Even today if some friends come in and he decides to join their table, he is forbidden to carry his own drink over but must summon a waiter to perform this service. There are no longer any dry states, but scattered throughout all states within that vast, populous area still loosely identified as the Bible Belt is a staggering number of bone-dry counties. It is commonly believed that these counties are the last refuge of the bootlegger but this is not the case. With Federal and state taxes adding about $13 on the average to every gallon of legal liquor, moonshiners and bootleggers manage to do a flourishing cut-rate business almost everywhere.

It is almost impossible to find anyone who doesn't complain that our liquor laws are an incomprehensible mess. Certainly strict regulation left in the hands of a band of political hacks, as in New York, can result in a sour mash of corruption. But, if our improved drinking habits are considered, the liquor laws must work a great deal better than most people realize.

If there has been any one widespread and significant change in drinking habits during the last few years, it is that we are drinking smoother and less ardent drinks. In sophisticated drinking areas this trend is reflected in a vogue for ordering everything from Martinis to white wine on the rocks. In areas where drinking is more of a sometime thing, the trend is toward longer, lighter or sweeter drinks. Serious drinkers may wince at the idea of aged Scotch or bourbon being mixed with ginger ale or a cola, but it is done over wide areas of the country.

"When I first opened this place," the owner of a famous Manhattan bar that started as a speakeasy recalled recently, "we kept three kinds of liquor behind the bar—Scotch, rye and gin. The Scotch and rye tasted pretty much alike, and it probably did come out of the same tub, except the Scotch had a little less burnt sugar to color it and maybe a drop or two of iodine to give it flavor. God only knows what the gin tasted like. It smelled like those white tablets we use in the men's room. Anyway, nobody ever asked for a mixed drink, not that it would've done any good, and 99 out of 100 people drank their liquor straight and chased it with water. Now look behind that bar. We got maybe two, three dozen kinds of liquor, and the worst stuff we carry is better than the best stuff we had during prohibition. But except for a few guys who come in with the shakes now and then, we don't have any straight drinkers."

Drunkenness has become less and less socially acceptable in recent years, but not everybody believes this is simply because we have acquired greater wisdom or learned from sad experience. Some sociologists have theorized that the real reason is that we have become a conformist society and getting tanked is strictly nonconformist behavior. A few psychologists have declared that it is because we have become increasingly security-minded and people are afraid that if they get drunk and do something silly or outrageous they may lose their jobs or a chance at promotion. And, as always when man improves himself, a certain number of people claim it all is due to the gentle, civilizing influence of women. There may be some truth in this. An increasing number of women have started drinking since the war, and though it might be expected that they would be influenced by the drinking habits of their husbands, it has often been the other way around. A husband may drink his liquor straight or splashed with branch water when he's out with the boys, but he shows a definite tendency to follow the lead of his wife and order a weak cocktail or a long, mild or sweet drink when he's drinking with her.

By and large, women also drink much more temperately than men, but there are exceptions. As one veteran barkeeper said, "Sure, women drink less than men, but, brother, I'd rather have a dozen guys drunk in my place than one loaded dame. They're poison—ask anybody."

There probably are dozens of reasons why Americans have developed better drinking habits, but one big factor, frequently overlooked, is that in the last dozen years or so a whole new group of quiet, stable, well-behaved middle-class citizens have accepted drinking as a social custom. They don't get drunk any more than they break traffic laws, fight policemen or let their children play hooky from school. There is a tremendous number of these new drinkers, and many of them come from nondrinking families.

The devilish business

Nevertheless a great many of these new drinkers suffer from the belief that while liquor may be legal, drinking still is *per se* a sort of devilish business. People who nurse residual guilt feelings while drinking almost always adopt a roguish and immature approach to drinking. Such postures frequently lead to unhappy scenes. Probably nothing would banish this old unhealthy legacy quite so quickly as to have people with influence now and again say a few kind words about drink.

Alcoholism is a serious social problem and it would be a grave mistake even to try to minimize the harm it does. But alcoholism has nothing to do with wise and moderate drinking. On the contrary, no cure has yet been found to enable an alcoholic to drink moderately. All experts agree that an alcoholic must give up drinking completely to find himself. Of more than 70 million Americans over 21 who drink, fortunately 86 percent of them never have drinking problems of any kind. Of the remaining 14 percent, or about 10 million, another 4.1 million are not classified as alcoholics but are considered heavy drinkers; that is, they take on the average 6½ shot glasses of liquor a day. Some heavy drinkers do become alcoholics, but a great many of them do not. Man has always been inclined to berate alcohol for the trouble it has caused him. He seldom admits that it is he who abuses alcohol instead of the other way around. Liquor is only the physiological cause of alcoholism; the real cause is an alcoholic's obsessive desire to escape and if liquor were not readily available he undoubtedly would find something else. Besides, man has enjoyed alcoholic beverages for countless centuries, and some archaeologists believe he discovered beer before fire.

The kindest and most authoritative words that have been spoken for drink in many years came out of a symposium on drinking which a group of physicians, psychiatrists, sociologists and biochemists held in 1961 at the University of California School of Medicine. Their conclusion was that alcohol is the safest, most available tranquilizer mankind has. The cocktail party, in particular, was singled out for praise by an Italian doctor who said that every man must have periods when he can be inefficient and relax and recharge his batteries. He saw no particular harm if now and again a man took a couple of drinks too many, because, as he explained, "Inebriety, from its mildest manifestations to the extremes of stupor, is only an alcohol-induced form of inefficiency at the wrong time, the wrong place, and for the wrong reasons."

The pleasant ritual of having drinks before dinner was praised by an American pharmacologist, Dr. Chauncey D. Leake. "Use of alcoholic drinks at the end of an emotionally grueling day may have a real civilizing effect on the overtense, overwrought, overanxious and overirritable husband seeking rest and peace in his home," he said, adding: "A couple of drinks perform wonders in helping husbands and wives to feel more tolerant and understanding of each other."

Dr. William Dock, a medical professor, was particularly outspoken on alcohol's behalf as an all-round therapeutic agent. "We seem," he said, "to have a nihilistic attitude toward a chemical which is a proved diuretic, a stimulant of gastric secretions, a dilater of blood vessels and, above all, has an action on the mind which by varying doses and rate of ingestion can bring either cheerful bustle or profound anesthesia." Doctor Dock urged doctors to prescribe a daily alcohol ration for the aged and to use it more often to comfort the dying. If some people drink too much, many old people drink too little, he said. "The carefree attitude derived from alcohol, so dangerous for the automobile driver," he said, "is most helpful for the aging parents of normally ungrateful children, for the man or woman with failing senses or vital organs, with dying contemporaries and a narrowing circle of friends."

The symposium's final conclusion was that alcohol when used judiciously can smooth out a great many rough passages in life. And what is judicious use? One doctor set the limits precisely. When a lady has .05 of 1 percent of alcohol in her blood stream, about 1½ moderately strong highballs, she is delightful and desirable, he said. If she takes three drinks and gets one tenth of 1 percent of alcohol in her blood she is daring and devilish. At the two-tenths percent mark she is dangerous and disheveled; at the four-tenths mark she is delirious and disgusting; at six-tenths dead drunk, and at seven-tenths percent just dead. THE END

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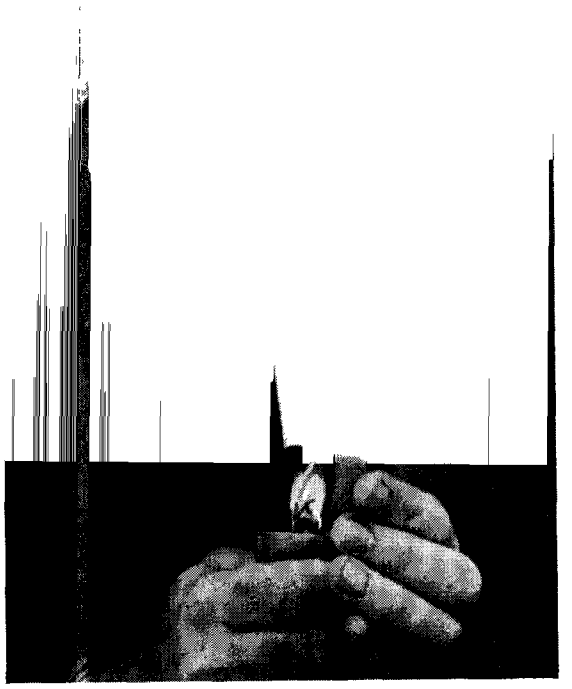
There's a man's world of flavor in



Marlboro Country

You've got flavor in hand here. It comes from Marlboro's rich breed of tobaccos in that one and only Richmond, Va., recipe. The Selectrate® Filter tames that flavor, but it doesn't break its spirit. Settle back in Marlboro Country. You get a lot to like.

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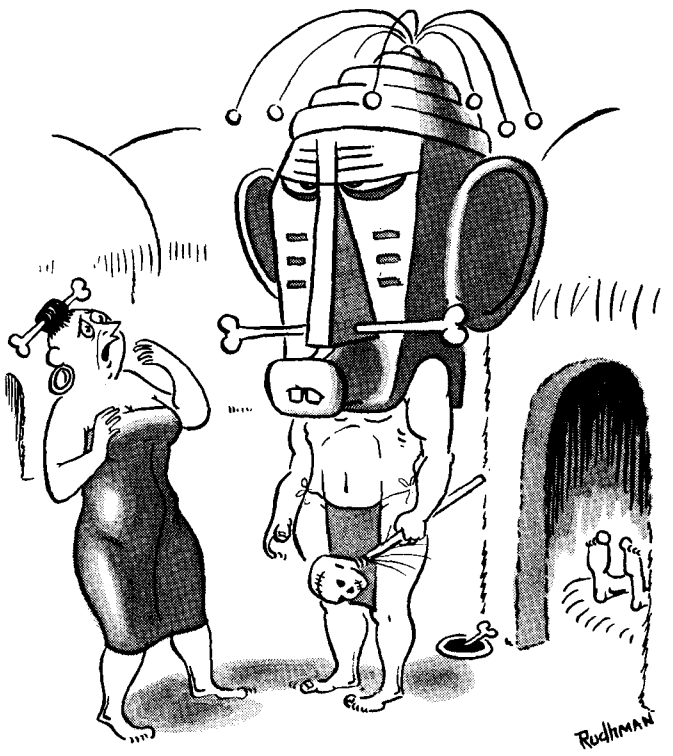
post scripts

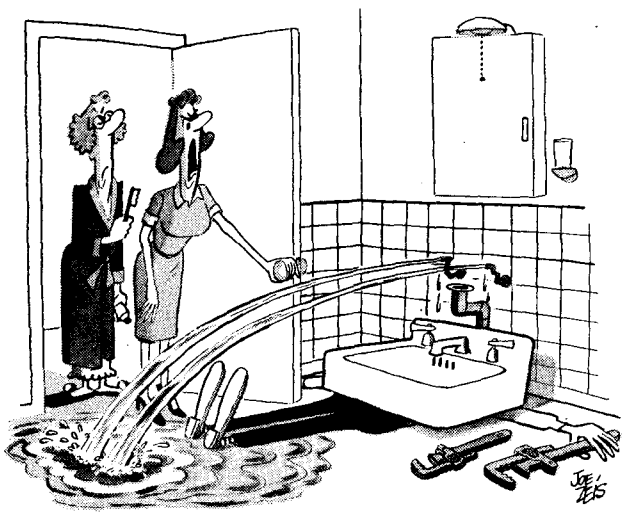
"If you say upsy-daisy just one more time . . !"



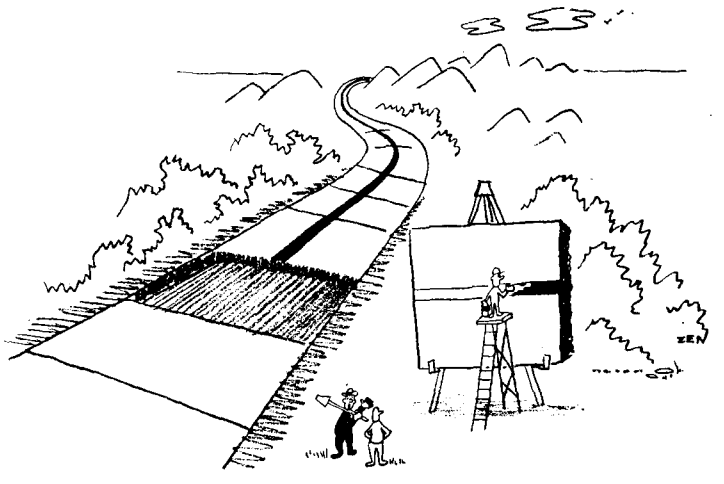
"It's bad news, isn't it, doctor? I can see it in your face."

TELL ME, DOCTOR — LILJA ROGERS

When programs with a rare artistic sheen
Are scheduled for the television screen
And I have eagerly turned on my set,
It's masochists and murderers I get—
I have the right hour, on a bygone date
Or else the right day, but an hour late.
Though consciously I seek the best in life,
Am I at heart the moll of Mack the Knife?



"Harold—mother wants to brush her teeth."



"Are you sure we hired the right painter?"

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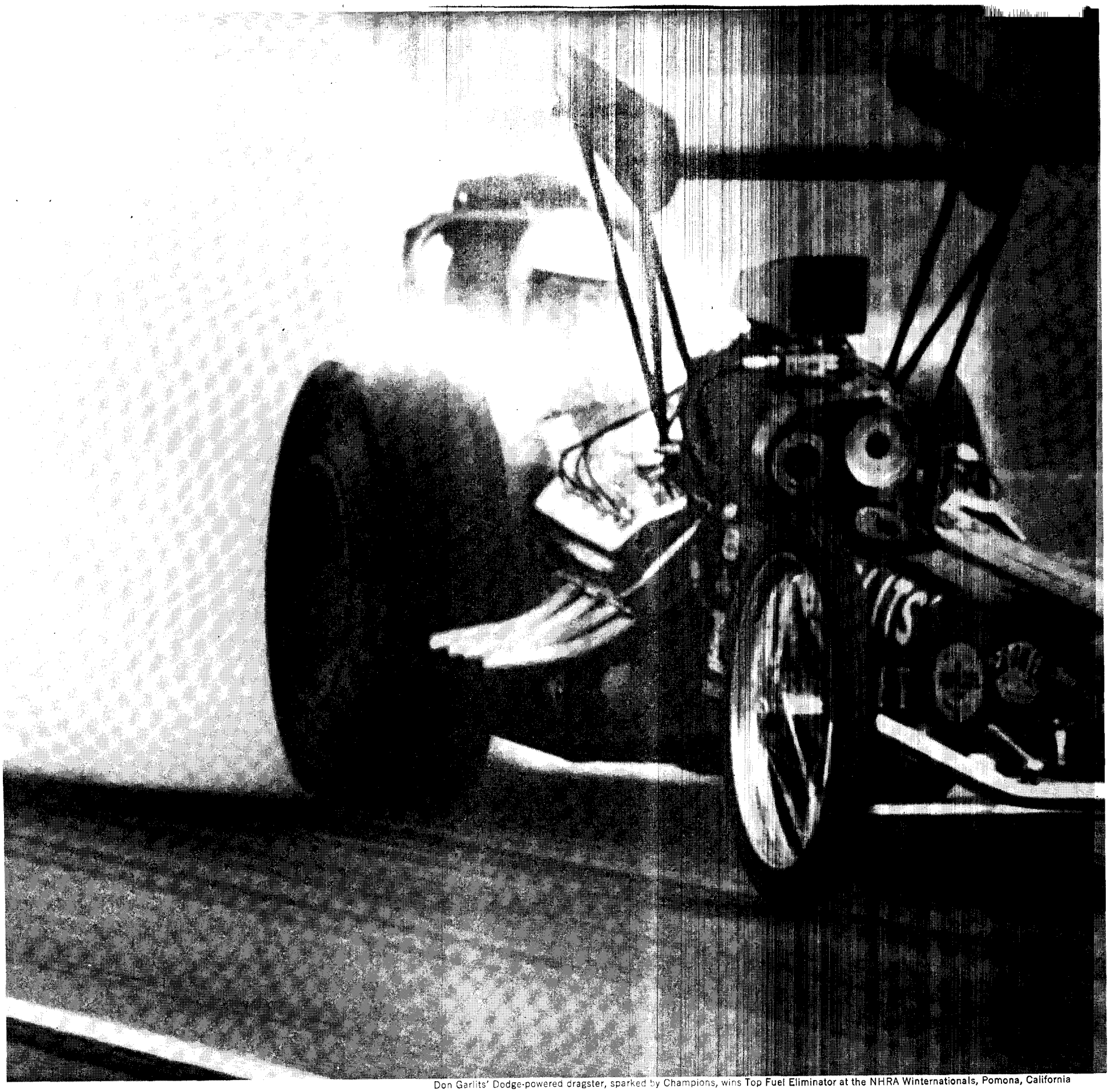
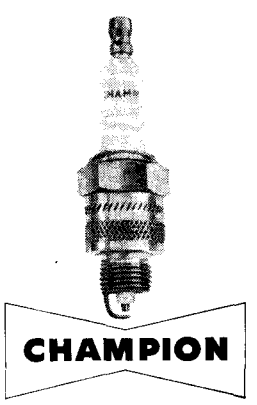


Don Garlits' Dodge-powered dragster, sparked by Champions, wins Top Fuel Eliminator at the NHRA Winternationals, Pomona, California

The overwhelming majority of men who design, build or race engines use Champion spark plugs. Why settle for less in your car?



P.S. New Champions can give you 26% more power—instantly!

If you've driven 10,000 miles or more without a spark plug change, a new set of Champions will give you a big increase in power—instantly! Extensive tests by Automotive Research Associates prove that the average increase is 26.8%. Now's the time to get a tune-up and new Champions—before you start out on those long summer trips. You'll get more power . . . better gas mileage, too!

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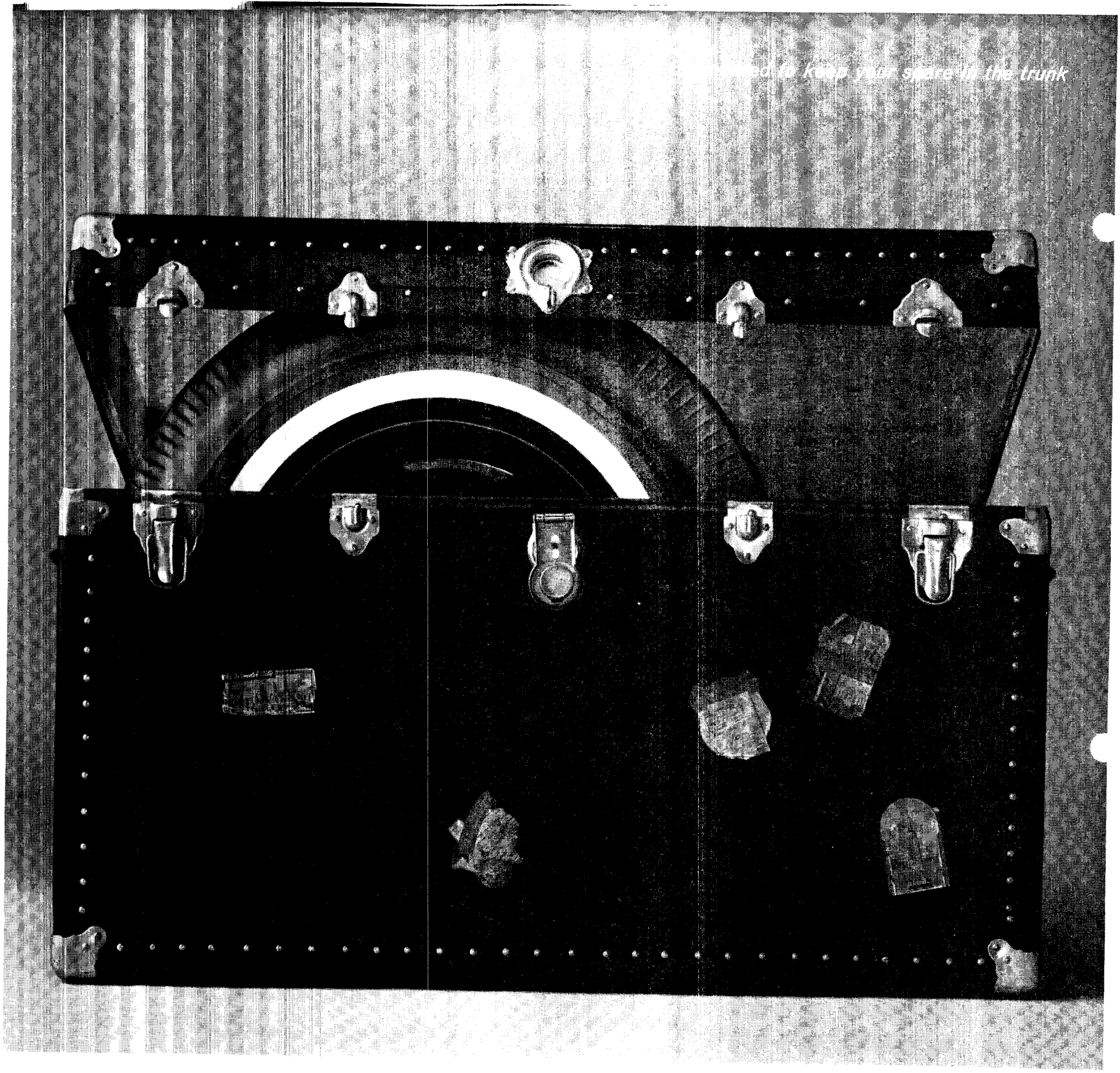

New U. S. Royals are engineered to keep your spare in the trunk

Wherever you drive, the road challenges the strength of your tires. Terrific heat, relentless shock, constant wear—these are the hazards your tires must measure up to, if your spare is to stay in the trunk. That's why it's good to know you have new U.S. Royals on your car. These tires are made with CVC™, a patented new bonding process which adds strength to resist the intense heat, shock and wear you subject your tires to every day. For extra mileage, it's always smart to rotate your spare with the rest of your tires, but its place is in the trunk. And new U.S. Royals are engineered to keep it there.

U. S. ROYAL® TIRES US RUBBER

IN CANADA, DOMINION ROYAL TIRES

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For nearly a million legally blind youngsters and adults

life is a dark shadow, a night that never ends.

But a new science is helping many, like the boy who shouted

MOM! MOM! I CAN SEE!

Life for seven-year-old Stephen was a murky blur, an exasperating blur that made him alternately withdrawn and obstreperous. Stephen had only 4 percent vision, not enough to permit him to read, or play ball or other games. A skinny, tousled, high-strung kid, he rarely mingled with other youngsters. He seldom smiled. He lived in a fantasy world of his own, a highly unsatisfactory world.

Because he was considered legally blind, no regular school near his Connecticut home would enroll him, and he fought so bitterly against a Braille school that he wound up going to no school at all.

One day his mother took the boy to a clinic for the partially sighted. To Stephen it meant just one more in an endless round of eye examinations, and he objected violently. But the doctors finally overcame his resistance and fitted him for a very special pair of glasses.

Reluctantly Stephen let them place the lenses before his eyes. He grudgingly looked, stiffened with amazement, then leaped out of his chair and began to dance around the room. "Mom! Mom!" he yelled. "I can see! I can really see!"

He dashed over and looked intently at his mother's face and smiled. He peered closely at the pictures on the wall. Then he suddenly remembered something and began to prance around again.

"The circus! The circus! Let's go to the circus tomorrow. I want to see the monkeys better, and the people on the flying trapeze, and the clowns. Last time I couldn't see very much at all. But I can see fine, now. I really can."

He sat down again, and began to pour out his long pent-up hopes. "I want to go to a real baseball game," he said. "Maybe I can even play."

That was a year ago. Today with a pair of "microscopic" glasses for reading and a pair of "telescopic" lenses for distance, Stephen has opened door after door into a wholly new life. Gone are his tantrums and his shyness. He has enrolled in a regular school, has made friends there. He plays soccer and dodge ball and can run as fast as other boys. Science fascinates him and, with new-found stars in his eyes, he says he's going to be an astrophysicist.

What are these magic lenses that have transformed an unhappy, withdrawn little boy into a youngster who can look the world in the face, see it and enjoy it?

They are the product of a burgeoning new science that has battled technical obstacles and professional skepticism for more than 10 years. Ground to incredibly exacting standards, these lenses may lift the gray curtain from the eyes of many of an estimated million children and adults classed as legally blind or "hard-of-seeing." The ingenious seeing aids include small, flat, telescopic inserts for the upper part of the spectacles, and microscopic inserts for close-up work. Some are two lenses with a sealed air space between.

The special glasses permit a person who is almost blind to thread a needle or read a book printed in fine type. By tilting his head to put his "telescopes" in line, he can watch TV or the movies and recognize friends across the room.

In 41 low-vision rehabilitation clinics that have sprung up across the United States, thousands of people have been putting on these special glasses and freeing themselves from what one patient calls "living in a long night."

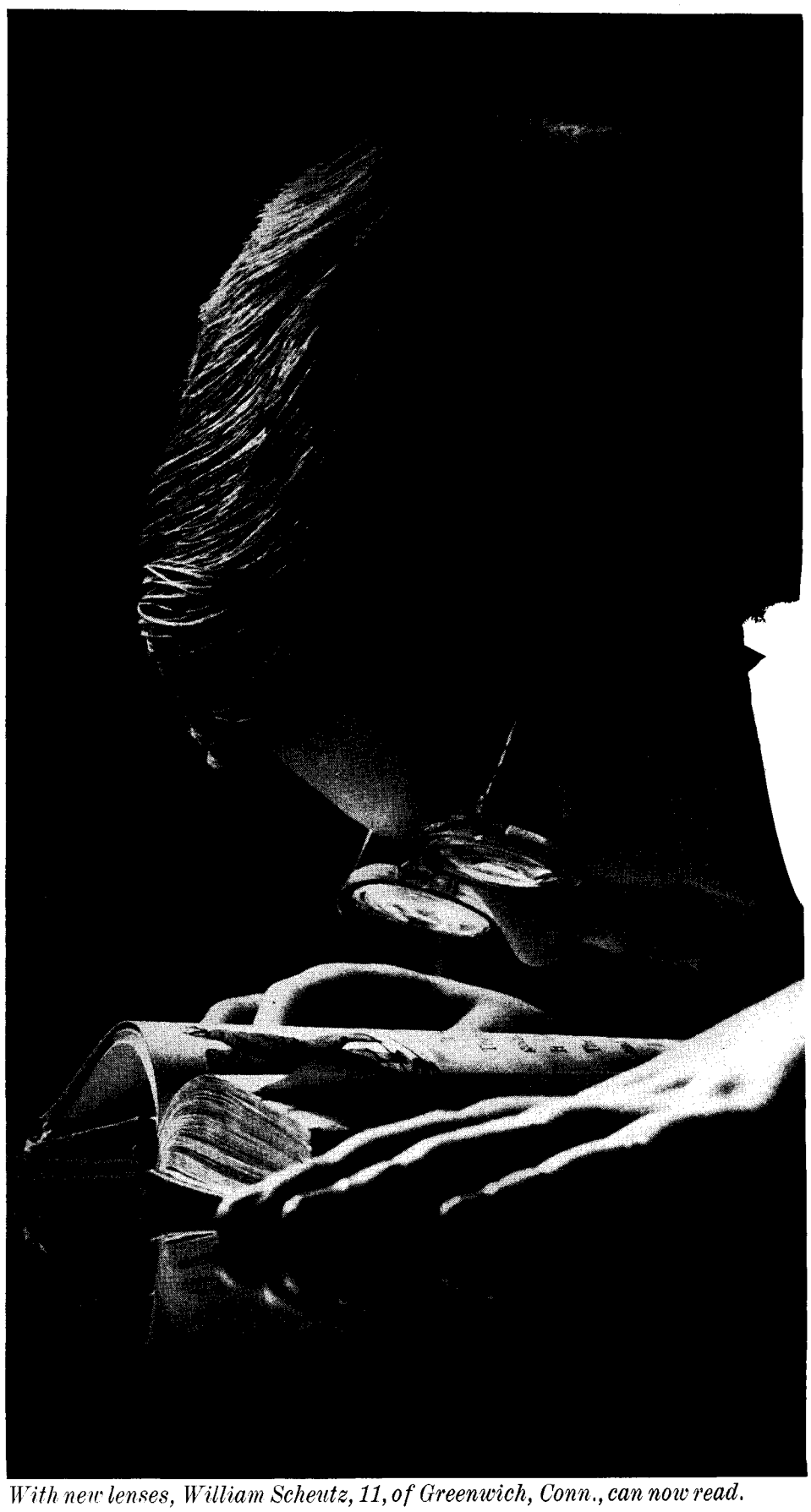
An estimated 50,000 now use them, and about 15,000 new wearers a year are being rescued from a shadow world.

These are the people who cannot read newspapers even with conventional glasses. They include the legally blind, with 10 percent vision or less (rated by eye specialists as 20/200 in the best eye, even with normal glasses, which means that at 20 feet they can just see what the normal eye can identify at 200 feet). Also in this group are the industrially blind, who have 25 percent vision and can't hold jobs requiring close work. Because Americans are living longer, and more and more elderly people are being hit by deteriorating diseases, such as diabetes, which affect the eyes, the number of partially sighted continues to increase.

The puzzling and disturbing point is that the new developments in optical aids have been so slow in reaching the people who need them desperately.

"Until lately many people with low vision simply believed they were beyond help," explained Dr. G. Peter Halberg, associate clinical professor of ophthalmology at New York Medical College and research director on glaucoma, a common cause of blindness. "Ophthalmologists raised in another era would tell them, 'Just put up with it.' The average eye specialist of a decade ago did almost nothing to help patients with 20/200 vision or less."

The basic concepts for the high-powered spectacles are not new. Back in the 1920's Dr. Alfred Kestenbaum, a Viennese ophthalmologist transplanted to New York, worked with linen testers (lenses used to count textile threads). He wired a pair of linen testers (two lenses for each eye) to a spectacle frame and called them "mikroglasses." They magnified, but they were ugly and cumbersome, and few people were willing to wear them. From time to time other experimenters have tinkered around and come up with similar innovations. Like Kestenbaum's, they were objectionable to most



With new lenses, William Scheutz, 11, of Greenwich, Conn., can now read.

By THEODORE IRWIN

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Dr. William Feinbloom tests special lenses that lift the gray curtain for the near-blind.

"I CAN SEE!"

"Now, for the first time, I could read a bedtime story to my daughter."

hard-of-seeing people, who are sensitive about their appearance and reject anything that makes them look like men from Mars with "headlight eyes."

One persistent trailblazer in this field is Dr. William Feinbloom of New York, an optometrist and optical researcher whose fertile mind and basement workshop have brought forth a total of 20 lens systems over the past 30 years. For his first seeing-aid glasses, designed for a New York businessman who was almost stone-blind, Doctor Feinbloom received a papal blessing. The patient had become a convert to Catholicism and had made a pilgrimage, contributing funds to various shrines.

Since then, as Doctor Feinbloom has introduced a variety of improved and refined spectacles, with greater clarity and broader fields of vision, word of his work has spread. From all over the world, patients have beaten a path to his door, opening into a modest brownstone in mid-Manhattan. His lenses are also prescribed by other practitioners.

For half the patients appearing in his office, Doctor Feinbloom concedes he cannot be of help. "They are an emotional disappointment to me," he says. "But while I can't help them, I see what is necessary, and I learn by my failures."

Many eye specialists maintain that a person who cannot count his fingers at arm's length is not a good candidate for seeing aids. Says Doctor Halberg: "If a large part of the central retina is completely destroyed, if vision is so bad that a person can see only a change of light, he should not expect help from any of these devices." The legally blind, therefore, should beware of false hopes.

Hundreds of thousands *can* benefit, however. Dr. Dan M. Gordon of Cornell Medical Center and Charles Ritter of the American Foundation for the Blind prepared a report in which they assert, "One should never abandon any individual as hopeless until he has been given one or more fair trials with low-vision aids."

The seeing-aid program in the U.S. really got moving only about 10 years ago with the opening of the first optical-aids clinic at the Industrial Home for the Blind, in Brooklyn. By then a variety of devices was appearing on the market. Doctor Feinbloom's "clear image" lens was one of the main factors in the decision to open the clinic. In fact, the clinic's executive director, Peter J. Salmon, who had been a Braille reader since childhood, wore the new glasses himself.

The experience of the Industrial Home for the Blind sparked centers in other cities, including the Vision Rehabilitation Clinic in Providence, Rhode Island. To this clinic came an ebullient young insurance salesman named William J. Ralston Jr. Now 35, he became almost blind when he was 10 years old, and has only 1 percent vision. Although he is successful at his job, he had gone through life in a gray shadow, having his letters and the newspapers read to him by his wife or secretary. Ralston could not read street or bus signs.

When a pair of magnifier glasses was slipped into place, his jaw dropped in amazement. Then he exploded: "Oh, my God, look what I can see!"

The eye chart was a vision of brilliance. He gazed at it with an enraptured smile. "After all these years," he said softly. "It's a miracle, the greatest thing that ever happened."

A few minutes later Mr. Ralston phoned his wife. His eyes glistened. "Honey," he said excitedly, "I'm coming home to see what you really look like."

Now, with two pairs of the high-powered spectacles—one for reading and one for distance—Bill Ralston pores over the fine print of his insurance policies. He can catch the changing expression on a prospect's face. He can press the right elevator button, go bowling, play golf.

"I got the biggest kick out of my new glasses," he said, "when, for the first time, I read a bedtime story to my little daughter."

Homework on a computer

Designing and fashioning the special lenses for people like Bill Ralston has been a tricky, painstaking process. Tall, gray, restless Doctor Feinbloom has spent most of his career at it. He knew the devices could not be too bulky, heavy or unattractive, lest they stigmatize the wearer as a "freak." To keep down the weight and size he switched from glass to clear plastics, but he still tries out many types of glass also. Confronted with a patient whose eye problem cannot be solved by any of the existing types of lenses, he takes careful measurement of the vision, works at home in the evenings with a desk computer. Feinbloom arrives at the optical geometry necessary to produce the desired correction and then transfers the operation to the workshop in the basement below his office.

Here, with lathes and other power equipment, he turns out the grinding tools with which he can shape the lenses. When the grinding is finished, Doctor Feinbloom tests the lenses on an optical bench which passes a beam of light through the lens and permits him to examine a focused image with a microscope. So exacting are the requirements that the lens thickness and curvature must be accurate to within a millionth of an inch.

Many of the lenses are doublets, two pieces of glass mounted with a sealed air space between. Others are bioptic or trioptic forms. The bioptic contains a miniature telescopic unit inserted in the upper part of the lens, permitting distant vision when the wearer lowers his head slightly. The trioptic adds a microscopic unit in the lower part for close work. The trioptic is thus analogous to the familiar trifocal lenses. Cost of the spectacles ranges from a low of $20 at clinics to $400 at some private practitioners'.

To design and produce a new type of lens takes from 40 to 200 hours of Doctor Feinbloom's time. Many standardized patterns are now available through a dozen optical companies, but every patient must be carefully examined.

The visual deficit suffered by these patients is caused by the destruction of several million of the six to eight million rods and cones of the retina. On these specialized nerve endings falls the image of everything the eye looks at. When some are missing the image itself is imperfect, as though seen in a scratched and scaly mirror. The seeing-aid lenses aim to enlarge the image, permitting more units to take part in picking it up and transmitting it, over the nerves, to the brain.

A controversial figure, Feinbloom is sometimes criticized by ophthalmologists, chiefly because of the newspaper attention he receives whenever he introduces a new device. Part of the antagonism can be attributed to the traditional hassle between ophthalmologists (M.D.'s) and optometrists, who are not physicians but may supply glasses on their own prescriptions. Feinbloom, 58, is an optometrist, a graduate of the School of Optometry of Columbia University. He also has a Ph.D. from Columbia and is a member of Sigma Xi, the leading scientific fraternity.

The medical profession contends that only ophthalmologists should treat eye disorders medically. On the other hand, leading optometrists, such as Dr. George Hellinger, of the pioneering Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn, maintain that optometrists who understand optics can often benefit a near-blind person when surgery and medicine have failed.

"Medicine is interested in curative processes, and low-vision lenses are not cures," Doctor Feinbloom points out. "In that sense the lenses, as appliances, are not part of the medical domain, so some ophthalmologists say they can't be any good. I feel the near-blind everywhere should know about these aids, through the press and any other medium."

Regarding Doctor Feinbloom's contributions, Dr. Louise L. Sloan, of the Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute of Johns Hopkins University, recently commented: "For many years he was responsible for keeping alive the only real interest in the low-vision field."

For 62-year-old Mrs. Mary Devlin the incentive to seek special lenses was her grandchildren. "I have five of them," she said before she was fitted, "and I'd like very much to *see* them and know which is which. Up to now I've tried to picture what they look like by touching their faces. But seeing would be so much better." Then she got her glasses, and visits to her grandchildren are far more satisfying events.

Bob Gould of Providence is a husky man of 26, legally blind since birth. He has a congenital nystagmus, a constant motion of the eyes. Two years ago he was fired from a job in a furniture shop because he skipped surface areas while painting a cabinet. To earn a living he had to take a job as a short-order cook in a hotel. When he got his special glasses his vision improved so much that six months later the hotel sent him to take a training course in hotel management. Now he is night manager.

Out of a twilight zone

Absence of sight is such a devastating human lack that reclaiming it, after it has apparently been hopelessly lost, is usually a profound emotional experience. When a retired minister realized he could read his Bible again, he dropped to his knees in the doctor's office and offered up a fervent prayer of gratitude. Some women weep as they view the world we take for granted—a desk, a line of print, the features of a husband's face.

Doctor Feinbloom recalls with special warmth the Cleveland businessman whom he refers to only as Mr. K. In an attempted suicide after business reverses, Mr. K. had shot himself. He lived, but the bullet injured an optic nerve and made him legally blind. For three years after that his loss of sight submerged him in a listless depression. He didn't care what happened to him. His psychiatrist felt that only an improvement in vision could spark an effort toward mental recovery.

In Doctor Feinbloom's office, when Mr. K. hesitantly put on a pair of telescopic spectacles, his hands trembled. Then he let out a gasp. Turning to his wife, he took her hand and whispered in a choked voice, "Dorothy, at last I want to live."

To Feinbloom and other workers for the sightless, their finest reward is in watching the phenomenon of men, women and children emerging from the twilight zone of blindness into a world they've barely seen. THE END

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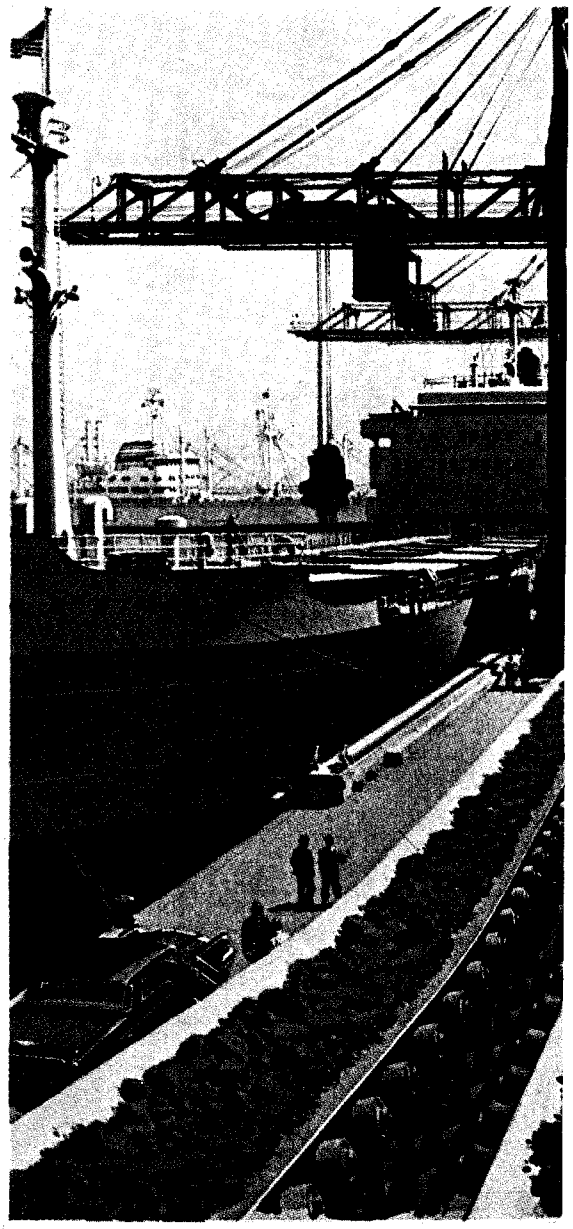
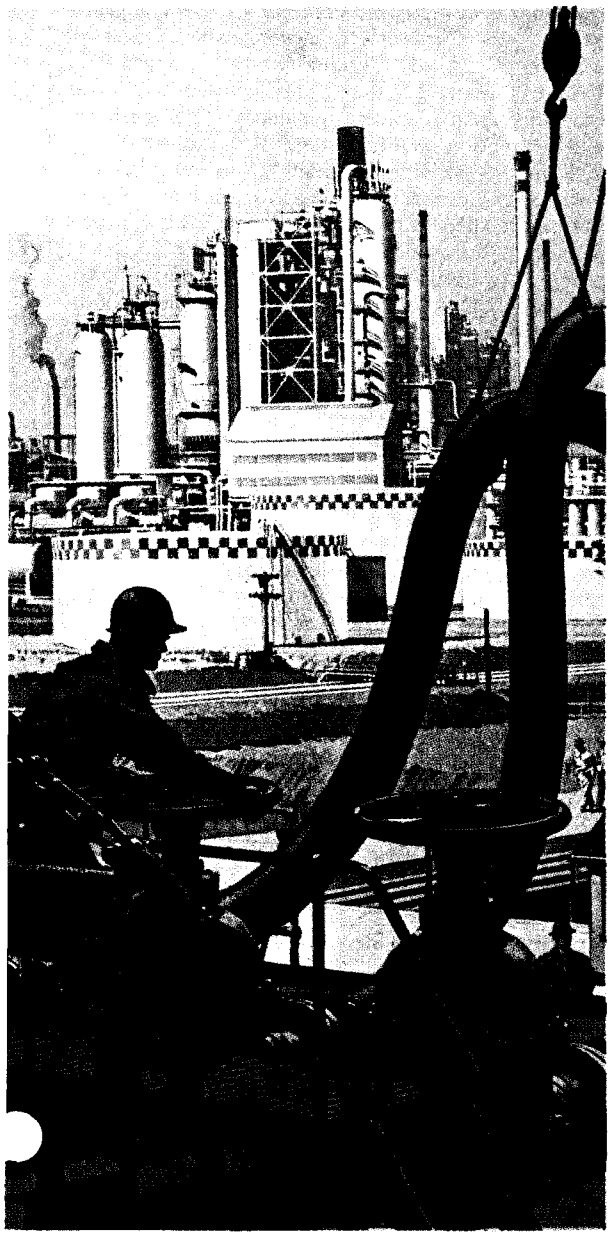
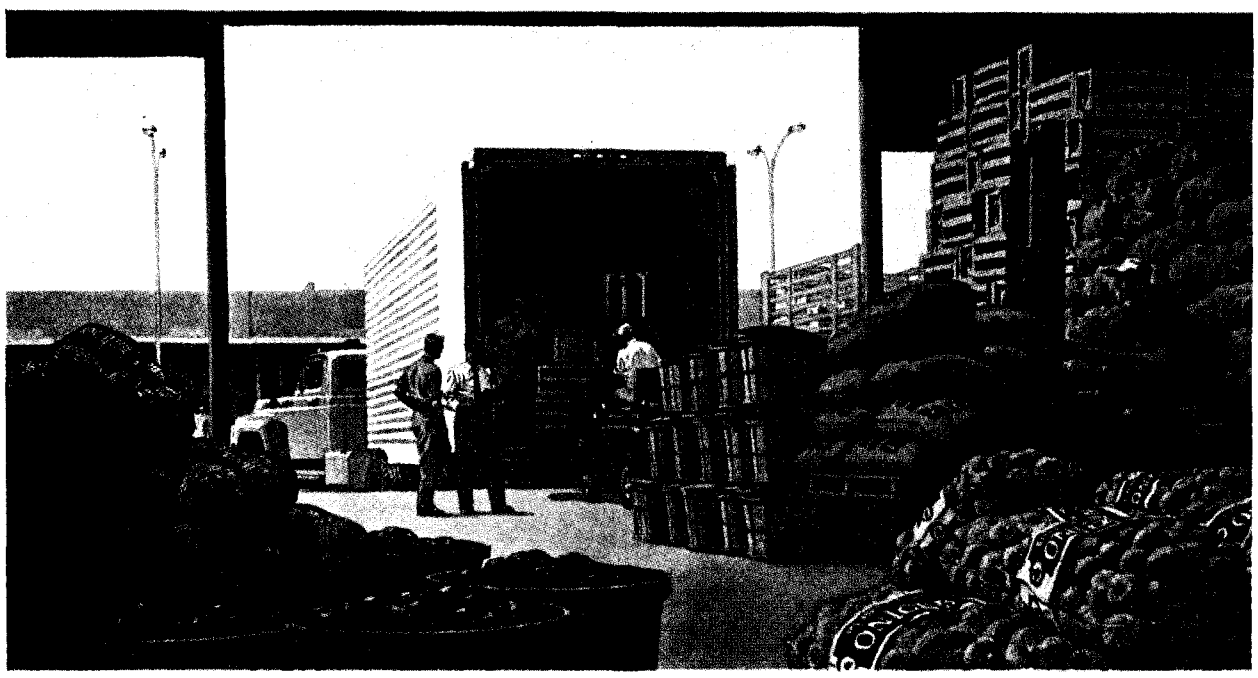
Greater Philadelphia... gateway to raw materials





In Greater Philadelphia, your raw materials are as accessible as your markets. Philadelphia has the nation's fastest growing port, equipped with the most modern cargo-handling facilities, three major railroads with tracks right to dockside, miles of superhighway that lead directly into the heart of the city, and one of today's newest air terminals. Add plenty of skilled labor and an abundance of electrical power and you can see why Philadelphia provides the ideal site for your plant.



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An investor-owned company with more than 100,000 stockholders . . . Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

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Ex-accountant Lynn Townsend put Chrysler in the black.

With a low eerie whistle the new Chrysler Turbine Car flashed into public view last week. Chrysler officials, confident they have made the most dramatic advance since the industry turned from steam to gas, settled back in nervous exultation to gauge public response.

The sound of the whirring blades in the gas-turbine engine is only the audible sign of a radically new automobile that could revolutionize the entire auto and allied industries. If flaws develop, the response from the competition and the public will be "get a piston engine," but Chrysler engineers are certain they have won the fierce contest to produce a practical gas turbine for a passenger car.

The gas-turbine engine will run on any fuel that will flow through a pipe and ignite with air. Diesel and fuel oil, kerosene, white gasoline, Greasy Kid Stuff, moonshine, and presumably even Chanel No. 5 for motorists addicted to conspicuous consumption will work just fine.

Not only will Chrysler's turbine run on cheap fuels but it contains only one fifth as many moving parts as a V-8 and weighs only slightly more than half as much. This could result in considerable savings in operation and maintenance.

Beginning this autumn, Chrysler will turn over to selected drivers 50 turbine cars, at no cost, to be driven and studied for one to three months. In the coming year the company will obtain reactions from between 200 and 400 typical drivers. Their reports will decide, at least for the present, the future of the Turbine Car.

If the answer is "Yes," Chrysler is prepared to provide turbines in volume by 1966 or 1967. A mass-produced turbine could cause a fantastic ripple effect throughout the national economy. For example, a turbine would use about 300 pounds less metal than a conventional V-8. In a sales year such as 1963, this would amount to an aggregate saving of more than 1,000,000 tons of metal. Much of this would be in copper, since the turbine requires no radiator.

The machine-tool industry would also undergo an upheaval. The 300 major parts of a V-8 require a vast diversity and volume of tools to cast, form, grind, drill, punch, slice and polish them for final assembly. The turbine, with only about 60 major parts, would be far simpler and cheaper to produce.

The petroleum industry would be subject to sweeping changes. Demand for motor oil would slacken enormously. There would be no further need for antifreezes, rust inhibitors or special lubricants. Other casualties: pistons, rings, valves, radiators, fan belts and carburetors. Spark-plug sales would plummet—the turbine uses only one plug.

The impact of the turbine, if the industry should convert, would build over a long period—25 to 50 years by Chrysler estimates—so that the effect on the economy would not be convulsive. Even so, the excitement at Chrysler these days is visible. If large numbers of customers start pounding on its door demanding turbine cars, the corporation will reap immense profit. It appears to be at least one, and probably two, years ahead of its competitors in turbine development.

The Chrysler Corporation would achieve this triumph for peanuts, as costs are reckoned in Detroit. Though exact figures are secret, indications are that less than $20,000,000 has gone into turbine development. Thus, even if the turbine flops, Chrysler will not be badly hurt. "We will not, repeat *not*, have another Edsel," said one caustic Chryslerite.

The response from the hard-nosed competition in Detroit has been a scornful back of the hand. Ford's savvy new president, Arjay Miller, points out that Ford, not Chrysler, holds a $5.1 million Army-Navy contract for gas-turbine development. He says: "We think we know more about gas turbines than any other company in the auto business. We think we know its limitations and uses. We think it belongs in trucks. And I think that's all I'll say on that."

Frederic G. Donner, the chairman of General Motors, kisses off turbines for cars even more curtly: "I wouldn't say we'd seen the feasibility of it."

This vinegary exchange is typical of Detroit, where the proper shape of a fender is debated with passion.

But passion aside, many industry observers find it hard to believe that the reaction of Chrysler's two giant competitors is motivated solely by competitive envy. Engineering innovations which look good on the drafting boards or in limited-production models have failed to gain public acceptance in the past. The skeptics will not be convinced until Chrysler is mass-producing turbine autos for a clamoring consumer market. When and if this happened, Chrysler would have the biggest thing going for one company since Henry Ford created mass production. And this success would cap the greatest industrial comeback of recent years.

Chrysler's resurgence is due in no small part to a tough, young ex-accountant named Lynn Alfred Townsend, who was named to the presidency of the corporation in July of 1961. In February of that year Chrysler had hit its all-time low. Corporation and dealer morale had curdled. Chrysler's share of the nation's auto sales had shrunk to 8.3 percent.

During the murky days before Townsend took over, some financial institutions and some auto officials thought that Chrysler was doomed. Looking back, Lynn Townsend depreciates the crisis: "In my years of accounting, I've found that American corporations are pretty tough. I don't think Chrysler was close to catastrophe, but its lines of direction were wrong."

Townsend gave those lines of direction a yank, and today the financial picture is radically altered. Chrysler earned $65,000,000 in 1962 and turned a profit of $36,000,000 in the first quarter of this year. Its stock, which hit a bottom of $38.50 in early 1962, was topping 100 early this month. And its share of industry sales is up from 8.3 percent to nearly 13 percent.

Chrysler's comeback is even more impressive when you look back over the company's roller-coaster history. The company was incorporated in 1925 and rocketed to success that year with the Chrysler Six, the first high-compression engine in a mass-produced car. Walter P. Chrysler then picked up Maxwell Motors as the core of his empire, and in 1928, at a cost of $159,000,000, he acquired Dodge Brothers and produced the first Plymouth. Only three years after its inception Chrysler converted the "Big Two" into the "Big Three."

In 1933 Chrysler sliced off 25.8 percent of the new-car market, a company record that still stands. Then came the first of a series of disasters: the Chrysler Airflow. By 1934 standards this car was an engineering triumph. But it looked

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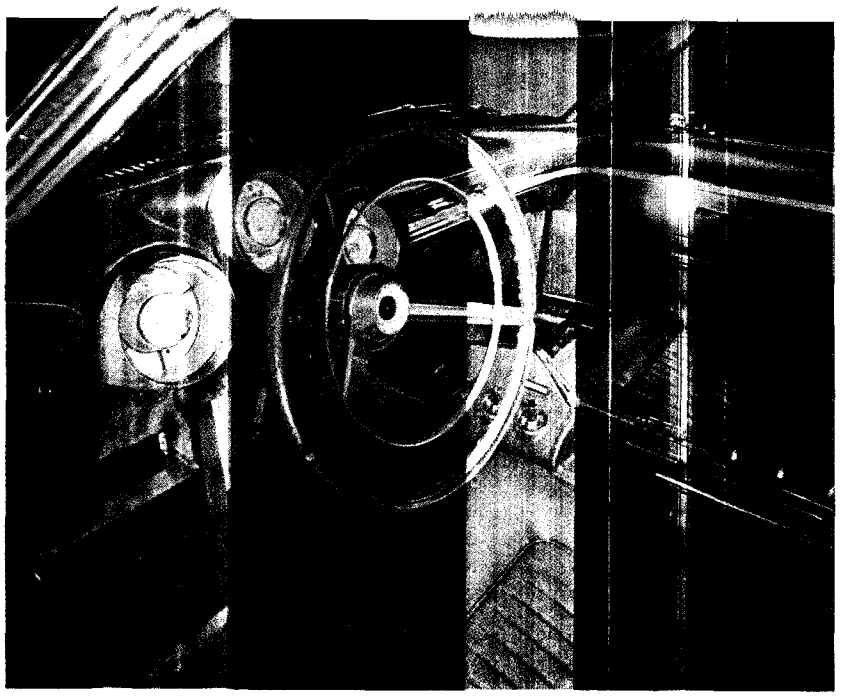


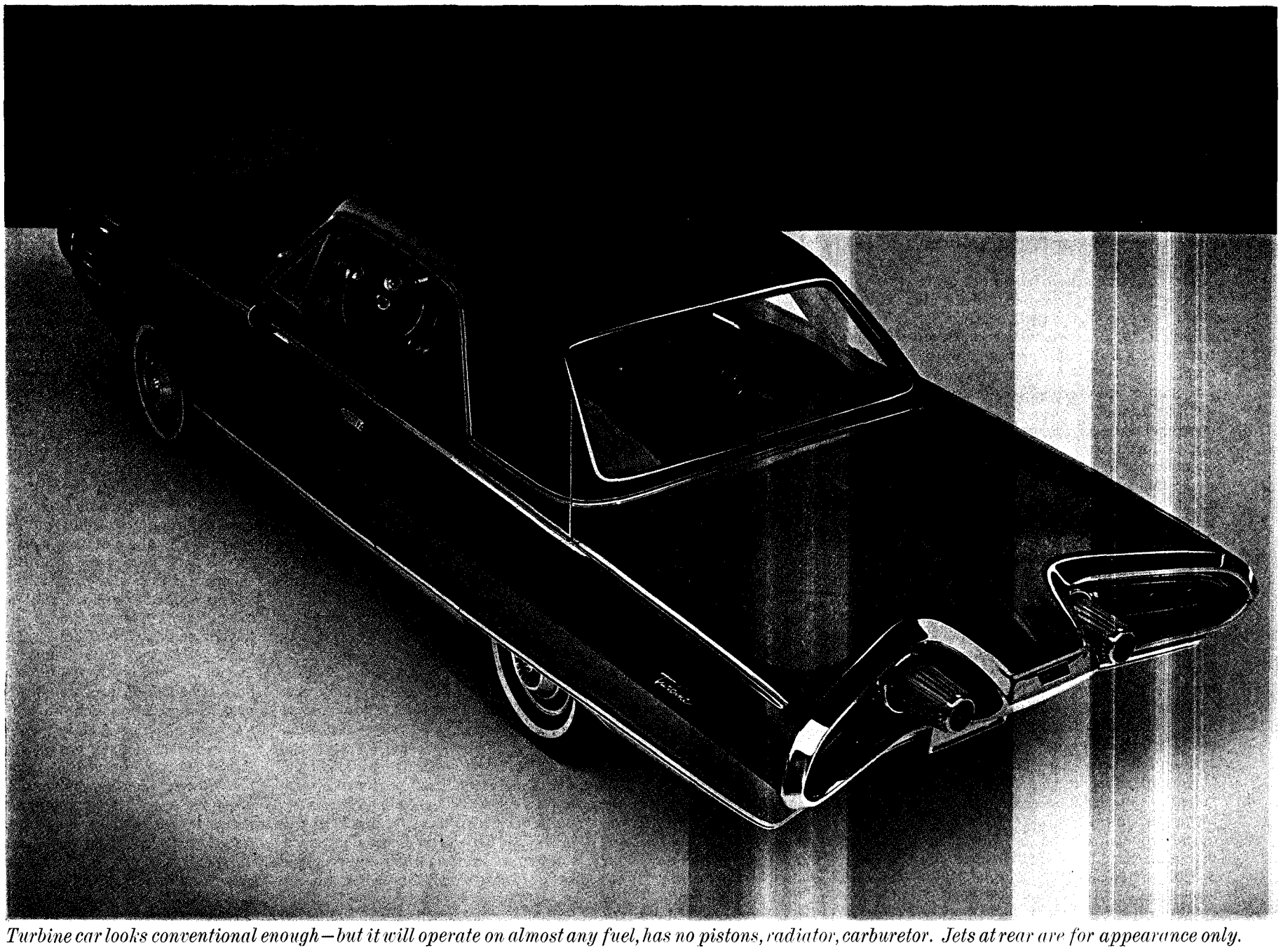
Car's controls are simple. Dials show temperature, speed, rpm.

Developer Huebner

COMEBACK IN DETROIT

Powered by dynamic leadership, Chrysler roars back from near disaster to gamble millions on its revolutionary new turbine car.

By JAMES C. JONES



Turbine car looks conventional enough—but it will operate on almost any fuel, has no pistons, radiator, carburetor. Jets at rear are for appearance only.

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like an igloo on wheels, and the public gawked instead of buying.

Chrysler recovered from that debacle, and by 1936—and for 10 years thereafter—it was selling roughly one out of every four cars produced.

Kaufman Thuma "K.T." Keller, a top-ranked G.M. executive who quit in 1926 to join Chrysler, was elected president in 1935. A superlative production-and-engineering man, the barrel-shaped Keller was also an autocrat and a haphazard administrator.

One executive, while conceding a high degree of prejudice in Keller's favor, nonetheless could objectively recall: "I never saw him fail to listen, at the start of a project. But when he spoke, the attitude was apparent: God had spoken." Some of Chrysler's finest years were achieved under Keller. Yet the manufacturing and engineering staffs overwhelmed such essentials as sales organization, cost control and styling. Keller's dictatorial attitude was illustrated most plainly in 1950, when Chrysler endured a 100-day strike and lost more than a billion dollars in production before it accepted a United Auto Workers demand for funded pensions—already an accomplished fact at G.M. and Ford.

Soon after the strike ended, L.L. (Tex) Colbert became president, and Keller moved up to board chairman, a post he held until his retirement in 1956. Under Colbert's direction Chrysler poured nearly one billion dollars into plant modernization, and sales boomed. Then in 1953, in a master stroke of misjudgment, management fielded a line of cars that were drastically shortened and squared off. The demand created by Korean War shortages sent Chrysler sales to more than 1.2 million cars that year, but the cube-shaped jobs were no match for the low, rakish, highly ornamental cars being produced at Ford and G.M. Chrysler's share of the 1954 market sagged from 20 percent to 12.9.

The corporation was bailed out again with Colbert's swaggering new "Forward Look" cars, which earned nearly $120 million in 1957 and pulled market penetration back up to 18.3 percent. But the corporation was still on an erratic course. The country was moving into a recession; the profit squeeze was on; and too many Chrysler workers were not producing as much work per hour as their counterparts at Ford and G.M. After a study, management fired 30,000 blue-collar workers. Shocked, the survivors triggered a series of wildcat strikes the likes of which Detroit had never seen.

Harassed and distracted, Chrysler rushed too swiftly into 1957 model production. Workmanship and design of the 1957 cars were abysmally poor: doors and windows leaked, body panels rusted and several series of engines were poorly designed and poorly built. Customers rapidly spread the word.

Rather than halt output and correct these weaknesses, Chrysler plunged on, trying to make mistakes work. Then the corporation dozed at the crossroads. Having identified itself with prominent tail fins, Chrysler stuck with them too long. "The other automakers followed us quickly enough on the '57 styling," says Paul Ackerman, the tall, self-assured vice president of engineering, "but the hell of it was they left in time and we didn't."

Even then Chrysler hadn't finished flogging itself. Colbert relinquished the presidency in 1960 to devote himself full-time to the chairmanship, and William C. Newberg, for 20 years a close Colbert associate, was elected in his place. Newberg was soon found to have financial holdings in two Chrysler supplier firms, and the directors concluded that this constituted a direct conflict of interest. The result: Newberg was unceremoniously sacked after only 60 days in office, and Colbert temporarily resumed the presidency while the board of directors began hunting for a new man.

In charge of the safari was George Love, chairman of Consolidated Coal Co. of Pittsburgh and a Chrysler director since 1958. About this time the young and unknown Lynn Townsend was named administrative vice president. The search for a president touched upon a number of highly placed men, among them George Romney, then president of American Motors and now Michigan's governor. All possible candidates declined.

While the committee threshed about, there was action aplenty back at the plant. Determined to restore the corporation, Townsend began to slice the fat. He lopped off 7,000 white-collar workers at an estimated annual saving of $50,000,000. Next came a reduction in inventories and additional savings of about $60,000,000 a year. Suddenly the directors noticed his deadly aim, and the talent search was over. Tex Colbert was given to understand that his ability was more in demand as chairman of Chrysler of Canada, Ltd. Townsend stepped into the top job.

Lynn Alfred Townsend was born in 1919 in Flint, Michigan, where his father was a pioneer auto mechanic. "But my mother had asthma, and her health forced us to move. She and my father and my sister and I drove to California in a Dort touring car. My father had made himself an expert on orphaned cars, and he established a service shop for them in Los Angeles.

"My mother died in 1929. Father had a rough time in the depression, and we came back to Flint in 1934. He had a heart attack in his car one day and died as the car hit a house."

Townsend moved in with an uncle in Evansville, Indiana, and after working for two years in a local bank, entered the University of Michigan, graduating in 1940. During World War II he served for a time as disbursing officer on the aircraft carrier *Hornet*. Afterward he joined the accounting firm which handled Chrysler's books. "In 1957 I was invited to come to Chrysler as controller." Four years later he became president.

Townsend is the perfect representative of the new executives in the auto industry. This breed of cold-eyed human calculators, typified by former Ford president Robert S. McNamara, now Secretary of Defense, is colorless compared to the gong-kicking, knuckle-busting eccentrics who used to rule Detroit.

In contrast to his predecessors, who lived it up at the legendary Pontchartrain Club, Townsend hews to an absolutely ordinary life of rectitude. He hurries home at the end of the day to enjoy the society of his family. The Townsends own a lodge at Byram Lake, some 20 miles north of their relatively modest eight-room house in Bloomfield Township, northwest of Detroit. Townsend doesn't pretend to maintain the killing pace evident elsewhere in Detroit. "When I'm in town I'm in the office at 8:30 A.M. and never leave before six. I don't take work home in the evening, and I try to hold my week to normal hours."

With a hint of a smile, he added, "I think the rest of the organization may work a little overtime, though."

For his 1962 labors Chrysler paid Townsend a comfortable $179,117 in salary and bonus, and he holds options on 24,100 shares of stock at prices ranging from $43.17 to $55.88 per share.

The secret of Townsend's day-to-day control over all corporate activities is in the steadily updated contents of a plain Manila folder. At nine A.M. each day a fresh report on total vehicle shipments is inserted. Before noon a report arrives on production, inventories and sales. At four P.M. comes a schedule of car and truck orders, plus a count of dealer franchises. "And these," Townsend said, shuffling several sheets of bond paper, "are some worksheet doodles that I do, that everyone around the company worries about. The boys all know that Lynn Townsend knows how to add up a column of figures."

Townsend is candid in discussing the corporation's faults and past errors. Asked to assess the contention that Chrysler has lagged behind competitors in financial control, alignment of dealers, international operations, planning of product and public relations, Townsend nodded a sweeping agreement.

One hilarious blunder

He knows that some of this lag has been tragic, some hilarious. Long after G.M. had pioneered in industrial public relations, Chrysler had only one public-relations counselor and *he* worked for an outside firm. Then, in 1947, a small fire in the main Dodge plant in Hamtramck attracted newsmen.

Convinced that what happened at Chrysler was none of the press's business, chief of plant security Ben Gunner met the newsmen and waved them into a guard shack. Recalls Harvey Patton, managing editor of the Detroit *News*, "Ben met us and called, 'Right this way, gentlemen,' and we all trooped in and he slammed the door on us." The fuming newsmen spent the afternoon locked up. When one photographer complained heatedly after finally being released, he was pitched over a high fence, smashing both his dignity and his camera.

In other areas Chrysler's ailments were far more serious. Productivity—the amount of work performed per man per hour—lagged behind that of competitors by as much as 60 percent. The sales organization, which included more than 10,000 dealers in 1953, was down to about 5,500 by last year (it is now edging back up toward Townsend's goal of 7,500). Employment, which peaked at 170,000 in December, 1955, has fluctuated drastically and was hovering at 92,000 early this year. While G.M. totted up foreign sales of $2.2 billion last year, Chrysler did a piddling $170 million.

But Townsend has fiercely hacked away in the thickets. Production has been rescheduled so that output is more closely attuned to actual sales, thus stabilizing Chrysler's employment and avoiding the massive inventories of unsold cars which used to form a giant ferrous deposit on the company property.

Overseas, Chrysler laid out $130 million for a 63 percent interest in Simca, third-largest automaker in France; and has just approved a $72 million expansion in Australia. It is also putting $27 million into plants in Argentina, and expanding in Mexico and Turkey.

Lynn Townsend is busily reshaping the company without interference. Board chairman George Love spends only three or four days a month at Chrysler, and comments: "It's been pretty gratifying the way things have turned out."

"The final responsibility for running this business rests right here," Townsend says, pointing at his executive chair. "George Love and I have a beautiful working relationship. I always know where he is, and I talk to him often. But we're running the company here in Detroit with this administration committee." The committee is composed of nine vice presidents, all of equal rank. "There are nine number-two men," Townsend says. "If you can point to a single 'number-two man,' that's the day the office of president is weakened."

This is not typical Detroit thinking: G.M. has four executive vice presidents and Ford has one, but Townsend is a man with firmly held ideas. The suggestion that he is a dictator, however, is not supportable. He is the sort of strong president who insists that everybody be heard. Townsend has a habit of pointing at each member in turn during a committee meeting and snapping out, "That all right with you?"

If the gas-turbine engine catches on, everything will be all right with everybody at Chrysler. Townsend apparently has no doubts. "This stands the greatest chance of becoming a new-engine concept of anything that's being worked on in the industry today," he says. "I think it's terrific."

Townsend's "new engine concept" has evolved from the simplest and oldest of all energy converters. In its basic form the turbine is a windmill or water wheel. In a gas-turbine engine, the compressor gulps in and compresses vast amounts of air. When this air is mixed with fuel and ignited in the compression chamber, the burning gases expand enormously. This tornado of gas blasts through the turbine wheel, generating power that is transmitted to the wheels via the drive shaft.

To reach the present level of development, Chrysler seems to have overcome the two most serious obstacles—exhaust heat and engine heat. Says George Huebner, Chrysler's top researcher and developer of the turbine engine, who stands to become a legend if the turbine makes the grade: "The exhaust was 1,100 degrees F. or thereabouts. You couldn't put a reverse on the car because you'd back into all that heat. It was so hot it would set asphalt on fire."

Huebner's solution was a device that extracts heat from the exhaust and puts it back into the turbine to go to work again. The turbine's exhaust now throws out little more heat than the exhaust fan over a kitchen stove.

The second problem was tougher. Where could Chrysler get materials for the engine that would withstand extreme heat, yet be easy to machine? Known metals were too costly and too scarce for mass-production purposes. But early in 1962 company research came up with four new materials that do the job.

Whether or not the turbine makes it, there is no doubt that Chrysler, for the first time in years, is convinced that it doesn't have to depend on gimmicks and radical developments to bail itself out. As vice president Robert Anderson puts it, "We'll have cars that are as good or better than the competition's, but we won't put all our eggs in one basket. We're through with counting on some dramatic breakthrough to solve our problems every couple of years." THE END

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■ *Los Angeles has many woes—smog, traffic, overpopulation and the San Francisco Giants—but its most painful headache comes from the wild, wacky and wonderful battle inside City Hall.*

Trouble in happyland

The Governor views the conflict *"Mayor Yorty and members of the council are victims of the weak-executive system that has been imposed on cities throughout the nation by well-intentioned reform groups. There was a time when people so desperately needed clean government, free of boss rule, that they were willing to take weak government to achieve it. Government leadership has changed for the better in recent decades, but the framework of government in many large cities has not changed, and Los Angeles is a good example. The power is so evenly divided between the mayor and the council that neither can provide the sort of really vigorous leadership that is needed.*

"I think the present situation in Los Angeles is intolerable, and I fear for the city's future if it continues. But I do not see any hope for improvement until the people realize that an executive cannot get programs moving if he does not have full authority from the people to do so." EDMUND G. BROWN, *Governor of California*

Councilwoman Roz Wyman delights in rooting for Dodgers, blasting Yorty.

On the morning of March 2 the housewives of Los Angeles opened their newspapers, blinked and went into a mass tizzy. By unanimous vote of the City Council any housewife who tossed an empty sardine can into her trash barrel would be subject to a possible six-month jail term, a $500 fine or both. To appreciate the severity of this penalty one needs to note the going rate for another kind of wrongdoing in the City of Angels. A woman convicted of prostitution is normally let off with a $50 fine.

The council's action, establishing in effect that the commingling of tin cans and rubbish is 10 times more heinous than illicitly commingling the sexes, touched off a fearsome reaction. "In my entire public life," City Council President Harold Henry commented, "I have never heard so much resentment expressed by the people." Outraged ladies rushed to their telephones, dialed their councilmen and said unpleasant things. Others sat down and wrote furious letters, one of which led off, "Dear Idiot." Capri-clad Joans of Arc unfurled banners of revolt, vowing to defy the council and suffer martyrdom in the city clink. One bold rebel summoned television newsmen. While the cameras whirred she grimly dumped a half dozen empty dog-food cans into her rubbish barrel.

Faced with mass civil disobedience, the council scrambled back into session and unanimously junked the rubbish penalty it had imposed only five days earlier.

To an uninformed stranger, such shenanigans must have seemed incomprehensible. To the citizens of Los Angeles it was just another day in L.A.'s wacky War of City Hall.

The City of Angels, which already has more problems than Massachusetts has Kennedys, has a new one these days. Along with its smog (on bad days the city vanishes), its massive freeway jams (250 autos recently crunched together in a single chain-reaction collision), its canyon brush fires and the unending influx of new residents (40,000 a year), Los Angeles now has a mayor and a City Council that seem out to exterminate each other.

The Draconian penalty for lobbing a tin can into a trash barrel was not so much an act of legislation as it was a military assault by the council on its arch-enemy, Mayor Samuel William Yorty. Yorty, a handsome, highly articulate, 53-year-old political maverick, has been battling with the council about tin cans ever since he took office in 1961. Underlying this tempest in a trash barrel is a contract voted by the council, whereby L.A.'s tin cans are sold to a salvage firm called Los Angeles By-Products Co. Housewives are supposed to keep cans separate from old dog bones, newspapers and garbage.

Yorty opposes this tin-can segregation and wants to integrate all rubbish. Estimating that the sale of tin cans nets the city only two cents a month per household, Yorty accuses the council of degrading housewives to "coolie labor for a salvage firm." This ability of the mayor to reduce an issue to a graphic political slur and impugn his opponents' motives, all in a few vivid words, drives the City Council into a frenzy. Accordingly, when Yorty told housewives they could integrate tin cans with impunity, the council fired back wildly with the fine and jail term. "They were so sore at Sam," says one of his aides, "that they shelled their own constituents."

The tin-can conflict is not an isolated controversy. "We have Custer's Last Stand almost every week, with the mayor and the council taking turns playing Indian," reports Ridgely Cummings, veteran City Hall newsman. A U.C.L.A. political-science professor concurs. "Los Angeles is the only city in the nation," he says, "that is trying to govern itself by unrestricted warfare."

The battle that began over rubbish has widened until it rages over a long list of issues. The air resounds with accusations, recriminations, personal insults, demands for grand-jury investigations and threats of impeachment. The nonstop donnybrook has been deplored in newspaper editorials, joked about by nightclub comedians, proposed as a subject for state legislative investigation and viewed with alarm by Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, who warned that it is threatening the future of California's largest city.

"The third-largest U.S. city is derided around the nation for its apparent inability to make the legislative-executive functions of government work," declared the Los Angeles *Times*. "The silly season surely must end. The boys have had their fun. Now it's time for the men to take over." This outspoken disapproval from the governor and the state's largest newspaper has had no discernible effect. Shortly afterward the mayor addressed the council and wound up swapping insults with Councilman Karl Rundberg. The dialogue in council chambers ended on this brisk exchange:

MAYOR: "You, sir, are representing the Los Angeles By-Products Company. I am representing the people."

RUNDBERG: "You, sir, are a liar."

"That hall between the mayor's suite and the council chamber is no-man's-land," one of the mayor's staff reports grimly. "When you cross it you're in enemy territory."

"We suspect our telephones may be tapped," says Councilman Rundberg. "Some of us made up an imaginary meeting in a restaurant on Sunset Boulevard and talked about it on the phone. None of us showed up, but one of the mayor's men did. Figure that out!"

Like many happenings in sun-basted Los Angeles, where yogis hold forth in

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By JAMES PHELAN

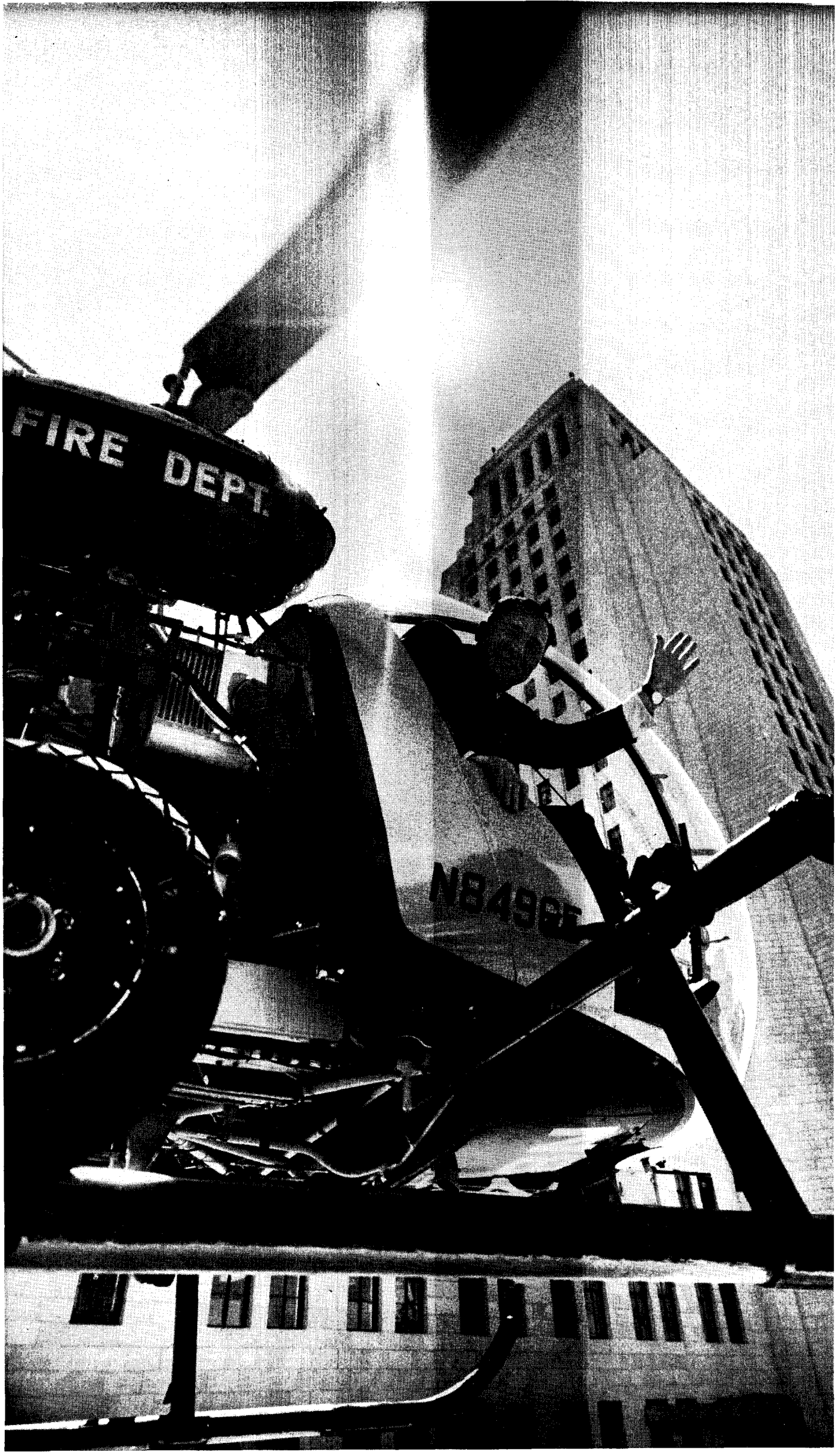
stucco temples and self-certified healers recommend colonic irrigation for epilepsy and dandruff, L.A.'s uncivil Civil War has an unreal air about it. Disputes between the executive and legislative branches of government, whether national, state, or city, are common in the United States. But L.A.'s war has a strong flavor of Gilbert and Sullivan, in that it is waged by unlikely combatants with bizarre tactics over improbable issues.

Next to the rubbish rumpus, the bitterest controversy between the mayor and the council has centered on an offshore oil lease. The lease was granted by the council without competitive bidding before Yorty took office. Yorty has denounced the lease as a "multi-million-dollar giveaway" of city resources "to a paper corporation" consisting of "a favored few." The company with the lease, Los Angeles Harbor Oil Development Co., included several figures close to the regime of Mayor Norris Poulson, whom Yorty defeated in 1961. The only assets of the firm at the start were $1,250 in capital and some filing cabinets, and it had never before drilled so much as a posthole. The councilmen who awarded the lease insist that the area—far offshore in deep water—is a "wildcat" venture and that no established oil firm would drill it. Today, after six years of litigation, millions of words of acrimony and three exploratory core holes, the lease has not yielded enough oil to lubricate a door hinge.

This has not deterred the mayor and council from battling over it as if it were another Kuwait or Teapot Dome. Not long ago the City Planning Commission, appointed by Yorty, zoned a large portion of these ocean depths for residential use only. Since oil drilling is forbidden in residential areas, this action restricted exploration to a small patch of the 6,400 leased acres. Stung by this move, the council countered in kind. It recommended that the waters of Santa Monica Bay, where one of the mayor's commissions was contemplating other offshore oil leases, be zoned for single residences. In both areas the Pacific is so deep that it is habitable only by fish, the hardiest of skin divers and a peculiar kind of West Coast lobster that has no claws.

What heightens the comic-opera flavor of L.A.'s war is the ferocious name-calling between the combatants. Within the council chambers the mayor has been described as "ruthless," "power-mad," "unscrupulous," "a fringe paranoid" and a "would-be dictator." "Without question," says one city father, "that man is the most arrogant egomaniac I have ever met in my life."

These violent words lead a stranger to expect a loud-voiced Boss Tweed with a coiled bullwhip within easy reach. In the flesh, Sam Yorty is a soft-spoken fellow with a ready smile and a deceptively easygoing air. A lawyer, he has spent a



Yorty's use of Fire Department helicopter is only one of many issues over which he and council have battled.

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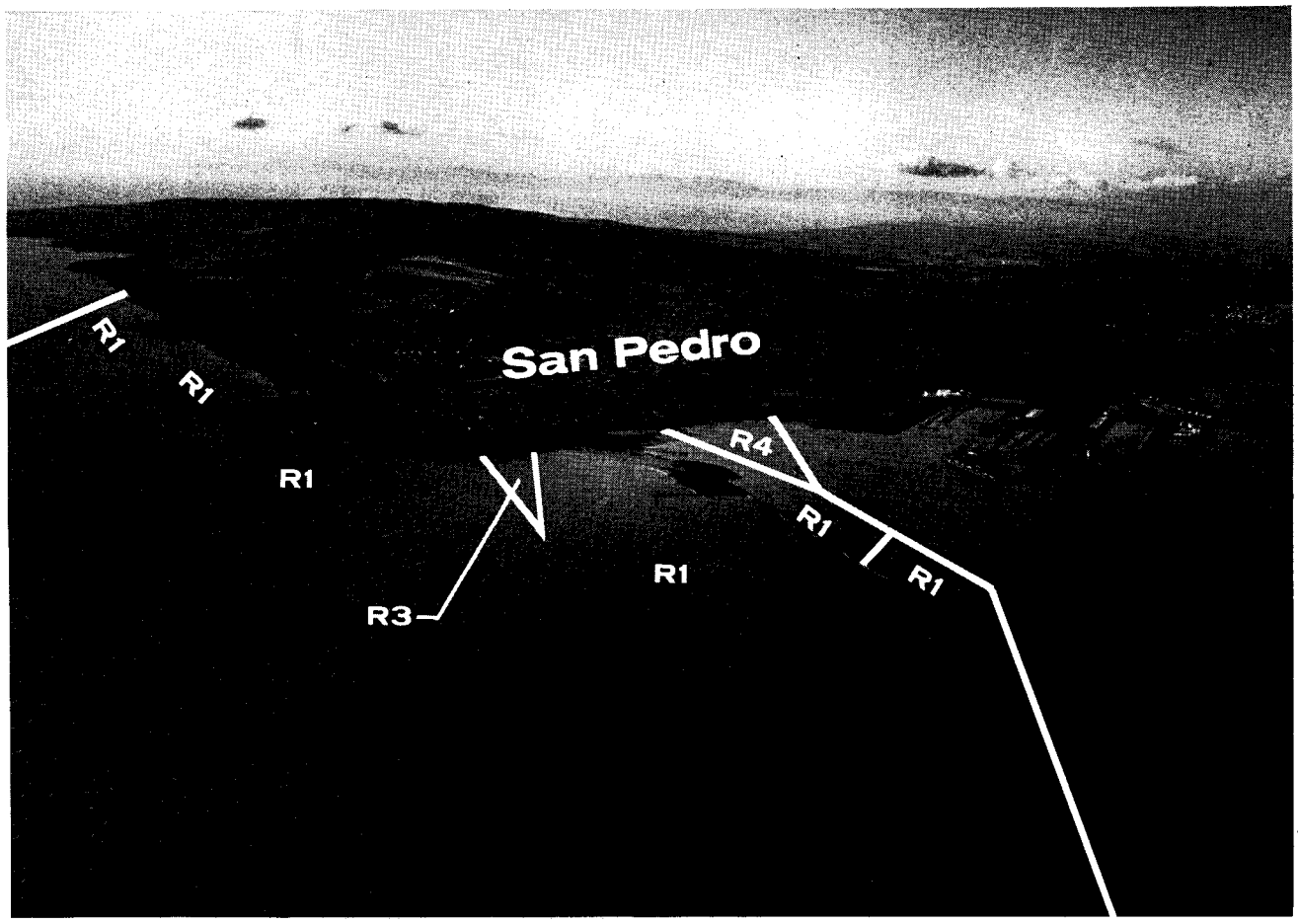
■ *"All this might be funny if you could forget that these people were elected to run a city that contains more people than half of the states in this country."*



Lines on aerial view of ocean show area zoned for residential use by Mayor to foil oil-development company given offshore drilling lease by City Council. Los Angeles's San Pedro section is in background.

Yorty uses weekly press conference to bypass council and "take my case directly to the people."

MAYOR YORTY

large part of his adult years in political office, first as an assemblyman at Sacramento, then as a California representative in Congress. He has a charming blond wife named Betty, one son and a comfortable home (with the standard California swimming pool), that once belonged to Mickey Rooney. He attributes his interest in politics to his childhood in Lincoln, Nebraska, where his father was an ardent Democrat and a friend of William Jennings Bryan.

Whatever his inclinations, Sam Yorty politically is poorly equipped to become the "ruthless dictator" that his council enemies say he aspires to be. As mayor he has almost no patronage to dispense, other than the 125 commission memberships that pay $10 per meeting. Both the mayor and council in Los Angeles—unlike those in New York and Chicago—run without party labels. Although Yorty is a lifelong registered Democrat, he swings little weight in California's potent Democratic Party because of his maverick tendencies. In the 1960 Presidential race, he supported Richard Nixon with a signed brochure entitled "I Can't Take Kennedy," thus earning the enduring hostility of state Democratic leaders. Not long ago State Senator Hugh Burns, a powerful Democratic sachem in Sacramento, was asked, "What do you think Yorty will run for next?" Burns replied, "I hope he runs for the Mexican border."

Yorty in turn characterizes the 15 City Council members as a Machiavellian band of "would-be ward bosses" who seek to frustrate "the will of the voters" because they are "subservient to powerful, selfish interests."

Over on the council's side of no-man's-land one finds an oddly assorted group of 14 councilmen and one councilwoman who seem bound together by little more than their obsessive dislike of the mayor. The council includes a former newspaperman, several retired Midwestern businessmen, a fireman, the owner of a hardware store and the former arranger for Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge. The feminine member is Rosalind Wiener Wyman, who won her council seat 10 years ago as a dewy-eyed U.C.L.A. graduate and was promptly dubbed "the cutest councilman in the world."

Roz Wyman is an active Democrat and the wife of State Democratic Chairman Eugene Wyman. Her dislike for Yorty is surpassed only by her affection for the Los Angeles Dodgers. Her office is decorated in what is perhaps best described as Early Walter O'Malley, with Dodger cartoons, autographed pictures, baseballs and bats pinch-hitting for the conventional watercolors and chintz. When not drawing a bead on Sam Yorty, Roz Wyman likes to have her picture taken wearing a Dodger baseball cap.

Yorty tends to characterize this lady baseball fan and her 14 colleagues as a monolithic Alliance Against Progress. By its very nature the Los Angeles council is an assortment of disparate spokesmen for separate geographic duchies that stretch from the remote reaches of San Fernando Valley far down to the sea at distant San Pedro. Until Yorty came upon the scene the council, in the words of the Los Angeles *Times*, "could rarely agree upon the time of day." L.A. councilmen are elected by district rather than by city-wide vote. Hence they are responsible only to their own patches of constituents and then tend to take a provincial view of issues affecting the other 14/15ths of the city. A councilman representing swank Toluca Lake, with such constituents as Bob Hope, moves in a different world from the city father representing the Negro ghettoes of south-central Los Angeles or the grimy, unpainted warrens of Boyle Heights.

"I'll give Sam Yorty credit for one thing," says Rosalind Wyman. "He solidly united the council." This unity, however, consists almost entirely of voting against the mayor's proposals. The council even rejected a Federal grant of $2,500,000 for a modern data-processing system that would collect and analyze myriad facts on land use, property values, population movements and housing deterioration, as well as other data essential to effective city planning. In these days of strained budgets and competition for the tax dollar, the council's action brought some yelps of pain. Pointing out that L.A. residents had contributed the cash originally in the form of taxes, the *Valley Times* commented:

"The council [has] said in effect that Los Angeles must not take back any of the dollars we have given to the Federal government. . . . Better, the logic seems to be, we should let our share of the fund go to other cities, such as San Francisco . . . to help them set up their programs so they can compete more effectively with Los Angeles!"

An issue of this sort at least conveys to the voters the notion that City Hall is contending over matters of scope and moment. Most of the time, however, Angelenos have been onlookers at a series of Lilliputian Armageddons. The mayor and council have battled over which would send a lobbyist to Sacramento, over the mayor's use of a city helicopter, over the propriety of Yorty's serving cocktails at official luncheons—and who paid for the liquor. One council member even complained bitterly because the mayor had two parking spaces reserved for himself in the garage under City Hall. When the mayor initiated a weekly radio program entitled "Ask Your Mayor" the council demanded—and got—equal time for its own program entitled "Ask Your Councilman."

"All this might be funny if you could forget what these people are supposed to be doing," says a prominent Los Angeles lawyer. "They were elected to run a city that contains more people than 25 of the states in this country."

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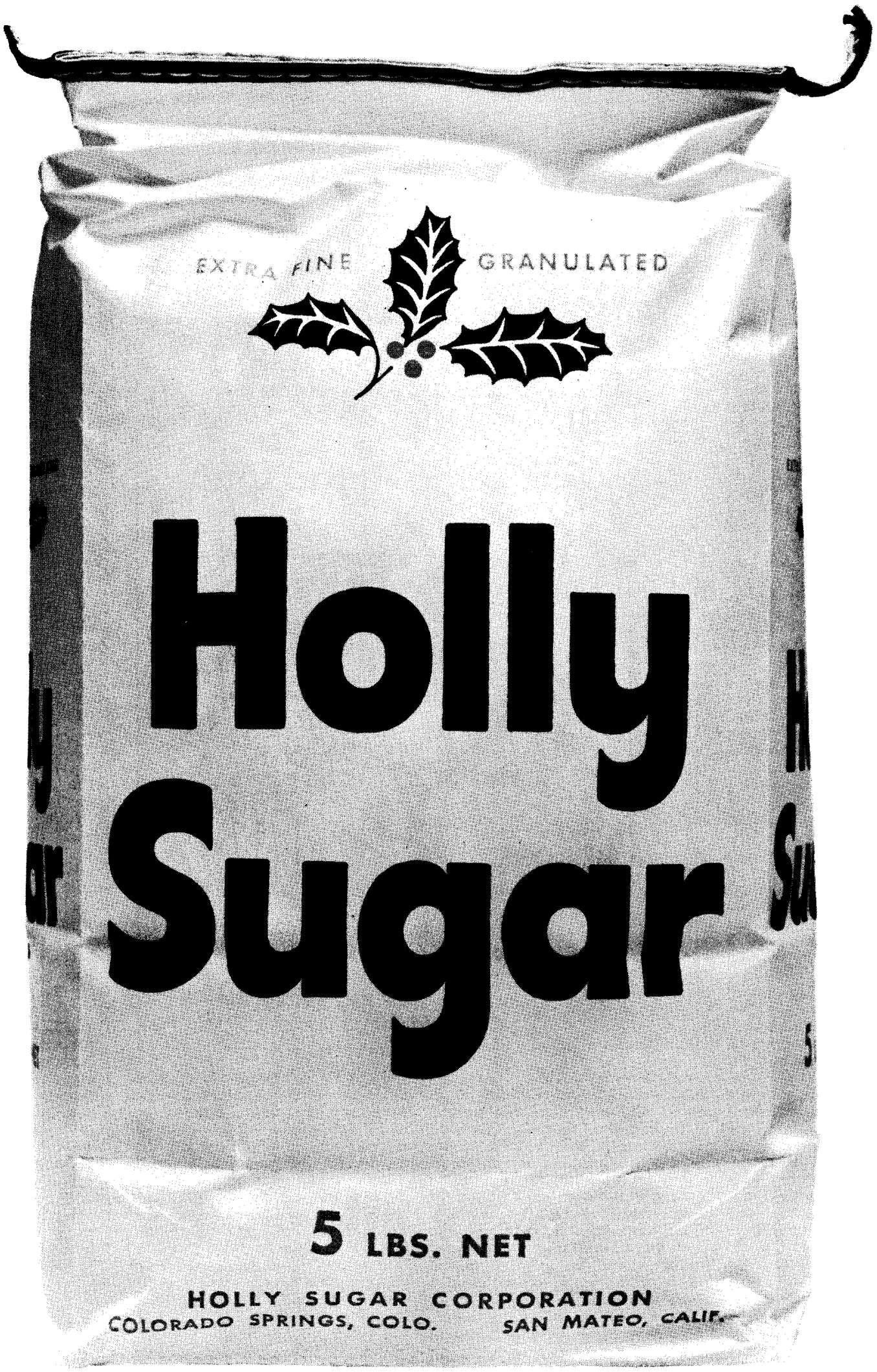

Mix me up, melt me, sprinkle me, dissolve me, make fudge out of me, get me in a jam. But don't forget me.

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MAYOR YORTY

One of the reasons for the councilmen's bilious reaction to Sam Yorty undoubtedly is that they have not yet digested the impalatable fact of his election. His defeat of Poulson, an affable, conservative accountant who was seeking his third term, was one of the most remarkable political upsets since Harry Truman turned back Thomas Dewey at the threshold of the White House in 1948. Yorty's victory even caught California's most astute politician, Democrat Jesse (Big Daddy) Unruh, with his analysis down. "The *last* man I counted out of politics," Unruh says ruefully, "is now mayor of Los Angeles."

Not a single member of the council publicly supported Yorty for mayor. Neither did any of the other recognized sources of power in Los Angeles. Poulson, on the other hand, had the backing of the major metropolitan newspapers, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the downtown merchants, the major real-estate interests and most of the contractors doing business with the city. Poulson, a staunch Republican, had the unofficial support of the G.O.P., while Yorty had the professional Democrats openly whetting their knives for him because of his defection to Nixon. On top of all these handicaps, Yorty had been out of political office for eight years and had been soundly whipped in his last two races, when he had sought the U. S. senatorship.

About all that Yorty had in his corner was a television newscaster, George (Fearless) Putnam. Putnam has a large, devoted following, a penchant for somewhat offbeat causes, and the ability to see and project issues in stark black and white. Putnam went all-out for Yorty, uninhibited by the fact that his station, KTTV, was owned by the Los Angeles *Times*, which was beating its editorial drum for Norris Poulson. Yorty ran a poor second in the primary, 123,810 to Poulson's 181,653, but squeaked past the third contender by 6,000 votes.

In the runoff campaign Poulson lost his voice to a severe case of laryngitis. Los Angeles, home of Hollywood, is peculiarly appreciative of personality and performance, and even Yorty's bitterest critics concede that he gives a superb television performance. With Poulson reduced to a hoarse croak, Yorty staked his whole campaign on TV. He appeared on panel shows, news interviews and telethons, denouncing Poulson as the tool of the Los Angeles *Times* and the "special interests." He repeatedly challenged the voiceless Poulson to debate. The campaign was rough, unrestrained and marred by unsupported charges on both sides.

When the votes were counted, Yorty had edged past his silent opponent, 276,000 to 260,000. L.A.'s television media hailed the Yorty victory as a triumph of the 21-inch screen over the metropolitan press. "That was the day," says one telecaster, "that we draped the *Times* building in black crepe."

The impact on the *Times*, which has always had a close—some say almost proprietary—interest in City Hall, can best be measured by the editorial with which it welcomed the new mayor into office. In a lament entitled THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT HOPE, the *Times* declared, "There is no comfort for Los Angeles in the new mayor's public record, in his private associations, in his campaign pronouncements, in the scurrility of some of his television supporters. Whatever he may be, the colors he carries are the mark of a political privateer. . . . We love our city and we weep for it."

Unabashed by the narrowness of his victory—he won the support of only 24 percent of the city's 1,128,070 registered voters—Yorty announced that he intended to be "a strong mayor." He started boldly, sweeping the city commissions clean of Poulson appointees and bringing in a bunch of "Young Turks" for his personal staff, mainly newspapermen. He announced that he would "run the government out in the open, in a fishbowl." He instituted a weekly press conference and has maintained a warm relationship with the TV news corps.

"These press sessions are the part of this job I like best," Yorty says. "I can take my case directly to the people. Before I came into office the source of power in Los Angeles lay outside City Hall. Poulson was passive, and the council was largely a vacuum. There was a small outside coterie running the city. I cut all the existing lines of influence and power."

To date none of the disasters predicted by his enemies has befallen the City of Angels. His administration has not yet had a major scandal. His commission appointments have been praised by none other than Poulson's campaign managers. Yorty retained the able and respected William Parker, "toughest cop in the country," as chief of police, and Los Angeles still is free of organized gambling and vice.

But what has happened to Los Angeles is a more subtle and destructive malaise. While the city has not gone to hell in a hand-basket, it has hardly moved in any direction at all, insofar as major city-wide projects are concerned. With the mayor and the council entwined like Laocoön and the serpents, any city progress requiring their cooperation has been squeezed to death between them.

The council blames Yorty, of course. "The mayor just won't believe that you can have an honest difference in opinon," says Rosalind Wyman. "If you disagree with him, he questions your motives. There's no presumption of good faith." "When we disagree, Yorty takes the attitude that everyone is a liar except Yorty," complains Councilman Lemoine Blanchard. "He's attacked us with insinuations and has never proved one of his charges," says Councilman Rundberg. "He's smart, slick, and intellectually dishonest." "Yorty is irresponsible," charges Councilman James Brown.

Most of these complaints grow out of a long, loud brawl over a proposal by Yorty for a new hotel at the giant International Airport. When the council chorused its customary "Nay," the mayor charged that motel operators had raised "a $20,000 slush fund to influence the council." He took the issue to the grand jury, which summoned the council members, interrogated them and then threw out Yorty's charges. Yorty turned his fire on the grand jury, accused it of a "whitewash" and ignored the council's demand for an apology. "He had us hauled in like a bunch of gangsters on a charge that had no foundation," says one councilman. "I'll hold that against him as long as he lives."

Sam Yorty blames the civic imbroglio on the structure of Los Angeles's government. On this point he draws support from Governor Pat Brown. (*See box*). The charter of Los Angeles, an antiquated document that has been amended 194 times, is ambiguous as to who runs the city. It designates the council "the governing body" but designates the mayor the chief executive officer and instructs him to exercise "careful supervision" over all city affairs and "constant supervision over the acts and conduct of all officers and employees." Having given him this broad responsibility, the charter gives him no authority to carry out the job.

"The mayor is elected by all the people," Yorty says, "but each councilman is responsible only to his district. I spelled out a city-wide program in my campaign, and the voters approved it by electing me. Then the council sits over there and knocks it into the ashcan. Every mayor before me ran into this problem. You can either fight it or you can give up and become the council's dummy. I'm going to fight it. Sooner or later Los Angeles has got to decide whether it is going to function as a city or as 15 separate provinces."

There have been repeated attempts in the past to give the mayor greater authority and restrict the council to policy-making. When these proposals reach the council the city fathers simply shunt them into a one-way file. Governmental bodies traditionally do not legislate a reduction in their own power and prestige, and the council is more likely to annex Los Angeles to San Francisco than to increase the mayor's power.

A new study of charter reform is nearing completion under the auspices of Town Hall, a respected civic group. One path around the council roadblock would be to submit a charter revision to the voters. Supporters of charter reform nervously try to keep the project out of range of the current bloodletting at City Hall. Almost to a man the council opposes any change in the present split in power. "Sam Yorty wants one-man rule," says one city father. "And before I'll give it to him the Los Angeles River will freeze over 40 feet deep."

At best, L.A. voters won't get to pass judgment on a new charter before 1964. Meanwhile Sam Yorty and the city fathers are hacking away at each other again, this time over the election of nine councilmen. The mayor is out to scalp his bitterest council foes. In the April primary two Yorty enemies were re-elected and one was unseated. The May 28 runoff election will have no significant bearing on the council lineup. Yorty is backing only three candidates against anti-Yorty incumbents; whatever the outcome the council still will be loaded heavily against him. Until the electorate can get a clean whack at one side or the other in a mayoralty election, prospects of peace in the City of Angels look as dim as Catalina Island in a heavy smog.

A current controversy in California revolves around the question of abolishing boxing. Yorty declined to take a stand, commenting, "If you abolish fights, what are the City Council and I going to do?"

Not long ago Councilman Blanchard came forth with a desperate proposal to end the war. He called for a "Peace Corps" to try and mediate the marathon war of the Angels. Fifteen members of the Peace Corps would be named by the council, 15 by the mayor and 15 by the Los Angeles Bar Association.

"Forty-five peacemakers," mused a member of the City Hall press corps. "That's five times the size of the United States Supreme Court. If I remember my history, it didn't take that many people to draft the United States Constitution." Just then his "squawk box," which pipes in the deliberations of the City Council to the pressroom, emitted a roar of angry voices as the council began its daily denunciation of the mayor.

"Forty-five," said the newsman. "It won't be enough." THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

"Fruitful trip?" THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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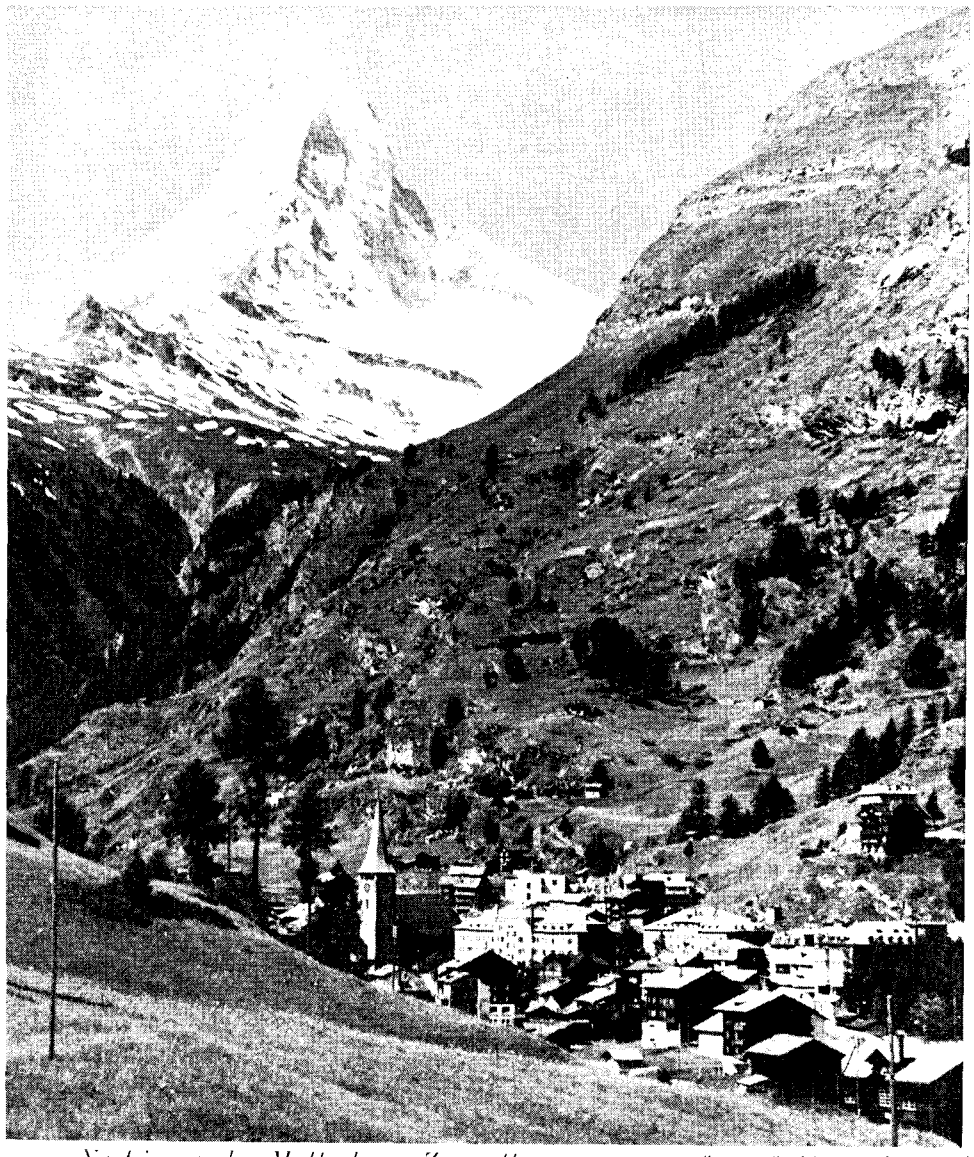

Nesting under Matterhorn, Zermatt was once "so full of life, so happy."

First came rumors, fears, then the ugly truth:

TYPHOID!

You go up in a gay, red cog railway, and at the top, a mile high, is Zermatt. The brightly painted hotels and chalets of this ancient Swiss village are scattered like drops of wine on the white Alpine slopes. There is no better skiing in the world than in Zermatt, no finer view, no purer air, no prettier girls, no greater luxury. For all these reasons—and because the Matterhorn looms above the town like the marker stone of the Creation—Zermatt became one of the richest and proudest mountain resorts in Europe.

But today Zermatt is dying of shame. The little train still climbs up from the valley nine times a day, but it is virtually empty. Zermatt's 65 hotels are locked and shuttered. The cafés and restaurants are silent behind sealed doors.

Zermatt is a plague town. In the schoolhouse, turned into an emergency hospital, more than 150 persons have lain desperately ill with typhoid fever. A pretty young girl is dead of the disease. So is the 62-year-old mother of 14 children. So is a young Englishman. There have been at least 200 other cases of typhoid elsewhere in the world, including 11 in the United States, all traceable to Zermatt.

In such a tragedy Zermatt would normally have the world's wholehearted sympathy and help. Instead the village is the target of anger and accusation—for there is an ugly suspicion that Zermatt, fearful of losing millions of francs in tourist business, kept the typhoid epidemic secret until it was out of control.

In Zermatt's empty main street a young woman covered her face with her mittened hands and cried, "I am choking with shame. Those poor people died of typhoid, but the whole world will say that they were killed by our greed."

The Medical Association of Valais, the canton (state) in which Zermatt is located, has publicly accused the resort authori-

Swiss army evacuates one of hundreds who fell ill in famed ski resort.

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High in the Alps death stalked the ski resort of Zermatt—but was the tourist-hungry town itself responsible?

By Charles McCarry

Lab tests proved that it wasn't "flu."

ties of concealing the truth about the epidemic. Measures taken to control the disease, said the Medical Association, "were inadequate and did not stop the spread of the epidemic." Furthermore, it charged, a communiqué published in Zermatt on March 16, when there were at least 28 confirmed or suspected cases of typhoid there, "falsely assured the population of Zermatt and its guests" that there was no danger of infection from the drinking water. The canton of Valais ordered a police investigation to determine whether criminal charges might be filed against Zermatt authorities. "It seems to us," wrote the influential *Gazette de Lausanne*, "that at the beginning of the Zermatt epidemic the tourist interests of the great resort prevailed over the interests of simple public health."

Constant Cachin, the hearty director of Zermatt's tourist office, dismisses the Medical Association's allegations as "a political attack." Newspaper reports about the epidemic, he says, are "sensationalist and unfounded." Cachin believes that the Zermatt authorities and the Valais public-health officials "should be regarded as heroes, so quickly did they act to save the situation."

"I wake up in the night asking myself what I could have done differently," Cachin says. "Always the answer comes back: Nothing. I did my best."

The typhoid epidemic exploded in the midst of the busiest winter season in Zermatt's history. The worst winter in a generation had brought misery to Europe's lowlands but riches and sparkle to the mountains, where skiing conditions were ideal. In late February and early March the resort was bursting with an extra 15,000 people, and prosperous tourists of booming Europe clogged the ski lifts and filled the chic bars and expensive restaurants. They were spending $60,000 a day in Zermatt—or almost $30 for each of the little town's 2,400 residents.

"Ah," recalls one hotelkeeper, "Zermatt was like a music box—so full of life, so happy."

Yet there was something in the air. "There was a little taste of worry," the hotelkeeper says. "One felt there was an unusual amount of sickness. But it had been a hard winter; there had been a lot of flu all over Europe. We thought it was flu. Why should anyone think it was anything worse?"

Nothing worse was suspected in mid-January when a Zurich doctor reported that one of his patients, a skier recently returned from Zermatt, had typhoid fever. Typhoid is an endemic disease—a few cases of it are always present in the population of the cleanest country. About 10 percent of those who catch it die if they do not have medical care. Even vaccination does not guarantee immunity. There are a score of typhoid cases in Valais every year, and thousands in neighboring Italy.

Then on February 20 an Italian laborer at one of Zermatt's three drinking-water reservoirs became ill. He complained of a sore throat to Dr. Siegfried Julen, one of the resort's two resident physicians. He had other symptoms commonly associated with flu—fever, diarrhea, general aching. It didn't seem serious, but Dr. Julen put him in the local clinic. Over a period of several days the Italian's temperature gradually rose to a high point of 104 or 105. Then small, rose-colored spots appeared on his torso. Dr. Julen ordered laboratory tests. In four days he had the results: typhoid fever.

Even that did not cause undue alarm. "One case of typhoid does not make an epidemic," says Cachin of the tourist office. The Italian was evacuated to the hospital at Brig, a larger town lying in the valley below Zermatt, and the tourists in their bright new ski clothes continued to climb out of the train when it arrived at the station. Many of them were coming for the Gornergratt Ski Derby, the biggest sports event of the year in Zermatt. It was scheduled for March 15.

The visitors knew nothing about the *Salmonella typhosa*, the bacterium which causes typhoid fever. It lives in contaminated food or water, enters the body through the mouth, penetrates the intestinal wall and breeds in the lymph follicles at the lower end of the small intestine. It breeds in secret. During the 10 to 14 days of the incubation period there are few or no symptoms. The victim suspects nothing. Then he collapses.

On March 6 the headwaiter of the Zermatterhof, the largest hotel in Zermatt, collapsed. His symptoms were similar to those of the Italian reservoir worker. He was taken to the hospital and tested for typhoid. The test was positive. No announcement was made to the tourists, however. If one case of typhoid did not make an epidemic, neither did two.

We watched each other

It is now known, of course, that hundreds of people were carrying the disease by that time. One hotel owner advised his employees to boil the water before drinking it. He did so on his own authority, guessing that something in the drinking water might be causing the "flu" among his workers. There was an especially high toll among hotel and restaurant employees—the food handlers of Zermatt. "It seemed strange that so many should be sick—and so very sick," recalls a waiter. "We began to watch each other to see who looked ill." Beneath the festive surface of the resort, rumor and fear began to stir in earnest.

Much lies below the surface in Zermatt. Its only link with the outside world is the railway that winds downward past the glaciers and deep gorges of the Valais Alps. For centuries before the tourists came, the plain people of Zermatt fought against nature, coaxing a few vegetables from the thin soil in the brief summertime, huddling with their animals for warmth through the winter. There were avalanches and wolves and bitter poverty.

In the long generations of want and isolation, insults and injuries accumulated and, in the words of one young Zermatter, "got into the bloodstream." Today the village is divided by ancient rivalries into two groups of glowering families. "We in Zermatt are united," says the young man, "by only one thing—nobody wants the rich to go away. About everything else we agree to disagree."

The village was unable to agree to spend $180,000—three days' income from tourism—to modernize the village's antiquated and overtaxed water system. The reason? One group of families dominated the six-seat municipal council, and, in Cachin's phrase, "The others said, 'You have the offices, but we have the veto.'" For similar reasons nothing was done to clean up the River Visp, which runs through the heart of the village—and into which the Zermatters dump their untreated sewage and garbage. Only now is Zermatt planning an expensive new incinerator, to begin operation in 1964.

Like the typhoid bacillus itself, fear and suspicion of the disease grew in secret. "Looking back on it now," says a hotelkeeper, "I wonder at my stupidity. People were sick next door; they were sick everywhere. But no one talked. They just shut up. Then my child came home and said school was closed because they were making a hospital for the typhoid people there."

Others had already guessed. They remember small events. Four middle-aged women told a hotel porter that they meant to have a "real lark," but they soon departed—leaving the porter's tip on a windowsill so as to avoid touching his hand. An English ski instructor made a date with a girl, but she didn't show up. "When I went to her hotel and asked for her, a scared clerk—blinky little chap he was—said to me, 'They took her to hospital. She's got it too.' I didn't have to ask what she'd got. I bloody well knew. Fine, beautiful girl like that. Awful."

Cachin sent three skiing casualties to Brig Hospital and became annoyed when the stretchers were not returned promptly. He phoned and asked where they were. "Don't you know," he demanded, "that you must always return Zermatt's stretchers without delay?"

"Don't *you* know," asked the duty nurse, "that you have typhoid in Zermatt? The stretchers have to be sterilized."

By that time Cachin had his own suspicions. Town authorities were discussing

American Victims

"We had been to Zermatt before and loved it," says Mrs. Walter Braun, wife of a shoe manufacturer in Beverly Hills, California. "But when we started to get sick I went to our concierge and looked him in the eye and said, 'We've heard something is going around called the Zermatt fever.' He said, 'I don't know what you're talking about.'

"A week after we came home I started to feel punk. I took my temperature—I had 102 to 105, up and down every five hours. It's a very disagreeable sickness. It's like someone taking a baseball bat and beating you all over, and when you wake up you can hardly move."

What Betty Braun had was not Zermatt fever but typhoid. Like Mrs. Braun, most of the 11 American victims did not know what was wrong until they returned home.

"One of the doctors in Zermatt," says Mrs. Braun, "told a friend of ours: 'You don't have Zermatt fever. Your temperature isn't high enough. Besides, only women and children get it.'" Another American tourist reports that when his daughter began suffering from an upset stomach, "the hotel said there were two doctors there for setting bones—but for stomach sickness, drink tea."

Typhoid is not as lethal as it used to be, but it's not much fun. "I had a very high temperature, and my lungs were filling up, so they put me on antibiotics for four or five days," says one victim, a 47-year-old construction executive. "Then I had to be taken off the antibiotics so they could make tests. Then they put me in the hospital when my temperature went up again, more antibiotics, then out two weeks, then you're down again."

After all this, the victims also suffered large medical bills. "It cost us roughly $2,000," Mrs. Braun estimates. "The medical bill was more than my whole trip for my wife and myself," says another victim. And there are other difficulties. Anyone found to have typhoid must keep in touch with the local health department for six months.

"My Lord, people treat you like a leper," complains an airline stewardess from Santa Monica, California. "I've had to move out of my apartment because my two roommates have to go on flying. I'm at a friend's home. I'm just not permitted to touch food. It's a demoralizing thing."

Hospitalized and helpless, the Zermatt victims are also hopping mad. "I think it's criminal," says the stewardess. "I'm damn mad," declares another victim. "I think they pulled a dirty trick."

—Roger Vaughan

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plans to evacuate several people who were suspected of having typhoid. They decided to call in Dr. Pierre Calpini, chief of the Valais Public Health Services. He arrived in Zermatt on March 11, consulted with the authorities and tested the town's drinking water. Since Dr. Calpini is a pharmacist rather than a physician, he was unable to examine patients, but he reported that he found the water 99.93% pure. Only much later was it revealed that (1) Zermatt's drinking water had not been chlorinated for a 24-hour period between March 8 and 10, and (2) a pipe carrying drinking water had been broken at a point near an open sewer, apparently in mid-February. The break was discovered on March 23, according to Cachin, and repaired two days later.

Shortly after Dr. Calpini's arrival, the town fathers also called in Dr. Robert Regamey, a Geneva specialist in medical microbiology. But they decided not to cancel the Gornergratt Ski Derby, which would bring several thousand spectators into town. They issued no public statement warning of the presence of typhoid. They recommended no precautions.

Dr. Regamey arrived in town on March 14 and, in Cachin's words, began working "like a wonderful hunting dog," seeking out suspected cases of typhoid. By the end of that day he had found a considerable number. Seven, all hotel employees and local residents, were evacuated to hospitals in Brig and Bern.

On March 15 the Gornergratt Derby opened and thousands of tourists gathered to watch some of the best skiiers in the world hurtle down Zermatt's slopes. That same day, in the morning, the schoolchildren were told that school was canceled until further notice. The town needed the building as an emergency hospital since the town clinic was full. At noon a shipment of army beds arrived from Brig, and classrooms were cleared of desks and chairs. The first victims in the makeshift hospital found the day's lesson still written on the blackboard, and the bright, wry pictures that children make still tacked to the wall.

By the afternoon of the 15th Dr. Regamey had committed 21 cases, confirmed or suspected, to the emergency hospital. By the morning of the 17th the number had risen to 51 and was still rising rapidly. All the victims were employees or local people. Since the typhoid bacillus seldom takes less than two weeks to breed, and the average Zermatt tourist stays eight days, none of the "rich" had had time to collapse. If they weren't out on the slopes themselves, or watching Europe's champions in the Ski Derby, they were eating the fine food of Zermatt, or drinking its clear water, and wishing they could stay longer.

On the morning of the 16th Dr. Calpini's office issued a communiqué giving the first official confirmation of the presence of typhoid in Zermatt. The communiqué said, "To all appearances, the cases are not of water origin—that is to say, the infecting agent was not carried by the communal drinking-water reservoir." It added that "the measures taken (to check the spread of the disease) are estimated to be sufficient, and that new measures are not justified."

This communiqué did little to disturb the holiday mood of the resort. The Lia Bar immediately put up a sign advertising a TYPHOID COCKTAIL. A grinning waiter had his picture taken with this placard, which included a file of little ghosts on skis and the boast, "All the bacteria come down from the Matterhorn to taste the famous *Tiphus* Cocktail."

Almost no one took the epidemic seriously enough to be frightened. "A few who had never been through the war left early," says Cachin. "The others stayed." Others came, in fact. Until the 16th the Swiss National Tourist Office, on advice from Zermatt, was informing travel offices all over Europe that it was perfectly safe to come to Zermatt. The town fathers, repeating that the water wasn't to blame, distributed a reassuring notice to all hotels. For the next full week the frothy life of the resort went on as usual—while the number of typhoid cases mounted, step by inevitable step, like the fever of an infected person.

In the capital at Bern, meanwhile, the Swiss government was taking quiet action. The Ministry of Health called in Dr. Calpini And Dr. Gustav Raeber, a bacteriologist at the University of Basel, was called to active duty in the army. His assignment: to head a detachment of volunteer medical corpsmen who would take over control of the Zermatt epidemic.

Major Raeber arrived in Zermatt not long after the first case was officially confirmed. A few days later, on March 21 at 6:20 P.M., about 100 soldiers of the Swiss Medical Corps arrived and marched down the snowy main street of the town in full sight of gaping tourists. By then there were more than 100 victims of typhoid in the emergency hospital, and others in hospitals elsewhere in Switzerland. The sign advertising typhoid cocktails was quietly taken down. "You felt the town shiver," said a hotelkeeper, "like a man when he wakes up in the cold."

"I consider the case of Zermatt as a grave epidemic," said Major Raeber. His troops set up a mobile laboratory, the only one of its kind in Switzerland, to test the blood and feces of suspected cases. The Zermatt authorities, who had been so calm only a short time before, issued a statement warning citizens that the army would conduct a general investigation of the town, door to door.

On March 24, three days after the troops arrived, tourists were advised that they might enter Zermatt only at their own risk. Up until that date there had been no official warning to stay away from the area. By the time the warning had been issued, Mrs. Bertha Perren, 62, a member of one of the old Zermatt families, had died. Dead also was Marlyse Dubach, 22, a Lucerne girl who had worked as a secretary in a Zermatt hotel. By the time the warning was issued there were at least 300 suspected cases.

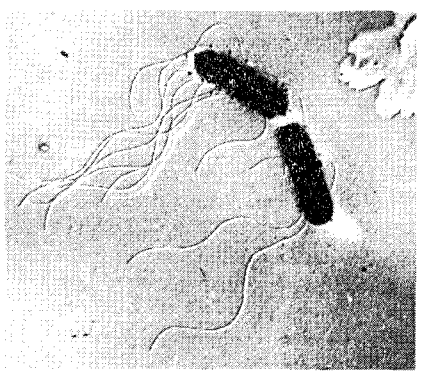
All across Europe the disease exploded like a time bomb. In England nearly 70 cases were confirmed, with one death. There were a score of victims in West Germany and others in almost every other country in Western Europe. As the disease spread, indignation mounted. "The basic moral issue which seems not to have been grasped here," wrote the Manchester *Guardian*, "is the intentional suppression of news about the presence of a contagious disease for reasons of financial gain." A German sued the Zermatt authorities for fraud, charging that he had been assured falsely that there was no danger of typhoid.

Meantime Major Raeber and his army specialists continued their methodical investigations. They discovered that a barmaid in one of Zermatt's largest hotels was a typhoid carrier; she had fixed the drinks of thousands of customers. Carriers or active cases were found in every bakery in Zermatt; in one bakery all four bakers and the cook were infected.

On March 25, almost two weeks after the first officially confirmed case, the hotelkeepers of Zermatt decided to accept no more reservations. The flow of visitors had stopped, as an Alpine stream will sometimes freeze in a sudden night frost. But most of the tourists in Zermatt cavalierly decided to finish their vacations since they had been exposed to the disease anyway. Among those who stayed were a dozen officers of the Royal Air Force. "They were wonderful, jolly chaps," recalls a blond girl who knew them. "They teased and joked about everything." A week after they left all of the R.A.F. men were hospitalized with typhoid.

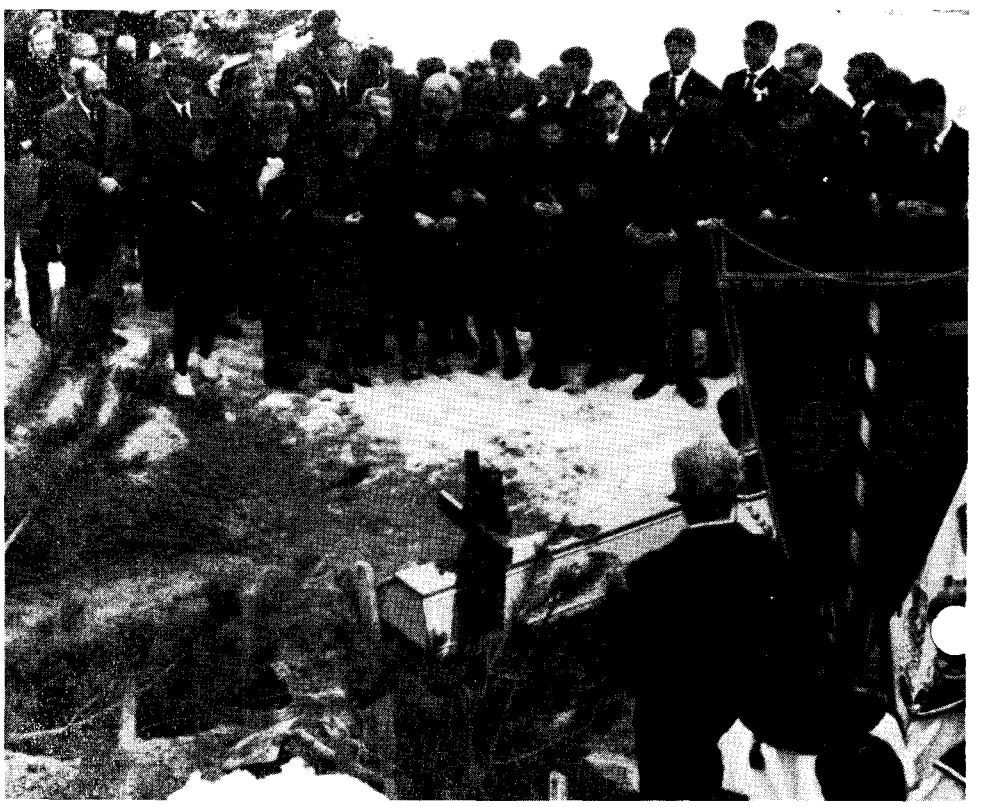
While the tourists were still on hand the full impact of the disaster did not register

Army medics make chemical tests.



The bacteria magnified by 10,000.

Infected hotel rooms are sealed.



Shaken Zermatters attend the funeral of first victim, a local mother of 14.

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in Zermatt, though some incidents did make a lasting impression. Cachin describes the town's anxious wait, on a stormy day, for the arrival of a helicopter bringing blood. It was needed to save the life of a young girl who, in one of typhoid's classic symptoms, had developed a massive hemorrhage. "We watched the sky and watched the sky," he recalls. "And everyone prayed, 'Oh, God, don't let that poor girl die.' Then the sky cleared, and the helicopter came down, and she was saved."

Even as the town emptied and criticism increased, some Zermatters still didn't seem to understand the meaning of the situation. There was much resentment of the publicity Zermatt was receiving. "If a chambermaid gets into trouble," explained one hotelkeeper to a reporter, "that is not a big thing. But if it is the queen—ah, that is another thing. And so it is with Zermatt. Everyone gossips and condemns her because she is the queen of resorts."

On March 31 the queen of resorts finally closed to avoid further spread of typhoid. A few hundred defiant tourists stayed till the end, and there was a raucous night of drinking and dancing. "It wasn't like the last days of Pompeii," says a girl who was there. "It was more like one of those French movies where everyone falls in love and then dies, looking just beautiful."

In the silence and loneliness which have descended on the stricken resort there has been time for reflection. And, while some are ashamed and some defiant, others are planning ahead. The town fathers hope to reopen soon and have announced plans to make Zermatt "the cleanest and healthiest resort in the world."

"Newspapers last only one day," says Cachin, "and fright goes away quickly. Our Matterhorn is eternal. Everyone will come back to Zermatt—and when they do they'll find Zermatt's people here, the same as ever." THE END

The last tourists leave hotel being closed by Swiss army. After scandal Zermatt plans to clean up and reopen.

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EDITORIALS

Nasser's opportunity

As *Post* Editor-at-Large Robert Sherrod reports in the article beginning on page 17, Gamal Abdel Nasser today occupies a position that is unique in modern Arab history. The leader of the newly revivified United Arab Republic is, as Sherrod says, "an almost superhuman hero to restless millions of the Arab world."

Whether the United Arab Republic will become a going concern and whether Nasser is indeed the leader the Arab world has sought remain to be seen. There is much in Nasser's record to commend him. Already he has wrought a great change in Egypt's economic life, "and raised the worker's standard of living above what was one of the most miserable lows on earth," as Sherrod reports.

Nasser's determination to provide his people with industries, schools, hospitals and all the other benefits of the 20th century is all to the good. Yet it is the other side of Nasser that causes so much concern—Nasser the potential adventurer who arms himself with Soviet weapons, builds a rocket arsenal with the help of Nazi scientists and fulminates against the neighboring state of Israel.

Nasser has expressed his determination to pursue a policy of nonalignment in world affairs and to live at peace with other Middle East nations. "We must have good relations with other countries," he told Sherrod, "so we can build this country and raise the standard of living."

If Nasser follows such a policy, he can indeed become the great Arab leader. Our policy must be to watch with a mixture of caution and hope that he will indeed be wise enough to pursue this course.

The case of the Galbraith cat

The case of the Galbraith cat deserves a place among the great diplomatic farces of our time. It seems that someone in the Indian city of Ahmedabad gave a cat to the sons of John Kenneth Galbraith, our departing ambassador to India. Innocently enough the boys called it Ahmed, after the city where the cat was gat.

It was an unfortunate handle. Pakistani mullahs (religious teachers), casting about for ways to inflame the anti-American sentiment in their country, seized upon the name as an insult to Mohammed, the prophet of Islam.

It became a claws *célèbre*. The deputy speaker of the Pakistani Assembly said the episode was more serious than U.S. military aid to Pakistan's archenemy, India. Protest meetings were held, a U.S. library was stoned, and guards were posted around a U.S. consulate.

The incident occurred just before our Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, arrived for a diplomatic visit to Pakistan. Like many international incidents, the cat crisis eventually blew over. The cat's name was changed (to Gujarat, after the state where Ahmedabad is located), and peace was restored. It does seem to us, however, that it was much ado about a small thing and that the episode of the cat might easily have been nipped.

A crazy place for a showdown

If it were not so serious, the situation in Laos would be a grim joke on the rest of the world. A primitive, pastoral country, Laos is one of the most unlikely spots on the globe for a major great-power confrontation. Completely landlocked—without a port, a decent road or a rail line—it would be a crazy place to fight a war. And yet time and again in recent years the great powers have come to the very brink of war there.

The peaceful, simple Laotian people, completely innocent of the ways of a nuclear world, want nothing more than to be left alone. What we want for Laos is precisely the same thing—for the Communists and everyone else to leave that country in peace.

At Vienna in 1961 President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev agreed that Laos should be an independent and neutral nation. The following year a 14-nation conference in Geneva established a coalition government under the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma. The agreement provided that all foreign troops—chiefly an American military mission and North Vietnamese troops—should withdraw from Laos.

We fulfilled our part of the agreement. Our mission left Laos, but the North Vietnamese troops remained. Then last March pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces attacked the neutralists on the vital Plain of Jars.

It isn't much of a war—mostly maneuvering and artillery exchanges—but, such as it is, it threatens to drive the neutralists out of Laos and bring the country completely under Communist domination.

A look at the map shows readily why we cannot afford such a loss. Laos is the door to Southeast Asia. Not only Thailand and Cambodia but also our whole position in South Vietnam would be threatened by a Communist take-over of Laos. Eventually, so would the rich and fertile areas of Malaya and Indonesia.

For these reasons Laos has overshadowed other international problems in recent weeks. It is indeed ironic that the danger should arise in such an unlikely place. But the greatest irony lies in the fact that there would be no danger at all if the Communists would live up to their agreement by simply withdrawing and leaving the Laotians to themselves.

The oldest New Frontiersman

With all the emphasis on youth and "vigah" along the New Frontier, it came as something of a surprise when the Administration turned to Averell Harriman in time of need. Not that Mr. Harriman has lacked "vigah." He had it in abundance in the days when he was a top-notch polo player. But that was long ago, and now he has reached the age of 71.

Compared with the President, Bobby, the youthful brain trusters in the White House and the Whiz Kids at the Pentagon, Harriman is indeed a creaky antique. He has already completed many careers. Back in 1934, when Teddy Kennedy was two years old, he was assistant to the administrator of the N.R.A. (which, for the benefit of those who are not yet dry behind the ears, was the National Recovery Act). He served as our ambassador to Russia during the war, Secretary of Commerce from 1946 to 1948, head of Mutual Security from 1951 to 1953 and governor of New York from 1955 to 1958. He became President Kennedy's ambassador-at-large in 1961, was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs last year and recently was elevated to the No. 3 State Department post of Under Secretary for Political Affairs.

The President has been relying on Harriman more and more in recent months, his most important assignment being the mission to Moscow to try to induce the Russians to live up to their agreement for an independent, neutral Laos.

We are all for him. His career shows that a man isn't necessarily washed up because he is over 50. It proves something else: There is a quality called experience that matters after all.

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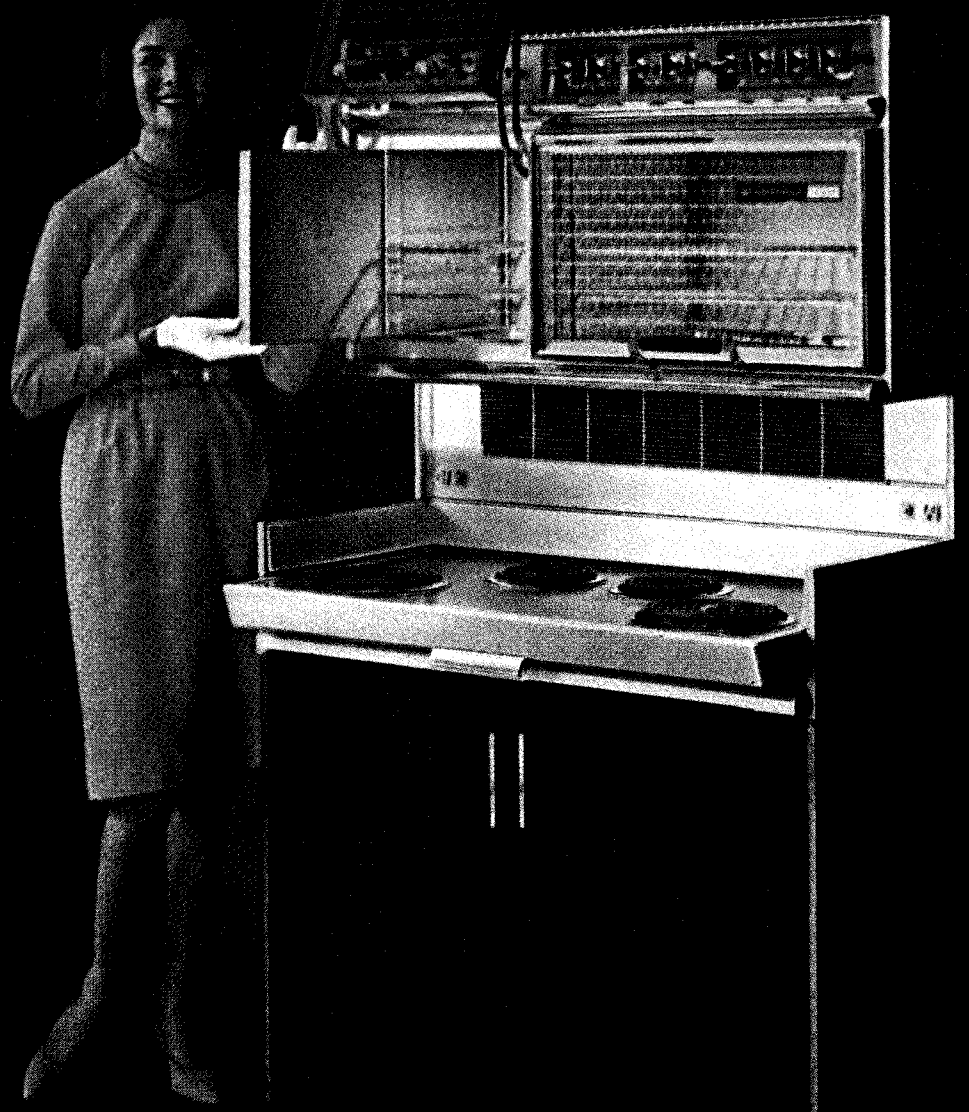
"I wish somebody would invent an oven that's easy to clean"

somebody has...



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